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THE POWER OF LOVE

OPENING SERMON

By REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

Text: "For peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast in love to y soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all y sins behind thy back."—Isa. 38:16.

This incident has to do with Hezekiah, the king, and God's iessage sent to him regarding his departure. It is Hezekiah's tribute) Him who brought him out of all his distresses. Hezekiah was a reat man. He was a distinguished king of Judah, but the word of the ord came to him saying: "This year thou shalt die." It is ever true hat greatness is no barrier to trouble and death ever loves a shining ark.

Hezekiah was a good man. For twenty-nine years he reigned. Jnder his administration the Mosaic institutions were restored to onor; idol worship was abolished, the high places were broken down, ne brazen serpent destroyed and the temple repaired. He was genuiely good, but goodness is no pledge that sorrow may not knock at he door and demand admission.

The text is one of those gems of Scripture of which the Bible is so ull, which seeing once you cannot forget, and hearing once, you never fterwards lose sight of. And yet I was amazed in turning over the ages of the commentaries to find that in all of the books I consulted ut one reference to this Scripture was made. It is the Gospel in pitome—the pit of corruption, the sinking sinner, the strong arm of he rescuer, the motive prompting Him, sins forgiven, forgotten, or ast behind God's back"—all this foreshadows the work of Him who id men in pits of dejection, humiliation and despair, and gave hem life, freedom and the promise of immortality.

There is a great difference between the Old Testament and the Testament in many instances. The same love binds the book her, the same scarlet stream is the life of the Old Testament, ell as the New, but in the Old Testament the Law was born in midst of thunders, while in the New the Gospel was proclaimed to

the accompaniment of angels' music. In the Old Testament the disobedient son was stoned with stones, while in the New the disobedient son was loved back again to his home, and given the ring and the kiss of reconciliation. In the Old Testament Hezekiah speaks concerning death: "I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave: I am deprived of the residue of my years. I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living; I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world." In the New Testament St. Paul, under similar circumstances, exclaims: "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ."

I like the text. Literally it should read like this: "For peace I had great bitterness, but thou hast loved up my soul from the pit," and the great Frenchman who discovered the Rosetta stone did no more for science in the deciphering of hieroglyphics upon Egyptian monuments than the humblest Bible teacher can do who discovers that the heart of the Bible is love. Dr. W. J. Dawson, in his beautiful book, "The Empire of Love," has said:

"I lived with pride; the house was hung
With tapestries of rich design.
Of many houses, this among
Them all was richest, and 'twas mine.
But in the chambers burned no fire,
Tho' all the furniture was gold;
I sickened of fulfilled desire,
The House of Pride was very cold.

I lived with Love; all she possest
Was but a tent beside a stream.
She warmed my cold hands in her breast,
She wove around my sleep a dream.
And One there was with face divine
Who softly came, when day was spent,
And turned our water into wine,
And made our life a sacrament."

LOVE'S RECORD.

The Bible contains the record of God's love. When Adam and Eve had sinned, God instantly cries out, "Where art thou?" and this is love seeking. When the wickedness of the world increased and the flood is at hand, Noah is God's representative preaching righteousness. This is love standing as a barrier in the way of judgment. When Israel wandered God in love cries out: "How can I give you up."

There are special illustrations. When the Shunammite's boy is dead, love sent the mother to Elisha; when Absalom had sinned, love drove David to cry out: "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son." When Jacob was an aged man, love drew from the depths of his heart the cry: "Me ye have bereft of my children."

As for the New Testament, love dictated the parables, worked the miracles, forgave sinners, drove Jesus to the cross, sent Him to the shore of the sea that morning after the resurrection. Love forgave wandering Peter, and love, by the way of the Mount of Ascension drew Christ back to the skies where he is now our representative.

Anything else than the spirit of love therefore is a travesty upon religion and a misrepresentation of the Bible.

LOVE'S CALL.

The very nature of our religion is a call to love. "God so loved" that He came. Jesus so loved men that He cried out: "Lo, I come. In the volume of the book, as it is written, I delight to do Thy will," and from St. Paul's day on to the present love has been the overmastering principle of all who have been used of God. When self-interests are followed solely, either on the part of the individual or a corporation, disaster will surely come.

I have recently read Brown's "Social Message for the Moderu Pulpit," and Shailer Mathews' "Social Teachings of Jesus." To both of these men I am greatly indebted for some of the things I say.

Have you noticed that in the Lord's Prayer, the words "I," "My" and "Me" do not occur. The individual praying for himself apart from others has no part in this petition. "Our Father" is the cry; "Give us" is the request; "Our daily bread" is the thing asked for. The petitioner casts his lot in with all the other needy souls.

There has never been such a call as today for the manifestation of the spirit of Jesus in love. Travel the streets of our cities, stop in our hotels, abide in some of our homes—there never has been such luxury. Go through the slums of Chicago with Jane Addams, of New York with Jacob Riis, of London with General Booth, there never has been such poverty. If ever there was a time to show the spirit of Jesus, it is now. There is nothing wrong in the possession of wealth—sin consists in holding it selfishly.

There is a call today from people in all walks of life for our assistance. Little children denied the comforts of life given to your child and mine, toiling by day and by night, are a pathetic appeal to every lowly follower of Jesus. Mrs. Browning's words were never more needed than now.

"Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing in the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free."

Men of middle life, worn out because of unceasing labors, long hours, poor pay and scanty comforts, call to us for assistance. Women grown old before their time, bearing burdens of responsibility God never meant they should bear, stretch forth their hands to us, saying: "Come over and help us." Young girls toiling beyond their strength that they may protect themselves on one side from a life of temptation, and on the other side give comfort to those who once gave assistance to them—these cry out to us for assistance. If ever there was a call to help, it is now.

LOVE'S EXAMPLE.

It has been said the Christianity as you find it today is a misrepresentation and a misinterpretation of Christ—not consciously, for if that were so, the remedy would be easy, but unconsciously, therefore the remedy is difficult.

To be a Christian, after one has accepted the Divine plan which heads up in regeneration, implies that kind of a life in spirit and in method which would reproduce as accurately as possible the spirit and method of Jesus. His ideal was the highest. His desire for men was not that which is good, but that which is best. Whenever the good comes in conflict with the best—if the right hand stands in the way of attainment, the right foot or the right eye, we are commanded to give them up.

He adapted himself to everybody. He was able to live with the rich and the poor alike. When He was homeless, the houses of the rich were open to Him as well as the poor, and if He had nowhere to lay His head today, He knew that tomorrow precious ointment would be poured out upon Him. Zaccheus was as welcome in His sight as the beggar. He was not the friend of the rich man or the

poor man as such. He never asked the question as to whether men were rich or poor, but He did ask whether they were doing the will of His Father.

He was considerate of women. A woman gave Him birth; to a woman He was subject in His early life; to a woman He proclaimed His Messiahship; His first miracle was wrought at the solicitation of His mother; a woman by Him was promised an immortality of remembrance. Some of His last words were spoken to a woman.

He loved little children. He was a man without a home, without a wife, without a child, and yet He left words about children that have sanctified them forever.

All classes of people He blessed. Blind beggars received their sight; Zaccheus had salvation come to his house; the faith of a poor woman saved her. Nicodemus was told that he must be born again, while Peter has his name changed, and his nature, too. By day He was moved by compassion, by night He prayed—always and everywhere He loved. Oh, that we might have His spirit!

I recall when years ago an appeal was sent out by an Indianapolis physician asking for the child that was most an imbecile to be sent to him, and finally a hopeless, helpless piece of humanity was placed before him. For weeks and months, with this child lying on the floor of his parlor in such a position that the light from the window would strike him full in the face, the Doctor kept repeating over and over certain letters and then certain words, and I recall, as if it had been yesterday, this same child, standing upon the platform of a church in my native city, saying the Lord's Prayer, the twenty-third Psalm, and singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

I cannot but think that the spirit of this Doctor is a rebuke to me and to others when the hopeless and helpless round about us cry for aid and we give it not.

LOVE'S FIELD.

It is a great thing to be a Christian—not simply to sing psalms and pray prayers, but to live Christ. There are many ways to show one's faith in Jesus. The man of affairs who can gather other men about him in factory or field in a great organization, and impress them with the spirit of Christ in his dealings with them—that is being a Christian.

The merchant who can create such an atmosphere in his store that one notices it when he crosses the threshold, and therefore he does not need to say that his principles are right, or his merchandise good—that is being a Christian.

The physician who realizes that he is following in the footsteps of the Great Physician—like the man in an Eastern city, one of the most skillful operators, who said: "Gentlemen, I never begin an operation without prayer unto Him who is able to guide my hand aright," or like Ian McLaren's "Doctor of the Old School"—or like my own physician of other days, who up and down these roads by day and by night traveled to help the poor and the needy until his mind all but gave way because of his efforts—that is being a Christian.

The father who is true to his children—Judge Lindsey recently made some statement about a father's influence. In an editorial comment, a great editor said: "The man who allows his boy to run wild because he is too lazy or too selfish to keep a proper knowledge of the youngster's associates, and of the way he spend his time, is not only one of the meanest men on earth, but he is one of the most foolishly reckless. He is allowing wasted opportunities to destroy the most precious treasure that can ever come to him, and he, as well as the young man, will pay dearly for his indifference." Of that sort of a father I am not speaking. Nor of fathers like the one who in Colorado the other day stood upon the railroad track, in a delirium of intoxication, and holding his two little boys by the hand, despite their struggles, he held them on the track until the train struck them, killing one and dangerously wounding the other. There is many a father holding his boy in the way of perdition because of his living—of such fathers I am not speaking. But rather do I speak of the father in North Carolina, who drove into the town in a covered wagon, and stepping into a store for a moment, his horses became frightened and started to run. He caught the bridle rein of one and was thrown to the ground and trampled beneath their feet. He struggled up, caught the trailing lines, only to be thrown again, and then catching the rear end of the wagon while the horses were going furiously, he threw himself in, and finally stopped the frantic team, when some one said to him: "Why in the world did you run such risks to stop your horses? Your clothes are torn, your body bruised, your face bleeding." He held up in his arms a little four-year-old boy who had been sleeping in the wagon and said with a sob: "Yes; but I saved my boy." It is of that sort of father I speak today.

The mother who is true, and gentle and sweet—like the one of whom the boy spoke when his Sunday School teacher, describing Jesus, said: "This one of whom I speak is gentle, loving, patient, forgiving. I will not tell you who it is, but guess." The boy, snapping his fingers, with shining face, excitedly exclaimed: "Please teacher, I know, that is my mother."

"How many cares does the mother heart know,
Nobody knows but mother;
How many joys from her mother love flow,
Nobody knows but mother;
How many prayers by each little white bed
How many tears for her babes has she shed,
How many kisses for each curly head,
Nobody knows but mother."

The sister who bears the burdens of her home life without complaint, the sweet, gentle, consistent follower of Jesus, like the girl whom Major Whittle used to describe, who had gone with her brother to follow a street parade. The little fellow had grown weary, and although he was far too heavy for her, she took him in her arms and, staggering under his weight, was going home. Major Whittle stopped her and said: "He's too heavy for you, isn't he?" "Oh, no sir," she said with beaming face, "he's my brother." It is of such a sister as this I speak, and the brother, too, true as steel, noble, pure, honest, good.

Love's field is open to all such, and living quietly, consistently, faithfully, after accepting Him—that is being a Christian.

The home is our field, and if there is any place in this world next to heaven, it ought to be the home, and it would be, too, if fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters lived as I have indicated. And they could thus live, if our homes were Christian, and they would be Christian if we had the family altar erected and lived in the spirit of love.

The text is Hezekiah's tribute to God's matchless love. He is lifted from the pit, his feet are on the Rock, his sins are behind God's back—this is the Gospel pure and simple.

They tell a story in the South of Sam Davies, the Confederate scout, who suffered death as a spy. In November, 1863, he was captured, was taken to Pulaski, thrown into jail and then taken before General Dodge, and being searched valuable papers were found upon his body. He was told that the charge was serious and he must give the name of his informant. He replied: "I know how serious it is, but I will take the consequences." It was suggested to him that there might be a chance of escape if he should give the name of the one who had given him the information. He replied to General Dodge: "You are doing your duty, and I will do mine; if I die, I will die as a soldier." When the morning came they took him to the scene of his death and gave him fifteen minutes to make his final decision, and he replied: "If I had a thousand lives, I would give them all, rather than to betray my trust." He ascended the gallows and died. Sam Davis

wore an old overcoat, which, when he died, he gave to one who in turn gave it to his friend. One day, long after the war had ended, the Daughters of the Confederacy were meeting in Nashville, and this old overcoat of Sam Davis was brought in and held up before them. They sat for a moment in silence, then they burst into sobs. Some pressed forward to lay their fingers upon the folds of the garment and others sat quietly overcome with emotion until the coat was taken away.

I can understand that scene, but I tell you of something better. It is the story of Him who loved us and gave himself for us—who from His first infant step to His last staggering step under the weight of the cross and His last triumphant step on the way to the throne, loved us with an everlasting love. He has lifted us from the pit, placed our feet upon the Rock, cast our sins behind His back. "Hallelujah, what a Savior!"

The Higher Criticism Versus the Higher Appreciation of the Bible

By E. Y. MULLINS, D. D., Louisville, Ky.

For several generations past the Bible has lain in the white light of investigation. Critical analysis has separated it into parts as the knife of the surgeon dissects the human body. Historical learning has held the lamp to illuminate each dark corner in its structure and scientific theory and method have jealously guarded the process lest error enter. This is the higher criticism.

During the same period another process has gone on. The Bible has been, as never before, tried in the hot flame of religious experience. It has been studied for its literary beauty. It has been seized upon as the one effective weapon for evangelization at home and abroad. It has been searched and meditated upon as a book of devotion as never before in its history. This is the result of the higher appreciation of the Bible.

Now there has been a strange conflict between these two movements. Each has been jealous of the other. Criticism has been jealous of faith lest faith hold erroneous views as to the origin of these books of Scripture. Faith has been jealous of criticism lest criticism destroy the literary heritage and birthright of faith. Why this irrepressible conflict? Faith can not and must not deny to the human mind its right to free access to truth. Criticism can not and must not deny to faith her religious privilege of access to God. Lion-hearted science and eagle-eyed faith should not indulge in unseemly strife. The most distant stars which are but dimly seen are yet known by astronomy to be ruled by the power of gravitation, just as our own concrete and solid planet is so ruled. In like manner the Universe which faith discerns far beyond the veil of the seen is under the sway of forces in harmony if not identical with those in the universe of science. The near world of science and the far world of faith belong to one universe.

Now it is my purpose in this address to show, if I may, that it is not faith and science which are in conflict over the Bible, but faith and iconoclasm, faith and the destructive spirit. The city of truth

which real science is building is the counterpart of the city of gold which faith is building, or rather which is coming down from God. One city is rising from below to meet the city from above. On one is the golden light of righteousness and the ineffable glory of the Divine presence. On the other is the silver light of intellectual brilliancy and human achievement. In due time they shall become one city, where righteousness and truth shall kiss each other.

First, then, let us pay our tribute to criticism. What are the achievements of this science? A recent writer has summed them up as follows:

"Criticism," he says, "has shown: First, the composite nature of the Pentateuch. (Not, observe, its late date, but its composite nature.) Second, that the Books of Isaiah and Zachariah are each the work of more than one writer. Third, the composite nature of the synoptic Gospels."

Then another writer adds two further results. One that Paul did not write the Epistle to the Hebrews and the other that either John, the Apostle, or some one who reproduced his teaching must have written the Fourth Gospel.

Some will dispute these results and others will claim far more. I give them simply as the view of a conservative writer who adheres strongly to the general position of the evangelical scholars.

To my mind criticism has done far more in other directions. For one thing it has encouraged the study of the Scriptures according to the historic method. It has fostered the spirit and methods of exact exegesis. It has pointed out in a striking manner the progressive character of revelation. It has given us back the great evangelical doctrines of the person of Christ and His atoning work. For in spite of the denial of these doctrines as true and final on philosophic grounds, even destructive critics admit that careful exegesis yields them to us. In particular criticism has restored the image of Jesus in all its supernal beauty and irresistible winsomeness and grace, so that once more we sing:

"Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow,
His head with radiant glories crowned
His lips with grace o'erflow."

Therefore, I say, that in so far as criticism has been legitimate, so far as it had a passion for truth, so far as it hates error, so far as it has been free from prejudice and bias; so far as it has made

the courageous assertion that no truth of science can be hurtful to any truth of religion, so far we honor criticism and crown it with our praise.

But the story of criticism is by no means exhausted in what I have said. I must now glance at its shortcomings and show how it has been dead to a higher set of values—how it has failed in appreciation of the Bible.

Lest I seem to disparage a word which on one side has a good and valuable meaning, I will distinguish between criticism and hypercriticism. My arraignment therefore will be of hypercriticism. Now my assertion is that hypercriticism has led modern Christendom astray. Like the dog which always took the back track, while chasing a deer, a wolf track crossed the deer track, and after the wolf went the dog; a rabbit track crossed the wolf track and it pursued the rabbit and finally a mouse track led the dog away from the rabbit and at length he was found barking at a mouse hole.

The modern Christian world was pursuing the great game of the world's redemption. Hypercriticism led it off after the little game of minute literary analysis and mere questions of date. The result has been that many a pulpit has lost the positive note and many a church has ceased to be a redemptive force and has become instead a society held together for social and aesthetic ends.

Again, hypercriticism has been ruthless in its efforts to destroy high moral values and its effort to exploit a novel theory. The Bible as a regenerating force is the highest moral power, apart from regenerated men and women to be found on earth today. The attempt to apply to it an untried theory of literary structure has for many people destroyed its moral and spiritual value in very large part.

The new theory of paints is that you must not mix with your colors any white lead. "If you do your painting will not last. By and by it will crack and crumble away. The sad truth is that many of the old masters employed white lead in their colors and their paintings can not last!" So we are told. Very well. We do not object, provided the theorist knows what he is talking about. But suppose he enters your home and seizes your best pictures to test his theory. One is an heirloom—a portrait of your noble ancestor from whom the estate came hundreds of years ago. His portrait hangs there as it came from the hands of Raphael. The theorist on color mixing seizes it and says, I will scrape away the lips and the eyes and analyze these old colors and prove to you that there is lead in them and that your painting can not last. What would you say, and what would you do? You would say, begone, blasphemer, and destroyer! Go and disintegrate the cast-off daubs of art, not the masterpieces. Let the theorist go to Dresden

and attempt to try his theory on the Sistine Madonna, what would the authorities say and do? "Away with your theory," they would say. Must the glory of art be quenched to gratify an experimenter. Artistic souls for generations have drunk at this fountain and have gone away intoxicated with the beauty and genius displayed on that immortal canvas of Raphael.

The hypercritic interrupts work. The blacksmith may tolerate you if you see a real flaw in his hammer and anvil and bellows, and ask for the privilege of repairing them. But if you seek to put out the fire and rip up the bellows and discard the hammer and anvil, and close up the shop, he will want to know the reason why.

A far severer test of the Bible than any which criticism can bring is the test of experience and life. When the sinner comes to it, does it relieve his sense of guilt? When the broken-hearted appeal to it for comfort, do they go away disappointed? This is the fiery furnace of the Bible, the test of human experience. Thank God it has met every test and will meet them to the end. Now what I assert is that the irrepressible conflict is not between legitimate criticism and the Bible. It is a conflict between religious experience and redemptive purpose on the one hand and scholasticism on the other.

Hypercriticism has not only wandered from the right appreciation of the Bible; it has also wandered from science itself. That is to say, it has failed to distinguish between the physical sciences and historical science. One deals with rocks and flowers and lightning and clouds; the other with personalities, with human wills, and with all the variations of complex social systems.

Baur's theory of the origin of the New Testament books was an effort to apply the astronomic method to literature. As the one principle of gravitation controls the heavenly bodies, so the one principle of the Hegelian philosophy—thesis, antithesis, synthesis, action, reaction, and new combination, controlled in the production of the New Testament. The polychrome Bible was an attempt to apply the methods of geology to the Old Testament. As if you could fix the strata of this book on the exact lines of the stratification.

The latest attempt is to apply the method of biology to the rise of the Old Testament, to show that evolution in the biological sense is traceable throughout the Old Testament history.

Now physical science has her methods of verification—the method of agreement, the method of difference, the double method of agreement, the method of concomitant variations, and the method of residues. But hypercriticism has no such method. There are no canons for determining when a disputed question is really settled. The Pentateuchal or Hexeteuchal questions are unsettled after all the

heat and stress of battle. You can prove that heat expands mercury and make it rise in the tube by applying heat and cold alternately. You can prove that a body in motion will continue to move in a straight line with uniform velocity until acted upon by some new forces. By experimenting with a pendulum, first out and then in a vacuum, first where the friction is great and then where it is greatly reduced, from a few seconds you can make it swing thirty hours thus. This is the method of concomitant variation. But where has hypercriticism succeeded in getting such results. Yet it goes over into the realm of the unknown and conjectural and asserts as if it were dealing with the forces of physical science.

In three particulars at least hypercriticism is unscientific. Science refuses to assert without data. Hypercriticism does assert without data. Science rejects any hypothesis which can not be proved or disproved. Hypercriticism urges such hypothesis. Science has methods of verification. Hypercriticism has none that are final.

Hypercriticism took this Old Testament literature and compared its ideas with those of the surrounding nations. But here was something new. Ethical monotheism belongs to a late period, not an early they assert. Else there is perturbation and anomaly and science they think can tolerate no perturbation. Biology requires uniform progress. This Old Testament literature must be like that of Philistia and Moab and Egypt and Assyria. LeVerrier in 1804 observed that the planet Uranus was subject to a curious disturbance different from ordinary planets. If he had been like the modern hypercritics, he would have confined his views to Uranus itself until he had found an internal explanation. Instead, however, he examined the surrounding heavens, wrote Dr. Galle in the Royal Observatory in Berlin, that if he would turn his telescope in a centain direction, he would discover a new planet. Galle did so and that thrilling romance of modern astronomy occurred. Neptune in all his glory swung into view, a new planet star of the eighth magnitude. Then was understood the strange actions of Uranus. Ah, if the hypercritics would turn their gaze above this strange Old Testament literature, so different from that of the surrounding nations, they would not need to cut it into little bits and transpose them; or would they need to stop their ears lest they hear the voice of archaeology. They would see hovering there in majesty and power, not a star of the eighth magnitude, but of the first magnitude—Jesus Christ, the guide and inspirer of Old Testament saint and prophet, who lifted them above the moral plane of their contemporaries.

Hypercriticism departs from science at many points. We may sum them up.

First—It is not science to pass beyond the solid rock of fact and rear literary structures on the quicksand of conjecture.

Second—It is not science to announce a hypothesis as an established result of research when the hypothesis lies in a realm which makes it incapable of proof or disproof.

Third—It is not science, but pseudo science, to declare the late date of the Pentateuch to be a definite and fixed result of criticism when the critics themselves are hopelessly divided as to the date.

Fourth—It is not science, but pseudo science, to ignore the presuppositions of the Bible itself in the interest of a pre-supposition which wrecks its unity and empties it of meaning.

Fifth—It is not science, but pseudo science, for a half-dozen critics to analyze the Book of Exodus as minutely and exhaustively as a chemist analyzes a loaf of bread, and each declare that his own particular analysis is the assured result of science. They confound chemistry and history, the material with the moral. They need to remember the boy's distinction, "no matter," "never mind."

Now the secret of this stubborness and blindness of the hypercritic is his opposition to the supernatural. The Christian Church is forever committed to the supernatural view of religion and the Bible. It is the spinal column of modern Christianity. It is fixed and final for men who have a genuine Christian experience. It is organic in the Old Testament and in the New Testament. It is organic in the creeds of Christendom, organic in Christian history, organic in the constitution of the Church, organic in the ordinances and in all Christian experience and hope. By organic I mean entering into its structure. It is like sap to the tree and blood to the body. It is the one great colossal and elemental fact of Christianity. It is the sun in the center of a moral cosmos, which is as real, as orderly, as beautiful and majestic in its movements and as splendid with the marks of divine wisdom, skill and power as the solar system itself.

Now hypercriticism, in order to be rid of the supernatural has been willing to remain destructive in an age of constructive science. In an age of achievement and conviction it has tended to paralysis and doubt. In an age of religious energy, of evangelism and moral reform, it has been content with a petty tinkering with the moral machinery. In an age of scientific humility, even of agnosticism in dealing with the unknown, it has been immodest and arrogant. Hypercriticism is the intellectual barren fig tree of modern life. And Jesus by the curse upon one barren fig tree proclaimed that there is not standing room in God's universe for any alleged fruit tree that bears only leaves.

It is an effort to solve the unsolvable and pluck the known from the abyss of the unknown. Hypercriticism has displayed great energy,

but so does a squirrel in a rotating cage. A bluejay once attempted to fill a hollow tree with pebbles (unless the story is from a nature faker) until he discovered that the pebbles which he dropped in the hole above were all rolling out of a hole near the ground. He then abandoned the task. But hypercriticism is still engaged in the effort to fill up a bottomless hole. It introduces first one principle and then another to account for the phenomena of Scripture, all equally inadequate to hang faith or hope upon. It reminds us of the boy's reply to the teacher's question: "The axis of the earth is an imaginary pole running through the center of the earth." Teacher (who doesn't like the word pole), "Can you hang clothes on that pole?" "Yes, sir." "What kind of clothes?" "Imaginary clothes, sir."

Now I can understand the fascination of the ideal and conception of law in an ordinary universe, of the reign of law. Law guided the movements of the primitive nebulosity. Law presides over the subtle forces which form the crystal. Law rides in majesty and beauty in the flight of a sunbeam. Law contrives the arrangement of the cells when the organism arises. Law grips the planets in their swing through space. One can see how the student of nature alone as he gazes steadfastly into the abyss of nature, its vast spaces and measureless magnitudes and resistless tides of power is led to think nature and God are one—that there is nothing higher. As a poet puts it—

"A fire mist and a planet
A crystal and a cell
A jelly-fish and a saurian
And caves where cave-men dwell,
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,
Some call it evolution and others call it God."

But, after all, such a view ignores half the universe. There is much besides. Some one puts it thus. A mosquito on the rim of the driving wheel of a locomotive attached to a passenger train would generalize thus: Revolution, revolution, revolution, and his is the one secret of the universe. Why? Because the mosquito will reck not of engineer and fireman, conductor and passengers, steel rails and distant destination. Revolution is one fact, but not all facts. Another fact of the universe is personality. Law in physical nature, personality above physical nature.

The Bible is the realm of personal action—moral action, intelligent action, volitional action, waiving the question of physical descent. You cannot make the human consciousness accept the view that the act of self-denial by which a missionary gives his life to redeem Africa was

determined by the play of atoms in the primitive firemist. Or that the career of the Apostle Paul was somehow wrapped up in the evolution of the first jelly fish. Or that the lives of Adoniram Judson and David Livingstone and J. G. Paton, in their moral and spiritual grandeur, find their complete explanation in the instincts of the first alligator that crawled out of the water to bask in the sunshine. Or that Winona Lake Assemblies, of good and gracious and learned people, are but the lineal descendants of the first assembly of atoms which in time became a pollywog.

Personality is the greatest fact of the universe and the Bible reveals the personality of God and man. A lump of clay reflects power. A crystal reflects power and skill. A plant reflects power, skill and life. An animal reflects power, skill, life and feeling. Man reflects power, skill, life, feeling, plus intelligence, will and conscience. Personality is the crown. Nature is a chain attached at one end to God and swinging loose at the other unless man returns to God, as the Bible teaches. Now the Bible is the point at which God's universe returns to Him, the last link in the chain which binds it back to God.

Now the higer appreciation of the Scriptures sees in them the sphere of personal action and not merely of natural law. Here is the ongoing of a Kingdom of free spirits. Here Israel arises a distinct people with a sense of mission. Here in that dim early age ethical monotheism rises like a monolith of crystal, solitary and alone amid surrounding ethnic faiths. Here is the wondrous phenomenon of psalmsody. These lyric poems of devotion strike fire from our hearts as they did from David's. They are pinions to our spirits, the classic expression of the soul's commerce with God.

Here again is that strange phenomenon of prophesy, men with a sense of mission and divine call, men with ineradicable conviction of the externality of their message—that it came from above. Lonely men who stood forever before God; men with a burden and spiritual agony far in advance of their age, with new spiritual empires in their brains.

The marvelous unity of this book has impressed every careful student. The same note is sounded again and again from beginning to end in its pages.

There is the note of righteousness. It comes with majestic power in the Ten Commandments. It flashes in lyric beauty in the First Psalm. It is the theme of the Book of Job. It burns in prophetic heat and glows in Isaiah and Malachi. It finds immortal expression in the Sermon on the Mount and the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. In Revelation it flashes like a white light from God's throne in God's city whence are excluded all that love and make a lie.

There is the note of revelation. God calling Abraham, God calling Jacob from the ladder and sending angels. God in the burning bush, in the temple vision of Isaiah, on the transfiguration mount with Jesus.

There is the note of divine comfort and human trust. Promise to Jacob: "Behold I am with thee and will keep thee whithersoever thou goest and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

Job: "I know that My Redeemer liveth."
David: "The Lord is my shepherd," etc.
Isaiah: "Comfort ye, comfort ye," etc. "Fear not," etc.
Jesus: "Let not your heart be troubled."
Paul: "In nothing be anxious," etc.
John: "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord," etc.

There is the note of redemption. Here I must needs recapitulate the whole Bible if I tell the story fully. It is a beautiful and self-consistent story throughout. Redemption as promise and prophesies in the earliest sacrifices. Redemption as an experience in practical life, in deliverance from foes within and without. Redemption in beautiful symbolic expression in the temple worship. Redemption as imperfectly realized and awaiting fulfillment in the agonizing messages of the prophets to a wayward people. Redemption as substitution in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Redemption as incarnation and suffering in the life and death of Christ. Redemption as an echo in human experience in the Epistles of the New Testament. "I have been crucified with Christ." "To me to live is Christ," etc. Redemption as the triumphant song of the Redeemed in glory. "Unto him that loved us and loosed us from our sins in his own blood; and he made us to be a Kingdom, to be priests unto his God and Father. To him be the glory and dominion forever and ever."—Rev. 1:15. And again the mighty multitude of heaven, ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, say with a great voice: "Worthy is the lamb that hath been slain to receive the power and riches and wisdom and might and honor and glory and blessing."—Rev. 5:12.

Everywhere in the record are the marks of progress and of purpose. As the low foothills lead by slow gradations up to the snow crowned summit of Mount Blanc, so do the foothills of revelation in Genesis lead up to the divine manifestation in Jesus Christ. As the gray precedes the purple of the dawn; and as the purple foretokens the red; and as the red melts into the gold and as the gold is the harbinger of the glorious sun which in due time bursts upon a darkened world, so the Old Testament presents the stages of the sunrise which occurred when the Son of Man descended to earth.

There stands Jesus, the key to the whole. He interrupts the natural order. Nineteen centuries men have been trying to construct scales large enough to weigh Jesus Christ. No system of triangulation has been devised by which His elevation above ordinary men can be measured. He baffles science. Philosophy can not explain it—can only accept Him.

Such record is the Bible. As we turn its pages we exclaim: "This book is crammed with heaven and every chapter is aflame with God. But only they that see it take their shoes off. The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries and daub their faces more and more from the first similitude."

All depends upon the point of view in estimating the Bible. For years I thought I had seen Niagara Falls, for I had been in a tiny steamer below the falls between the tall cliffs. We rolled and rocked dangerously on the leaping current and scathing caldron. Surrounded by mist and spray we steamed up as near the cataract as was safe. The little steamer was well named "Maid of the Mist." I thought I saw Niagara. Years afterwards a train from Chicago to Boston on which I was travelling suddenly stopped about 3 p. m. on a clear afternoon. I had been reading. Looking out of my window I felt for a moment as if I had come suddenly upon the splendors of the New Jerusalem. In front of me a wide expanse of river in green and white radiance rushing toward the precipice. Opposite me the thunderous waters leaped into the abyss. From the depths below rolled upward undulating, broken, shifting, the billows of mist which were caught by the wind and sent trailing up the river like a phantom pennon of some spectral army. Rising from the misty depths and arching upward in mighy curve, radiant with the seven colors and stretching far across the river to the opposite bank like the plume of an archangel, was the Niagara rainbow. Then for the first time I saw Niagara and the reason was the sun shone on it.

Many a man is visiting this Book, this spiritual Niagara on some little Maid of the Mist of human speculation. Hypercriticism has had control of the little craft for several generations.

The morally earnest men will always come back to Christ and the Scriptures and make some kind of terms. But there are many of these who fail to obtain the moral power because they weaken the Scriptures in the interest of a theory of some kind. Sabatier wants the Bible, but not as an authority. This he finds within his own soul. He makes his voyage on a maid of the mist. Sir Oliver Lodge in the substance of faith wants the Bible, but he wants it mixed with an interesting variety of speculations about the universe. He has made a journey on the maid of the mist. And so many gaze at the cataract

from below. Let the point of view be changed. Let the view from above be theirs. Let the light and glory and power of the incarnate Word of God, crucified and risen, fall upon the mighty cataract of the written Word, and at once it is transfigured before them. They appropriate its power and are themselves transformed within and without into mighty agencies for the redemption of a perishing world.

MY LIFE STORY

By REV. CHARLES STELZLE, New York City

I had rather take a clubbing than tell this story, but any man who comes to Winona must do as Dr. Chapman says. The only reason why I care to say anything about matters which must of necessity be somewhat sacred to any man or woman, is simply to indicate to you why I believe the church should be interested in the social problems of the day.

There are some people who are so low down in the social scale and so overwhelmed by social conditions that they would not listen to the Gospel message even though it were preached by an angel sent from heaven. I wonder if you remember that there was a time in the history of the Children of Israel when they would not listen to Moses, even though he was commissioned by God with a message which implied their deliverance, because of the rigor of their toil. There are today thousands of men and women and children who are in exactly the same condition—not exactly the same condition, but in exactly the same condition so far as their mood is concerned with reference to the acceptance of the Gospel message, and I think I know why.

I went to work when I was eight years old in the basement of a New York tenement house; a sweat shop you would call it—the word wasn't coined nearly thirty years ago when I worked there. It was a tobacco factory and it made me deathly sick every day for several weeks until I became accustomed to the tobacco.

My mother and four sisters lived in a rear room in a rear tenement over on the East Side of New York City, and there she sewed at wrappers for which she received two dollars a dozen, finishing the entire wrapper. Often I would awake, sometimes after midnight, yes, and toward the morning hours, to see her still plying the needle, because, perhaps, she had gone supperless to give the children something to eat, and often it was not more than a stale roll with a pinch of salt sprinkled upon it. In view of this experience, I think you can understand why I am sympathetic toward workingmen in their endeavor to secure better conditions for themselves. If I thought the church cared nothing for child labor, not as I have read about it, simply, but as I have experienced it; if it had no message in regard to the women who toil at starvation wages as my mother worked; if

it had nothing to say with reference to the unsanitary conditions in the sweat shop and in the tenement, I tell you very frankly I would cut out the church and I would line up with some other organization outside of the church that is working to better these conditions, and it wouldn't take very much to make me do it. I need simply think of that mother, not yet old in years, but broken in health and sometimes crippled in body because of the awful suffering of those earlier years when she worked to keep me from starving. I need simply think of those sisters, four of them, and all they passed through to make me an agitator, a labor agitator, if you please, on the other side—against the church and against every condition in human society which I believe stands in the way of the progress of my people. And I simply express the sentiment of thousands upon thousands of workingmen throughout this country.

But the church does care. And this is why I consider it an honor to stand before the workingmen of this country as the messenger of at least one church, indicating to these workingmen that the church cares. As I sometimes tell them, if the church did not care, I could not hold my job, because it is my business to make the church see its relationship to workingmen, and if it does not see it I shall hold myself very largely responsible because I did not make good.

That is why I believe in the church taking an interest in the social question. That is why I believe that the church should grapple with the great problems that confront the masses of the people. As I think of the wives of workingmen, sometimes, I wonder why many of them do not become insane, working as they do within the confines of their small kitchens, never seeing any one, or scarcely any one who brings the word of cheer or comfort; listening to the shouting of half a dozen children, sometimes depressed because of the lack of sympathy, or at least expressed sympathy of their husbands. These women are entitled to a crown of glory if anybody is. I believe in helping workingmen, but I tell you if I had to change my job, I'd start out to fight the battles of working women because they need it more than workingmen.

There is an opportunity for the women of this audience. One of the things that comes home to me and that makes me very tender toward the church is not the preaching of the minister. It is because I can remember in those two little rooms, one morning as my mother sat there with a little baby on her lap, the ceiling fell down, and you know what that means. She was not injured, but she was very much distressed and very much disheartened, and a Christian woman came in and sat beside her and comforted her and sympathized with her. And during the years when I was in the shop and had an inclination to feel very bitter against the church because of its supposed lack of

interest in my daily life, I thought of that Christian woman who represented the church of Jesus Christ, and I have no doubt that that thought has kept me in past years from saying some things and from doing some things that I might have said and done.

We are looking for some great panacea whereby these great problems may be solved. There is no such thing. If there was, Jesus Christ would have told us about it. There is no organized plan whereby the labor question is going to be settled. It will be only as you in your place and I in mine follow in the footsteps of Jesus Christ, ministering daily to those who need our sympathy. And as we do that, the labor question will be a step nearer its solution and the kingdom of God will be closer at hand.

POINTS FOR EVANGELISTS

By ELIJAH P. (RAM'S HORN) BROWN

"Aim low"—as low as the sinners on the front seats.

Any kind of an unsaved sinner is a lost one.

There will be no revival as long as the people can see clear across the house that the preacher isn't expecting much.

Don't try to do the Lord's part of the work.

Before fire will fall from heaven it must have a clean place upon which to strike.

The Lord has done some great things with weak men, but he has never accomplished much with an untrained one.

There is nothing like a promise of God for changing a dark prospect into a bright one.

It is much easier to trust God with results when we know that we have done our prayerful best.

Showers of blessing are not likely to fall on the pews when there is a famine in the pulpit.

Fire is sure to fall after the broken down altars have been built up.

It is a waste of breath to make long prayers, while God expects us first to do something else.

Wherever there are witnesses like John there will be disciples like Andrew.

The world-wide revival will come when there is a soul winner in every home.

We do not have to be star preachers to make things move for Christ.

The cross to which Jesus went was not covered with velvet.

Don't ask the man to pray who never does anything else.

It is much more important to have power with God than to have power with men.

Emphasize personal work. It tells in everything, from winning a wife to making things go on a farm.

It isn't the six-footers who are turning the world upside down.

Don't forget that some scribes and pharisees and hypocrites are still to be found in the chief seats.

Don't forget that a sore eye always hates the light.

It helps the right kind of a man to find lions in his way. They make good beehives.

It is still as wrong to bring the price of a dog into the temple as it ever was.

Experience is a dear teacher, but her diplomas mean something.

Samson was asleep when he lost his strength.

To do less than we can do is to come short of what we should do.

A brook with God's word behind it is as good as a flowing well.

God's work is not waiting for wings so much as it is for hands and feet.

Stores with bright windows usually have something doing inside.

Faith is trust with its coat off and its sleeves rolled up.

The right kind of a prayer never stops.

Preaching that is aimed at the head misses the heart.

"According to your faith be it unto you," is still God's way of giving help.

The sea of glass is for the next life, not for this.

The man who cries, "Come ye to the waters," ought to have a full pitcher.

What you are preaching about is not so important as what you are preaching for.

Don't forget that faith can move any kind of a mountain God wants rolled out of the way.

No revival can ever reach Jericho that does not begin in Jerusalem.

WHY PETER LEFT THE SEA

By REV. ELIJAH P. BROWN, D. D., Indianapolis, Ind.

Luke 5:1-11 was read.

The first thing in the lesson to which I would call your attention is the boat. It was not an elegant ship. It was not a king's galley or a prince's yacht. It was not built for pageantry or show. It was just a plain, common, weather-beaten little boat, with patched sails and mended spars, smelling of brine and fish. But it could be depended upon to weather a hard storm, and help a poor man to get his bread, for into its construction its builder had put heart, good material and honest work. Everything about the little craft was trim and ship-shape, showing that its skipper was a tidy sailor who loved the sea, and a fisherman who understood his business.

Had everything about the little vessel been at loose ends and out of place; dirty and grimy and unthrifty looking, I do not believe it would have been borrowed for holy use that morning. The condition of the ship must have pleased the Lord, or he would not have used it. A man who would wash his nets, as Peter was then doing, would first have washed his vessel, and it may be that he became the first apostle because he was the best sailor on the sea. The Lord likes to work with men and women who do their work well. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful," is just as true in carpenter work and blacksmithing as it is in religion. The man who is content to do his work no better than he has to to hold his job, is not the one God chooses to work for him. The man who puts his heart, and his strength and his religion into his work will be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, even though he sweeps a street.

The little ship belonged to Peter, and he may have built it with his own hands, for such is commonly the practice among fishermen. It may have been the first boat Peter ever owned, and fishing with it may have been his first experience in business for himself. It may have required long years of hard work and self-sacrifice, saving the money by a little here and a little there, before enough could be got together to buy the material, and the work of building the boat after that could have been no easy matter. In fitting the timbers together,

through inexperience, mistakes must have been made that cost time and money, and difficulties encountered that were almost insurmountable, but only think of how it would have cheered the builder's heart to have known the glorious use to which his boat was going to be put. How it would have lightened and sweetened his toil, to know that the Messiah for whom his nation had so long looked, would come in his day and use his little boat as a pulpit from which to speak to a multitude, and then choose him to be one of his most honored disciples. We can see that it would have been a constant inspiration and a glorious hope to him. It would have made the hardest drudgery easy, by giving to the common things of life a holy and blessed meaning. Had the humble fisherman only known that one day the Savior of the world would use his little ship to help Him in saving men, and by so doing would make it an honored craft upon which the eyes of men and angels would rest ever afterward, we can see how it would have sanctified his toil by exalting its meaning.

There is a sense in which our own lives may be like Peter's ship. Our varied experiences are the materials and work that are being wrought into a pulpit from which the Lord will speak to somebody. Our joys and sorrows; our victories and defeats; disappointments, afflictions and failures are all having their part in the building of the boat, just as all that went into the tabernacle in the wilderness had been carried out of Egypt. There may have been planks in Peter's ship that made him a great deal of trouble. It took so much steaming and weighting and bending to make them fit into their proper places, but he kept on dressing and shaping them as best he could until they would answer his purpose, and didn't give up because they were of such stubborn grain. Many of the experiences through which we are called to pass are bitter and trying, but they may be the very things we most need in our boat building. That hard spell of sickness has its place in the pulpit we are preparing for the Lord. The trouble that came when the bank broke is also there, and when the baby died, or mother and father were taken away. Or when the home burned to the ground, or you failed to get the place you had set your heart upon, you were getting material for the ship that could not be found in any other way. Every experience in life may have its part in fitting us for the accomplishment of something we could never do without its help. In the chariot race there was one supreme moment with Ben Hur, when, to overthrow his enemy and gain the victory, he needed to be unusually strong in his forearms, and this strength he acquired by having pulled on the oar for three years as a galley slave. I once met a woman who had been brightly and clearly converted, in a meeting where she had been so unfavorably seated as not to hear scarcely anything the preacher said. She explained that there was

something in the tone of his voice that went to her heart and told her that he had been a very great sufferer, as she also had been, and this had caused her to seek and find the Lord. While going through the furnace of suffering the preacher little knew that he was preparing a pulpit from which the Lord would speak.

Let us next consider the man who owned the boat. His luck had been sadly against him, but Peter was not under the juniper tree. It was not the first time he had toiled all night and caught nothing; we may depend upon that. He was familiar with disappointment, for it wasn't all smooth sailing to be a fisherman in those days, any more than it is to earn your bread by the sweat of your brow in any calling now. Peter had his failings, like the rest of us, but I cannot find a line to show that he was ever discouraged. He didn't give up, as some men would have done, and fill himself with strong grape juice, just because fortune had been against him. He had tried his best to catch fish, and it was not his fault that he hadn't done so, and so what was the use in being discouraged over what he couldn't help? It wouldn't do any good to get into the dumps and burn his ship and drown himself, or go home and throw the whole blame on his wife, as too many men do when things go wrong, and then blow her sky high because she didn't have breakfast ready. At the close of a meeting some time ago a man began to storm over the loss of his pocketbook, and turning to his wife, he said: "It was all your fault, for I wouldn't have come here if you'd let me alone." The next evening he was there again, but with a different look on his face. When the meeting was out I shook hands with him and said: "Did you find your pocketbook?" "Oh, yes," said he sheepishly, "I found it in my other pants." Peter did nothing of that kind, or we should never have heard of him. He took the sensible course, and proceeded to put things in order for another trial, and that was one reason why the Lord led the thronging multitude straight to his ship that morning. As he washed and mended his nets Peter didn't know that he was being tried for time and eternity, but he was, and by the way in which we are discharging the common duties of life we are doing the same thing.

Another thing to notice about Peter is that he was not idle. Have you noticed that whenever the Lord uses a man he invariably takes some one who is already busy. Joseph and Moses and David were marked examples of this. When the devil wants a helper he takes the first loafer he can get his hands on, but the Lord has never had any use for a lazy man. Peter was washing and mending his nets, and that was one reason why he was made a disciple. He had his sleeves rolled up, and was taking the tangles out of his twine, and remember, too, that he was doing it when there wasn't a dollar in sight. By having his nets in shape he was ready for the golden opportunity

when it came. There is an important lesson here we should not fail to learn. It will be a waste of breath for us to pray the Lord to use us, unless we first look well to our nets. The Lord cannot do much with the man who is not giving any time to Bible study.

Let me now say a word or two about the failure. We ought to thank God that we live in a world where failure is possible, because it is sometimes the very best thing that could happen. What we call failure may often be what God calls success. Had Jonah succeeded in his flight Nineveh would have been lost. Had Joseph been able to make his escape from the pit Egypt and his father's family would have starved. Our failure is often the very thing God uses. Had Peter caught as many fish during the night as he did in the morning, where do you think his boat would have been when the Lord wanted to use it for a pulpit? Certainly not where he found it. It would have been at the market town unloading, and not in a fit condition to be used. "Paradise Lost" would never have been written had not Milton lost his eyesight, and we should not have Bunyan's matchless "Pilgrim's Progress" had he not been sent to Bedford jail. Such history is always repeating itself, and your failures and mine may result in something that will glorify God. Every time the scourge fell on St. Paul's naked back new power was added to his ministry.

By being faithful to the duty in hand, the fishermen were not only at the right place to have their ship used, but by being there they heard a sermon that changed their lives. It was thus made possible for Jesus to reach their hearts as he could not have done had they been successful in their fishing. Their failure had put the soil in good shape for the precious seed. God's word can do us most good when we most need His help.

Let us not fail to note that Peter's fortune changed as soon as the Lord came on board his ship, and it was because He was allowed to take full command. If we would but turn our lives and plans over to Him as the humble fisherman did his vessel, our real good fortune would begin.

After using his ship the Lord proposed to pay its owner for its use. It is impossible for us to get the Lord in our debt and keep Him there long. He pays well for whatever He uses, and pays promptly. If He borrows from us He returns with good interest. When the meeting was ended, Jesus turned to Peter and said:

"Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught."

Obedience to God means most when we readily obey when we do not want to, as I believe was the case with Peter that morning. I don't think he wanted to move that ship an inch, and I feel certain he didn't want to drop his nets, for what he was told to do was

against all his previous experience. In his heart he may have thought:

"This man is a great preacher, for never man spake as he speaks, but he don't know anything about catching fish. He means well, and wants to do me a good turn, after having had the use of the boat, but it will be just mussing up things for nothing to do as he says."

There are people in every church who are afraid of going to any extra trouble on the Lord's account. They don't want to muss up things, and so if any attempt is made to have a revival, the meetings must be held in the lecture room. There is no use in mussing up the auditorium. Trying to have a revival in the lecture room is a good deal like trying to entertain company in the woodhouse, and just about as sensible. It shows very clearly how half-hearted we are, and how little faith we have. It also shows how mean and selfish and stingy we are. When we ask the Lord to visit us it is wickedly foolish to expect him to come in at the back door. During a revival meeting in a city church I could name, the altar was one night filled with seekers, from one end to the other. One of the official members went from seeker to seeker, peering into each face. When he reached the other side he straightened up and said with a voice that had tears in it:

"There's not a single one here that will join our church, and we're just mussing up things for nothing!"

So Peter may have thought about dropping his nets:

"Why, we have just got them all nice and dry and shipshape, and what can be the good of putting them back in the water again. I've been a fisherman all my life, and if there is anything I'm posted about it's fish. You can't catch a fish where there are none to catch, and we all know that there are none in this end of the lake, and then, it's the wrong time of day. At night is the time to catch fish. It hasn't taken me all these years to find that out."

But just then, I imagine that something in the manner of Jesus got hold of Peter's rugged fisherman heart, and he felt that he would do just as He said, no matter what came of it, and so without a single grain of faith or hope of result, but only with a desire to please, he said—and rather slowly for him—

"Nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net."

And with that "nevertheless" he made a hook on which he hung his net, and let it down with a great jerk into the water. But the next moment his eyes were nearly jumping from his head, for his net was filling with the biggest and finest fish he had ever seen, and he had to wigwag to the other boat to come to his help in a hurry. Then, very quickly, both ships were filled so full of those big, floundering,

flapping fish that they began to sink, and reluctantly the men had to stop loading and pull for the shore, and then down goes Peter on his face at the feet of Jesus, and cries out, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" for he was overwhelmed with amazement over what had happened, and so were all the others who were with him.

Peter's cry was wrung from him, because the boatloads of fish was to him just what the burning bush had been to Moses, or what the blinding light on the Damascus road was afterward to Saul of Tarsus. It was the revelation of God, and the manifestation of His miracle working power. Peter knew that the fish had been brought into his net through supernatural means. He was convinced as nothing else could have convinced him, that Jesus was the Christ, for in Him he realized the presence of God, and wherever the presence of God is known there is a conviction of sin. Peter also felt that he was a sinful man, because in spite of the words he had heard spoken, he had not had the slightest faith when he let down his net. He had obeyed in a mechanical sort of way, like some men preach, but without expecting any result, and so what happened was the greatest rebuke that could have been given him. Right there, I believe, came the transformation that made him ever afterward a man of faith, on whom the Lord could build his church.

Through an experience I once had, I believe I know just how Peter felt. Soon after I began preaching I was holding a protracted meeting in a little village. We had been having good interest, and there had been several conversions, but one night it rained and the attendance was small. This dampened my ardor, and put me under the juniper tree. Everything seemed to go wrong. I got into the brush, and couldn't preach; so I concluded to get the meeting over with as soon as possible. I stopped abruptly, and said: "Let us sing the doxology and be dismissed." Before two lines had been sung a man came forward and fell on his knees at the altar. He was quickly followed by a sixteen-year-old boy, and both were quickly and clearly converted. A sense of sin and shame came upon me, because I hadn't thought of the Lord as being anywhere near that meeting. From that day to this I have always counted on results whether I could see them or not. To do your prayerful best and not expect anything to come of it is mockery. When the farmer sows good seed he always counts on some kind of a crop, and so should the preacher.

The next thing to which I would call your attention is, that when Jesus took command of Peter's ship he also took command of his life. As soon as the boats were landed and proper disposition made of the fish, Peter and those with him forsook all to follow the Lord. The sturdy fisherman left the sea he loved so well to follow the Master to whom, from that moment, he gave his heart. It would be impossi-

ble for us—most of whose lives have been spent so far from the water—to realize how the big-hearted and impulsive Peter loved the sea. Doubtless he had been born within full view of it, and could not remember a time when he had not known the sea. The soft murmur of its plashing waves had been his cradle music. He had begun to go out in the boat with his father when a very little boy, and so he knew the sea in all its moods, from long and close experience with it. Nothing else had ever come so much into his life as the sea. To be on the sea, or near it, was life and joy and peace to him. It was rest to sit beside his door on the hillside and watch the snowy ripple of its purling waves. In all the world there was no sight to him so entrancing as the sight of the deep blue sea, dotted here and there with a snowy sail. But on the day that Jesus came to him in his ship, Peter gave up the sea he loved so well, to follow One whom he loved still better. With each of us there is something, perhaps, that corresponds to Peter's love for the sea. Have we reached a place in our religious life where we can just as fully give it up for love of Christ?

The coming of Jesus into our lives generally changes all our plans as radically as was the case with Peter. It took Matthew and Zaccheus out of the tax collecting business, and gave Saul and Barnabas new aims and ambitions, and has continued to make as great changes in human lives from their day to ours.

Peter did not take a step downward when he set out to follow Jesus. No, indeed. The man who starts out to follow Christ always stands on a higher plane, no matter whether he starts from a throne or the gutter. Going into the service of the Lord is always a promotion. As you know, General Garfield had been a preacher before he became a politician. After his election to the Presidency a friend said to him: "Let me congratulate you, General, on your great promotion." "Your are mistaken, sir." was his reply. "A preacher cannot be promoted in this world."

Peter had been promoted, and a very great promotion it was, for the highest place mentioned in heaven is the one occupied by the soul winner. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars, forever and ever." Peter was made the prince of fishermen. "From henceforth thou shalt catch men." And he did, and caught them by boatloads, too, just as he had caught fish that morning. How beautifully typical was that miraculous draught of fishes of his ministry. He handled his nets so well on the day of Pentecost that about three thousand were taken, and a few days later thousands more, and as long as he lived his success as a winner of men continued.

When Pentecost came Peter was ready for it by having his nets in good condition, just as he was ready for his great opportunity that

morning on the sea of Galilee. Turn to the 2d chapter of Acts, and read from the 16th to the 21st verses, and note how he fished that day with the net of Holy Scripture. He knew his Bible, and knew just how to use it at such a time. Suppose that Peter had not known anything about the prophecies and promises in the book of Joel, what could he have done? He would have been like a fisherman with a broken net, or no net at all. The Sunday School teacher who reads his questions from a printed lesson help, and the preacher who gets his sermons out of the newspapers, ought to lean up against the wall for awhile and think. Peter knew his Bible well, and how to use it, and in that very largely was the secret of his power. He didn't have to wait to learn what the commentaries had to say that day, but got his preaching right from the fountain head. He had been improving his time by washing and mending his nets, and so was able to show, by God's word, that the time had come when every sinner had a glorious chance to be saved, no matter how wicked he had been. And then they rushed into the kingdom as the big fish had rushed into his net, and you will notice that this time he didn't say: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man." No, indeed; for he went into that Pentecostal meeting expecting something, and he wasn't disappointed. And there might have been nothing of this, and nothing of the ministry of this great apostle, but for the time when he toiled all night and caught nothing. Do you suppose that Peter ever stopped thanking God for that long, dark night of failure?

Let us stop wasting time in wringing our hands and bemoaning our failures, when through the grace of God such blessed things may result from them. If we have made failures, let us accept them as a part of the "all things" that are working together for our good, and instead of being overwhelmed with dismay and rendered altogether useless by vain regrets over our defeats, let us take up the next duty as hopefully as Peter did the mending of his nets, and sooner or later our time of victory will come. If there is anybody in the world the Lord can't do anything with, it is a discouraged man.

Peter stepped from his boatload of fish on the naked promise of Christ, and it didn't fail him. It never does.

"Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

Fear not! Look to me for help to do it. I will see to it that you do not fail in my work. Do your best, and count on results, whether you see any or not. Fear not. Don't be anxious about your support. Haven't I shown you how easy I can feed you? Never give up, no matter what happens. No matter if you do seem to fail, just as you did in fishing. Keep on doing what you believe to be the right thing; what you know ought to be done, and I will make you an instrument of blessing. Fear not. My word will still be good when the banks

break. Fear not from henceforth. No matter about the failures of the past. They are like the falls of babyhood, through which you learned to walk. Don't wear any crape for them. Let the dead bury the dead. You failed last night because I was not with you then. It will be different now.

Shall we not decide to serve our blessed Master with a greater earnestness and a more determined faith than ever before? My conviction is great that in the lesson before us he is calling us to do it. On every hand are things that need to be done for him, and why should we not undertake them in His name, looking to Him for the power to bring them to pass? His last word before His ascension was: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and do my work." With such a promise and such a charge, what excuse can any Christian find for living an empty and impotent life?

THE CHURCH ON THE FRONTIER

By REV. O. A. WILLIAMS

"The Church on the Frontier" are words that may need defining, perhaps. The word church as used in this country may mean the church in the larger sense, composed of believers of whatever name, in its relation to the frontier and its obligation to the home-seeker at the front. But I suppose that the committee had in mind the local church planted on the frontier, the local church as a definitely appointed institution for the proclamation of the Gospel, the local church as a source of spiritual power in the community, the local church as the chief agent of God to reach and to save men.

What are we to understand by the "frontier?" Briefly, I understand by the frontier the confines of civilization. If this definition be correct than the frontier has been with us since the first settlement at Jamestown and the founders of the nation built their home in the unexplored wilderness of the new land. Before them a continent stretching from sea to sea, a continent to be explored, a continent to be surveyed, a continent to be peopled, a continent to be subdued and to be taken for Jesus Christ.

The vital question which has been before this nation from its very founding to the present day has been the character of the civilization which was to be planted and nourished in the new world. The development of material resources, the growth of our industries, the increase of our wealth, the discovery of new principles in mechanics and the multiplying of inventions, all these are of little significance in comparison with the strengthening of the moral fiber of the nation. Its moral fiber is the most important thing.

And what is the chief hope of the nation today? That its civilization shall continue Christian, and that righteousness shall exalt this nation in the future as it has in the past. I believe that the chief hope of the nation is the Chritsian church, and especially in no small degree, the church on the frontier where foundations are laid. This being a day given especially to home missions, I shall be expected to speak to you of the home mission endeavors and the entering of this region in carrying the Gospel to the regions beyond and in planting the church on the frontier.

Can you realize that seventy-five years ago Ohio was a state on the northern frontier, Illinois was a frontier state in the Middle West and Missouri in the farther South. Michigan and Arkansas were organized territories, but beyond these states was an unorganized and most of it an unexplored wilderness and pathless desert where the buffalo roamed at will and where the savage had his home.

The great question, therefore, before the people of the country was the evangelization of the great Mississippi Valley, as the tide of emigration moved westward. Can you realize how stupendous was that task God had given to us seventy-five years ago? Where the great cities today stand with their centers of population, their commerce, their industries, their wealth, and with their centers of power and of influence for good and for evil, were fifty or sixty years ago mere hamlets on the frontier. The first missionary sent out by the Home Missionary Society, which I represent, was sent to Chicago, and many thought we had made a great mistake in sending the missionary to Chicago because that little hamlet on the lake was such an unpromising field of labor.

I was a young man, grown up, when the Twin Cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis, were mere hamlets on the banks of the Mississippi river, and it is less than seventy years since the first Christian work was done in these cities by a school teacher who came from Vermont and gathered together a Sunday School of seven scholars, which was held in a log blacksmith shop, and four of these scholars were Indians.

It is true that during these years great commonwealths have organized from that territory west of that blue line on our map, with their magnificent institutions, industrial, philanthropic and educational. But let us not imagine that while that vast territory has been organized all the way to the Pacific coast, with the exception of two territories (Oklahoma and Indian Territory will have been received) into state, let us not imagine that the frontier has passed away. Not by any means! Similar conditions prevail today in the northern part of Wisconsin and of Minnesota, and in the western part of the Dakotas and Montana and Wyoming and Idaho and Oregon and Washington to those which existed forty or fifty years ago in the older portions of these states.

I would like to give to you just a glimpse of what is going on in one of these states, simply as an illustration of what is going on in other states today. Take, if you please, the state of South Dakota, which is growing rapidly. Last December I took a trip from Chamberlain, South Dakota, to a town called Murda, eighty miles beyond the Missouri river. These eighty miles of road were built last summer, and I wanted to see what kind of towns had been built along this railway. I left Mitchell early in the afternoon, and when I got on

board the train almost every seat was occupied. I was surprised to see such a large number of people on the train. We reached Chamberlain on the banks of the Missouri an hour or two after dark and I noticed that long before we came to the station the passengers on board the train were hurrying toward the two ends of the car. I said to myself, "We haven't traveled very far yet, we won't get there for quite awhile." And so I kept my seat, and when I came out I found there was no standing room on the steps of the stage for me to travel to one of the hotels. And I had to wait there in a snowstorm until the 'bus came back for another load, and when I got to the hotel there wasn't a room in one of them to be had, but I said to myself, I am under shelter anyhow—there was quite a blizzard on, when I went to see a gentleman with whom I had corresponded, and who found a little room for me. It was a hall bedroom in a little lodging house, the farthest away of any. In that cottage, when I got there, I found people ahead of me, and they had gathered around the stove in the sitting room, having come there to seek lodging for the night.

When I got up in the morning the temperature was a good many degrees below zero and I noticed when I took that train the next day that those strangers were all on their way to their claims in the country on both sides of this new road. Now, you go a few miles north of this and you will find another line passing from the capital of the state, Pierre, to the Black Hills, and today these two roads, the Milwaukee and the Northwestern, are finished to Rapid City and the Black Hills. And just a little north of this again is another road, making its way through South Dakota to the Missouri Valley, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles.

Last year in four of these states, in Minnesota and Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, northerly, a thousand miles of new railroad was built, almost enough to reach from Chicago to New York.

And do you know, my friends, what this means? Why, it means that on both sides of these railroads the prairies will be dotted over with homes which spring up as by magic along these railroads, calling for the enlargement of home mission work on the part of all these Christian bodies.

I received a letter the other day from the missionary who has charge of our work, we will call him superintendent of missions, in South Dakota, giving an account of the trip he took from the Black Hills through a portion of the cattle country. He rode eighty-five miles and he found there a town of two hundred inhabitants, with a bank, a department store, and other industries. He had an appointment with our pastor at large in that part of the state to hold a service in a school house and he said he thought he would be there very early and they got there about an hour and a half before the

time for the meeting to begin and were surprised to find that the country around was dotted over with teams. He said when he got there the cowboys were there. They had come from a long distance. They unbuckled their belts and marched in with their spurs on. After the service was over some of these men came to the brother who had preached to them and said: "We must have a church here. Here is $50 towards it. I am not going to have my family reared in a country like this without church privileges."

The frontier is with us today as truly as it was forty or fifty years ago. And the brother who has charge of the work for our denomination in this part of the country said: "Brother, look in that direction, sixty miles in either direction, and you will see that this country is dotted with little towns just like this." And only two hundred laborers besides this brother, representing two other Christian bodies, in all this vast country. The frontier is here.

Now, let me say here that the planting of the church on the frontier requires a great deal of care and of wisdom, because it is very difficult to tell what town is going to grow, and with all the care that we take mistakes are made. A town may give promise of growth, but reach its zenith in a year or two and the first settlers become discouraged and off they go to try their fortune somewhere else, and the little church that had been organized becomes discouraged and cast down and word will be sent to headquarters: "We cannot keep the house open any longer." And some of you who don't know the difficulties involved in this work will say: "What a waste of money to have sent a preacher to that little town, to have put up a meeting house to be closed so soon."

Now, dear friends, it is not altogether a waste of money. Think of the souls that have been helped in fighting the battles of life in these little churches that have become extinct. Think of the influence that has gone forth from these centers which is deepening and widening in the western country. And these workers have gone forth to be a blessing in other fields. So it is not labor in vain. There is no such thing as labor in vain in the Lord.

And so we find there are difficulties; we make mistakes. To one of these difficulties I will call your attention. Take a new town just started; it has two, three or four hundred people, we say, perhaps, more than half of these are families that speak foreign tongues to us, more than one-half speak different languages. We now feel that a Catholic church can hardly unite with a Protestant church in any of these towns and it is very difficult to have men and women of these different nationalities like the Swedes and Norwegians to unite in one Lutheran church. Probably one-quarter are American, speaking English, and the missionary takes them and finds that out of that number

are various phases of Christian thought, and he finds it is a very difficult thing to harmonize these beliefs. He finds it a very difficult thing to unite these people together in one organization, for when he comes to attempt that he will find there will be men and women speaking the English tongue who say they have convictions of Truth and if there is to be but one Protestant church here, but one English-speaking church, that church must bear the name of the church to which they belong. That is the trouble with so many, each one wants their own, so it is a very difficult thing to do.

And then we find another difficulty. In these new towns are college-bred men and women, graduates of our universities who have gone there as pioneers, lawyers and doctors, and it is very difficult to send a missionary to them, because we cannot pay for such talent as will meet the demands of these college graduates. We need the very best talent we have to lay the foundation for the future on the frontier, and while the philanthropists with their millions and millions are making their magnificent contributions for educational and philanthropical purposes, I have been praying in my heart that some of these men might endow these missionary societies with millions so that we would be able to pay fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars to a man and say you go to that new field, to that frontier and you lay the foundation of things wisely, instead of being obliged to pay those who are willing to go on the enormous sum of five or six hundred dollars a year. Oh, it is a shame, in these days, with so much wealth in the possession of our churches that so many of our home missionaries are toiling and laboring for so small a salary. So it is not a very easy matter to control these things.

Then the frontier work is a work that requires wisdom. There is not very much romance about it. The foreign missionary may think of the strange country to which he is going, the strange people with their manners and their customs, but there is not very much romance to call the missionary to the frontier. He needs heroism; it is a life of sacrifice; it is a life of hardships.

Thirty-two years ago this coming October I attended the first gathering in Nebraska of my own denomination at the capital city. One afternoon of this convention was given to the brethren to tell their experience in pioneer work. Oh, that meeting has left a lasting impression on my mind. There was one brother present whose name was Noble, and he was a noble man. He was a graduate of Mr. Spurgeon's college. He had heard the United States granted to people one hundred and sixty acres of land; and in Great Britain, his native country, where so many people live in so small a space, he thought that would be a great thing to get one hundred and sixty acres of land and so he came to Nebraska and settled. His heart was full of the

love of God. He didn't know much about the Home Missionary Societies then and we were not so well organized as we are today. He began to preach for the settlers as soon as he reached there. He had been preaching for some time when the following experience came to him. He had to go two miles for water to a well that a neighbor had. He had gone there on Sunday morning to get water for the family, and this neighbor came out to him and said: "Parson, you have been preaching here for quite a long while and I thought I would like to give you a sack of flour if you will accept it. I will bring it to your house tomorrow morning." "I am very much obliged to you, neighbor," said Noble. "If you will permit me I will take a part of it home with me today." And so some flour was given to him and he carried it home, and he said: "We had lived for two weeks on shorts and you can imagine the change from shorts to the best of wheat flour was very agreeable to the family that Sunday morning."

That man of God organized a church and was pastor for twenty years. He is now a pioneer worker in the State of Washington.

Four years ago I went to the Rainy River country in northern Minnesota. It is that part of Minnesota that connects with Canada and the Rainy River and extends from the Rainy Lake about a hundred miles. This territory was being settled very rapidly by frontier homeseekers at that time. It was on Sunday and I preached in a school house to about a dozen people and I announced that a Methodist preacher would preach to them in the evening. The day before was exceedingly stormy, it rained all day, and this brother came through mud, on foot, fifteen miles, to fill his appointment that Sunday night, and preached to about a dozen people.

Yes, the frontier is still with us; and I tell you it is not the missionary alone who is the hero. Oh, no; the noble wife, the consecrated wife is equally as heroic as the missionary. Last winter I was at the dedication of a little chapel in northern Minnesota in the woods and was entertained at the home of the missionary. The wife was a woman of culture and refinement and attractive in personal appearance. And that woman was not simply the superintendent of the Sunday School, for her husband had to go to an appointment on foot, fifteen miles away, in the afternoon and walk back for the evening. She was also assistant pastor; she was nurse in the community; she was the doctor in their neighborhood. That woman was known to have been called no less than five times in a single night to go to minister to the sick in the neighborhood, for the nearest doctor was fifteen miles away from there. And that noble woman of God has been known to go out in the darkness of night, through the swamps, wet to her knees, to visit the sick and minister to them. And more than once she lost her way in the forest.

No, the frontier is still with us. There is this difference, however, between the frontier of fifty or sixty years ago and that of today; the development of the country is very much more rapid now than it was then. You know there was a time when the home-seeker was the pioneer and the railroad followed, and you remember how the prairie schooner went slowly through mud and slush and water, and sometimes was upset in the streams. Today the railroad is the pioneer and the homeseeker follows the railroad. Special trains carry these home-seekers and their families; special freight trains carry their furniture and their farming utensils and their stock and deliver them near to the spot where they expect to make their homes. So that the development is very much more rapid. And what does it mean?

It means that we should also have corresponding provision and progress in our Christian work today in winning these new settlers for Jesus Christ. Sometimes we follow with an ox team, I am sorry to say, while the saloon and its evils go on the first train generally, with material to put it up. I remember being in a town in northern Minnesota with two thousand people in it. There were twenty-two saloons in that town and not a single church building. It is not so now. There are church buildings there now, but you see how the saolon was there from the very start.

Let me give you an illustration of how the railroads in there work. Four or five years ago I was called to visit a company of Russians in North Dakota. My attention was called to them because they were suffering and were in great destitution, and some of them were spoken of as Baptists. I went to see them and I never saw so much destitution in all my life, and they would have perished that winter had it not been for the help sent to them from the cities, of provision and clothing. The railroads carried those supplies free. I went there in March. The weather was very stormy and I drove seven miles from Balfour to the home of one of these Russian settlers, a gentleman knew where he lived, and there was a meeting to be held at his house. As we approached this Russian's sod house we heard a song of praise coming from inside. The father and the children were engaged in singing some of our Gospel hymns, for that man had been in this country a few years. Most of them had come the year before to this settlement. About 11 o'clock these settlers began to gather in this house. It had two rooms, a living room and a sort of store room. I had no fears that the floor would give way, not in the least, although they crowded in and packed the house full, all the standing room there was—there was no room to sit down—and I never was in such a meeting in all my born days. Adversity does bring hearts together. After I left I sent a report of their condition to New York and some philanthropist sent me a thousand dollars to divide

among them. I went there again in April and divided the thousand dollars to the best of my ability with the help of a brother who knew all about their condition. Before I left that town the next day more than three hundred dollars had been spent for seed to use in April. Oh, I learned the meaning of "He that goeth forth, weeping, bearing precious seed," and this seed was so precious; needed for the support of their families and they sowed flax and other crops.

I went there again in the fall. The railroad was there ready to take their crops, at market price, to market, and some of these people received as high as twenty-five hundred dollars for these crops.

And they organized a church, and we supported that preacher. But I want to tell you what I heard. They were discussing this question very earnestly and I asked what they were saying, asked their pastor, and he said they were discussing the organization of this church and they wanted to lay the right foundation here. And I asked what it was they were afraid of; he replied they were afraid if they organized under the Home Missionary Society that authority from Minneapolis would require them to receive into fellowship in this church men who use tobacco and men who drink liquor, and they don't want any such members in the church. And so you can very well imagine that if we get that class of citizens here we can trust them. If they are men of that high standard of moral living we have nothing to fear.

And then they had another discussion about the naming of the church, and here is where the word Baptist comes in—that is not what I want to emphasize, but something else. I said what are they talking about, and he said, they have finally decided on the name—and they named that church the First Baptist Church of Liberty. Liberty! Oh, those men coming from that land of oppression know as we do not know, the worth and the value of being citizens of a country where every one is permitted to worship God in his own way, "under his own vine and fig tree," without any one to molest or make afraid.

Well, the work of laying the foundation, of planting the church on the frontier is a very important work. And so we need the very best talent for this work. It is a work of faith, and don't you know that the foundation is the most important part of the structure.

The pioneer worker may be forgotten here, but God does not forget him. No, we heard much last night about personal work. Some of you, perhaps, may be discouraged because you may not have been permitted to bring many sheaves into the garner of the Lord. But let me remind you, dear brother, if you have been faithful in sowing the seed, the work of sowing and reaping is one, and the day is coming when he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together.

"Rise for the day is passing,
And in the light triumphant
On others have bequeathed their armor
And forth to the fight have gone.
Placed in the ranks await you,
Each man has his part to play;
The past and the future are looking
In the face of the stern today."

The Incarnation and Recent Theories

By PROF. R. J. COOKE, D. D., New York City

Setting aside for the present the many questions which may arise, you will agree with me, I think, on a general survey of the religious situation and the tendency of theological thought, that whatever may be the difficulties in the way of doing the subject full justice, there is need at this time for a clear, definite and distinct reaffirmation of the central doctrine of Christianity, the Incarnation of the very God in the person of Jesus Christ.

This is a building era. The processes of destruction and construction of articles of belief are going on side by side. Scarcely a doctrine of the Christian faith could be stated in the light of modern research, or, if stated, wrought out, in the same manner and within the same limitations of a few decades ago. The popularizing of research in the domains of Archaeology, Comparative Religion, Philosophy and Biblical Criticism has not been without effect upon the various strata of human society. All classes of men have felt the influence of recent theological discussions on the authorship of the Bible, Messianic Prophecy, Miracles, the Person and work of the Redeemer, the growth of dogma and the origin and development of Christian institutions. The universal cry, "Back to Christ!" as if there were any other Christ than the Christ delineated by the Gospels, or that we would know him to be the Christ if he was discovered, articulated the widespread influence theological discussions have had upon the popular mind.

But, while this is a critical and constructive period, it is not a strikingly spiritual period. Dogma is not a characteristic note of the contemporary pulpit. The universal revivals which Christian optimists have prophesied have not arrived. A species of agnosticism, perhaps, indifferentism, contends for the place in the Christian consciousness once held by positive belief, and Christ idea of His Being into clear thought. For this reason now as heretofore the doctrine of the incarnation, that is the union of the Divine and the human in one person, is rejected by many of rationalistic turn of mind as unthinkable, or, if thinkable, as unnecessary, or attempts are made to so interpret it, or explain it, that it will no longer be the insoluble problem of the Christian faith. The New Testament account of the virgin-birth, for

example, is relegated by some to the region of the mythical, and not a few eminent names no longer regard it as essential to belief in the Divinity of Christ.

Harnack (Hist. of Doctrine, E. T. P. 100, note) contends that belief in the virgin-birth arose from a wrong interpretation of Isaiah 7:14, which, it is affirmed by certain exegetes, cannot mean that Immanuel should be born "of one who at the birth was still a virgin." Canon Gore (Dissertations) while maintaining belief in the fact holds, nevertheless, that the historical evidence is not such as "to compel belief." Austin, an eminent divine, preaches that the virgin-birth "is only a minor matter connected with the incarnation," and that "that which is unknown to the teachings of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. John and St. James, and our Lord Himself, and is absent from the earliest and latest Gospels can not be so essential as many people have supposed." (The Incarnation of the Lord, p. 217.)

Prof. Hans Wendt asserts (Teaching of Jesus) the ethical Divinity of Christ, but denies His essential Deity. The author of the English work, "The Spirit and the Incarnation," Dr. Walker, teaches a gradual incarnation. Dr. Dorner, who once stoutly affirmed a trinity of personal distinctions, contends, in his later work, "System of Christian Doctrine, vol. 1, 382 E. T.," for a trinity of modes or impersonal momenta, which admits of the incarnation of a divine principle in Christ, but not of the incarnation of a divine personality.

Such questions are of tremendous significance when related to the power and efficiency of the Christian ministry with its message to a world which today, with its wealth and poverty, its faith and unfaith, its fierce struggles and fathomless longings, is almost a reproduction of the Roman days when, like a fresh breath of the morning on a fevered brow, Christ came as the Savior, the Healer of men, and gave a new lease to humanity, laying his hand upon the weak spot in human life, saying "Thou ailest here, and here."

Today, here is the anarchist, at once the product and the terror of social and political prowess—there stands the criminal, the Ishmaelite of civilization—yonder stands a group of disciplined minds trained in science and testing all truth in the searchlight of experiment—here are the struggling, toiling masses, "their emotional and intellectual souls awake at last and demanding new satisfactions which social and economic conditions cannot give"—yonder the refined paganism of modern society, atheistic in the head, superstitious in the heart, mere triflers, with nerves more sensitive than their hearts, as the record of the divorce courts demonstrate, and "seeking to season the platitude of existence with a more or less voluptuous estheticism."

The world's ache at bottom is a heart-ache. What kind of a Christ then shall we present for the healing of the people? What

Christ is equal to the situation? Is it the Christ of Strauss, of Renan, of Theodore Parker, or the Christ of the Gospels? An invented Christ, or the Christ of history?

We cannot evade the challenge of Jesus, "Who say ye that I am?" What we are, within and without, what the salvation of society shall be, depends upon the answer we give. We may, with Ritschl, evade such questions, but an undefined Christ is no Christ at all to the man of science, and a Christ that is not God has no saving power on the millions of humanity, for they also are men. Like a beautiful dream, when one awakes the merely human Christ fades away amid the gime and heat, the struggles for the head, the infinite wickedness, the sorrows and disappointments of a disillusioned life. Low views of Christ may be held in order that small men may look tall. But low views of Christ give no inspiration to spiritual quickenings, from them come to the jaded millions no transfiguring power.

By an inevitable law all theories of Christ which make him less than God lead at last to a denial of all truth. We see this in the downward slope of Unitarianism, from the high Arian standpoint of Channing to the position it holds today among its chief exponents. Twenty years ago, the late Dr. Martineau wrote that in English Unitarianism Messianic theology had become an outside mythology. "From the person of Jesus, everything that attached to Him by evangelists or divines has fallen away; when they put such false robes on Him, they were but leading Him to death. The pomp of royal lineage and fulfilled prediction, the prerogative of King, of Priest, of Judge, the advent with retinue of angels on the clouds of heaven, are to us men deforming investures, misplaced, like court dresses on the 'spirits of the just,' and He is simply the Divine Flower of Humanity blossoming after ages of spiritual growth—the realized possibility of life in God. . . . All that men have added to that real historic scene—the angels that hang around His birth and the fiend that tempts His youth; the dignities that await His future—the throne, the trumpet, the assize, the bar of Judgment; with all the apocalyptic splendors that ensue—Hades and the Crystal Sea, Paradise and the Infernal Gulf, nay the very boundary walls of the Cosmic panorama that contains these things, have for us melted away, and left us amid the infinite space and the silent stars."

I shall not attempt in the time at my command a review of any of the theories I have mentioned except to say:

First—That if Jesus Christ is the Eternal Word made Flesh, if He came to restore fallen humanity to spiritual life in an alienated God, then the virgin-birth, that is the mode of the incarnation, agrees with the doctrine of the incarnation.

Second—That so related is the miraculous birth to the spotless holiness of the Christ that those who reject the physical miracle of His birth usually finish by denying the miracle of the sinless life. That is the sad but necessary finale of logical reason, for if there is a moral taint in the human race, if in the very blood and constitution of humanity there is the ineradicable tendency to sin, then it is utterly inconceivable that any one born in that race by natural means should escape the moral taint of that race.

As Prof. Bruce has pointed out: "A sinless man is as much a miracle in the moral world as a virgin birth in the physical world." All the laws of heredity are against such a supposition, while louder than Sinai they thunder through all realms of life that like produces like.

Third—The affirmation that the virgin-birth was unknown to Peter and to Paul, to the earliest and latest Gospels, is a begging of the whole question. St. Mark deliberately passes over in silence thirty years of Christ's life—and his silence, therefore, can be no evidence of his ignorance. As for Paul, we should not expect him to mention the virgin-birth. The history of our Lord did not fall within the scope of Paul's Epistles to the churches; his preaching has for its theme the moral significance of the Christ, and not the events of His personal life; and to assert that John, the author of the fourth Gospel, knew nothing of the birth-story is to assert that John knew nothing of the Gospels of Matthew and Luke which were well known in Christian communities years before the fourth Gospel was written.

The theory of Wendt of a spiritual union only, an ethical sonship between Christ and the Father, is presetned on the ground that a union of two natures, the human and the divine, in one person, is beyond all comprehension and is not translatable into clear thought. But this substitute of Wendt's is not in reality a theory of incarnation at all, but a substitution for it of a divine inhabitation, an idea which was not foreign to the thought of the apostolic age, and which, if preached, would have awakened no opposition in Jew or Gentile. But even the supposition that there must necessarily be two consciousnesses in the one person if there are two natures, the divine consciousness and the human consciousness, if the divine nature is truly Divine, and the human is truly human, cannot be accepted on the mere statement of it.

Nevertheless, there is difficulty here with which we must reckon, and this difficulty which reason experiences in attempting to form any clear notion of a double consciousness in one person is sufficiently great to alienate many from belief in the essential Divinity of our Lord, for it seems not only utterly inexplicable in itself, but it appears also at the same time to be wholly destructive of our ideas of person-

ality. But to think clearly of a human consciousness and a Divine consciousness in the one person is not the only difficulty. Here is another.

If the logos in Christ is a conscious ego and at the same time consciously participates with the Eternal Father in the maintenance and government of the universe, we find ourselves face to face with another difficulty equally impossible to picture in clear thought, that is, a double consciousness in the nature of the Logos Himself—a consciousness of his limitations inherent in the conditions of his incarnation, and, at the same time, a consciousness of his illimitable power and knowledge with the Father in the maintenance of all worlds seen and unseen.

Christ, for instance, calms the furious gale which sweeps over the Sea of Galilee. This is done by His inherent Divine power. But how can the Logos, participating with the Father in all cosmic functions, be willing, that is, set in motion forces or energies that produce a storm, while this same Logos in Christ Jesus at that same moment is exercising his power in an opposite direction—quietng the storm? Can the Divine Will act in two opposing directions at one and the same moment?

Other examples may be taken from many other miracles of the Lord, and the inability of the human intellect to solve such difficulties leads a certain class of thinkers to wholly deny that Jesus possessed consciousness of essential Deity—that a conscious God was in him or united with him making one Person.

But, on reflection, it will be seen that in this mystery of the incarnation no greater difficulty confronts the human reason than is clearly discernible in God's revelation of Himself as recorded in the Scriptures, leaving out the incarnation altogether. The manifestation of God to Moses in the burning bush is a case in point. Fire burns, and dry thorn bushes are combustible, but here the blaze does not cease, nor is the bush consumed.

Is God, the Upholder, conscious of His power operating in two distinctly contrary and opposing directions at the same time? To, include all in one word—how is any miracle possible since it seems to involve a double consciousness in the Being of God at that moment? Nor, taking the side of the agnostic, or the atheist, or the rationalist, do we help ourselves in the least if we deny all miracles and set aside all theophanies as purely imaginary.

Pushing the Bible away does not set the universe aside. It stays, and all of its mysterious phenomena, those ever-challenging, tantalizing interrogation points, still confront us. All phenomena may be classed under two contrary and opposing heads. All forces which

make for construction and permanency are opposed by forces which make for instability and destruction. Life and death, growth and decay, are ever at war, one against the other.

But the laws of the universe are not ontological entities. They do not exist of themselves apart from a law-maker. They are the expression of an intelligent and infinite Will. Now, can we present clearly to rational thought this Will, creating and sustaining contrary and opposing forces at the same moment, the same instant of time? If we think of the Infinite willing a movement of matter in space, we cannot think of Him as not willing it, or, which is the same in principle, of retarding that movement and at the same moment initiating or increasing it. One act of the Will to our thought renders impossible a contrary act at the same time.

And yet there is nothing more common in the universe than the operation of opposites at the same moment. Centrifugal and centripetal forces never act the one without the other, nor, assuming the existence of both, can be by any possibility conceive of such action. The instant we conceive the operation of one, that instant the energy of the other is exercised also.

If then, God is the Creator and Sustainer of all things, upholding all things by the word of His power, and if the operation of forces in the universe has its primal impulse in His Omnipotent Will, has God, then, a double consciousness in willing the simultaneous operation of these opposing laws and forces? Attraction and repulsion are not the same; they are antagonistic, but each must be held in existence, so to speak, ultimately by the Will of God, and God must be conscious of each, and of the opposing energy of each at the same moment. Is this a double consciousness?

It may be contended, first, that the act of the Divine Will creating or sustaining two opposing forces does not constitute double consciousness any more than a determination of the will to bring the hands together argues a double consciousness, two egos, two persons in the one human person; and, secondly, that there is in reality no analogy between the double consciousness in the incarnate Lord affirmed by the German theologian, Wendt, and this apparent twofold consciousness in God, since knowledge is not consciousness, and, therefore, God's knowledge of forces moving in opposite directions cannot constitute, nor be confused with, double consciousness.

We do not intend to insist upon the reality of a double consciousness in God, but only to point out that in the Divine Nature itself as we see its manifestations in the Cosmos there is that which suggests a double consciousness, and that we do not escape the problem of a so-called double consciousness by denying the essential Divinity of

Jesus as set forth in the Gospels, if this willing two antagonistic principles or forces at the same instant is, or implies, a double consciousness.

With reference then to the first caution above, we may observe that however plausible it may seem as a demonstration that two opposing forces may result from one act of the Will, yet on closer reflection it will be seen that it is really no valid objection at all, since as a matter of fact the Will in this case is simply willing one act and not two opposing acts—that is, it does not will that the hands shall be brought together and not brought together at one and the same instant.

And as regards the second, there is no possible comparison between God in the midst of His universe and a man observing that universe. The man is creating nothing, upholding nothing, moving nothing. He is conscious only of the knowledge of what he sees.

But God is the primal, the ultimate forec from which all forces radiate. He is the ground, the fundamental basis upon which all creation rests, the mover of every planet and every blazing sun in its orbit and of the motion of every atom in every world. Not one of them moves, whether planet or atom or ion, without His will and power. He wills all laws and sustains all things by the word of His infinite might. He is, therefore, conscious of the out-going of His power in contrary directions, of two seemingly antagonistic acts of will at the same moment, and does, therefore, appear to possess a double consciousness; since He cannot in any way conceivable to us will and perform two opposing acts at the same instant and at that instant be equally conscious of both determinations. This we see in the operation of centrifugal and centripetal forces, and in the working of the laws of growth and decay.

We do not, we repeat, affirm a double consciousness, a dualism, in the Divine Being, but that such appears to be so from the phenomena about us, both moral and physical. We may say that God is not personally in the universe, but is present only in knowledge and exercise of Omnipotence. This does not affect the above view at all, since it is based not upon where God is, but upon what God is conscious of in the out-going of His infinite energy.

The contradictions in the universe and the profound mysteries leading back to the infinite mystery, which confront us in every science, suggest forcibly that there may be depths beyond depths in the study of being which we may never sound. And we cannot dogmatically affirm what may or may not be the full powers of Spirit—much less of the Infinite Spirit.

But, however the foreoging may be, the Christian certainly can find no objection to what may appear to be a double consciousness in

the Lord Jesus while here on earth that does not lie with equal force against that consciousness in the Lord in heaven. If Christ was not God incarnate here He is not God incarnate there. If he did not have God-consciousness her, He cannot have it there.

All prayer and intercession addressed to Him is, therefore, of none effect as to Him, since not being God, and, therefore, being finite, He cannot hear and know as only an Infinite and Omnipresent Being can know all the prayers that ascend to Him from the countless millions of earth, nor the moral states and spiritual needs of those who appeal to Him. He is no longer the Christ of the New Testament, nor the Christ that fits in with the needs of the soul.

God, the Father, knows His creation and hears and answers prayers because His knowledge and power are infinite and His consciousness is also infinite. But again, if Christ who ascended from Olives has not this God-consciousness and power, then He cannot equal God in this knowledge of creation, or of men, or of the thoughts and intents of the heart, or of the sighing and aspirations of those who lift to Him their hands in wishful prayer.

Whatever is in God everywhere is in Him anywhere. That is, whatever is in God universally is in Him locally. If, then, this quality or power of double consciousness is in God and God was in Christ, it is not surprising that Christ, being God, should manifest this quality of God, and therefore, in the stilling of the storm, we see no more contradictory operation of Divine consciousness and power than is manifested throughout the universe in the operation of natural law.

But, is there in reality a double consciousness in the God-man—Jesus Christ? If Christ in reality possessed a true human nature, we cannot deny him a true human consciousness; and if he had also a truly Divine nature, he must have had a truly Divine consciousness. Consciousness cannot be denied either nature, for then we shall have not either nature in reality at all, but only something which resembles it. The difficulty to the logical reason is how to avoid this double—these two consciousnesses in the man, Christ Jesus—how to make or conceive of these two as one.

It will be observed that I have not understated the difficulty. There is a deep mystery here, the mystery of personality. Was the nature of Christ personal or impersonal; and so greatly has it perplexed human reason that in past time the Church, in order to solve or to avoid this Divine riddle, has been inclined to think of the human nature of Christ as impersonal—a conclusion which would seemingly destroy the reality of his humanity. Human reason demands a conclusion, and it is in harmony with its nature that it should reach a conclusion and rest in it, but neither the human nor the Divine

nature of the Christ must be sacrificed on the altar of reason. The reason of today may not be the reason of tomorrow, nor of the day after, for when men speak of reason, they oftentimes mean only knowledge, which is altogether another matter.

In all attempts to extend the boundaries of science, it is always a safe method to proceed from what we know step by step to what we do not know. And since we have in this instance to study the nature of a consciousness which we cannot interrogate, we are driven to a study of our spiritual selves.

And here consideration of self-consciousness may detain us a moment and throw some light possibly on the fact that our ignorance of the how two consciousnesses can be in the one person does not necessarily render such an apparent contradiction an utter impossibility. That two consciousnesses, two egos, each conscious of itself and living its own separate and distince life, can ever be conceived as one consciousness, one ego, is not possible. And yet it is possible to conceive of two egos having such a common ground that neither will be conscious of itself as distinct from the other or without being at the same time conscious of the other.

We may contemplate the ever recurring philosophic problem how in consciousness one can be the knower and the known, the subject and the object at one and the same time. If I am conscious of myself as the object of my consciousness, or the thing that is known, I cannot be conscious at the same time of myself as the subject; since at that instant I think of myself only as object. And if I think of myself as subject, I cannot be at that moment conscious of myself as object. Here to pure thought is an apparent impossibility, and however impossible it may be, if one stops to think about it, how can I be conscious of a thing of which I am not conscious—that is, how can I be conscious of the subject when I am conscious only of the object—nevertheless, I am conscious of myself both as subject and as object, the knower and the known at the same time, otherwise I would not be conscious at all. And yet how the mind can be conscious of both at one and the same time is the mystery.

Such problems do not indeed solve for us any difficulty in the incarnation, but they do serve as suggestions, as faint hints, that there may be some way, not of solving the mystery of a double consciousness, if there is such a thing, but of knowing that the fact is not impossible. If we had the supposed double consciousness of the incarnate Lord it would be as natural to us as it was and is to Him, it would be as natural to us as our present consciousness is, and would be no greater mystery than the above problem of the subject and the object if the essential nature of the two were the same. We may now approach the subject a little nearer.

Christian experience may throw some light upon this dark subject. Every one of us who has been born of God knows that God through the Holy Spirit holds communion with the souls of men. The spiritual man holds communion with God. He knows that between him and God there is a personal union, a union of friendship and love. He is conscious, and the closer he walks in loving intimacy with God the more certain grows his conviction that a higher power than any power proceeding from man, even the power of God, has taken hold of his moral self, and, strengthening will and intellect and feeling, has diffused spiritual energy into his life making him other than he was. Every one born of God is conscious of this experience. And yet no one is more conscious of this than is the twice-born man, that in the ordinary processes of his religious life he cannot mark distinctly and surely the boundaries between himself in the field of his consciousness and the Spirit of God. In his deepest intuitions he cannot sense distinctions between the impulses of the indwelling Spirit and the volitions of his own intellect. No line can he draw, neither here nor there, and with conscious certitude affirm—here God initiates, here I initiate, here is the ground whence originates purely human intellection, and here the Divine suggestions.

Deeper than any plummet has sunk into the depths of the human spirit, holy thoughts and aspirations float upword into the realm of consciousness and are there seized and appropriated as one's own, but so closely blended, so perfect is the increasing union between the Spirit of God and the spirit of the saint that he cannot say other than with "I live, yet not I but Christ that liveth in me." And yet, Paul is Paul. There are not two of him. There is no double consciousness. There are not two wills, but one will, for so blended are the two spirits, the Spirit of God and the spirit of man, that to the man there is but one consciousness, one self, one personality.

If such a spiritual union is possible between man and God, it is not inconceivable, nor is it contradiction in thought, that the Divine nature should be so united with a perfectly holy nature conceived by the Divine Spirit, which at first brooded over the abyss of creation and impregnated the universe with life, that without the Divine ceasing to be divine, or the human ceasing to be human, the result should be one personality, neither wholly God nor wholly man, but a union of both in one God-man.

But there are theories and theories. Some easily refute themselves, others lack the mental range of the time and fall harmless. There are others which exert a subtle influence and slowly but surely vitiate truth and finally contend with it in the open for supremacy as a practical force in life and conduct. I, therefore, call your attention to a popular substitute for the teaching of the Gospel.

The danger at present, perhaps, is not from any widely extended impression which the theories mentioned have upon our theological or religious thought, but rather from that interpretation of the incarnation which, unable to invalidate the testimony of the Gospels and the apostolic teaching, affirms the Divinity of Christ, and, yet denies his essential Deity. To most of us it seems like mental suicide to assert, except in figure, that one could be Divine and yet not be really God. But it is not uncommon to find in the works of influential theologians the terms "Godhead," "God-filled," "God-manhood," applied to the nature of Christ and of "the incarnation of God" in Him. He is declared to be the "Second Adam," the "Head of the Race," the "Mediator" and "Redeemer" of humanity, but He is not the Eternal Personal Word, the Eternal Son who is in the bosom of the Father, of the same essence as the Father, God of God, and being the effulgence of His glory is the exact correspondence of his substance.

We may notice such a theory of the incarnation. Beyschlag, for example, affirms that Christ is the Son of God in an absolute sense: that in him in whom Eternal Love perfectly appeared, there is essential Godhead, and that the self-consciousness of Jesus as to his Divine Sonship was clear and absolute. He even declares in favor of the pre-existence of Christ. Such a theory seems to measure up to the teachings of the Gospels. Such affirmations of the personality of Christ present to us a being so exalted at least verbally, that it seems useless to seek in Beyschlag's conception of Him distinctions between Him and God. And yet when we probe into the real meaning of Beyschlag and endeavor to apprehend the clear, naked truth lying back of his declarations, we perceive how far short they fall of the loftier teachings of the New Testament.

According to the first interpreter of Jesus, he had a real, conscious, personal existence in the Godhead from eternity. He is the Eternal Son participating in the Divine Life. But the pre-existent Christ of Beyschlag is a pre-existent notion, an eternal dream, the ebenbild, the impersonal idea of ideal humanity floating in the thought of God. It is not God. It is not God any more than the idea of time, of space, of creation, of humanity itself, eternally existing in God is God.

It is an unconscious ideal, an impersonal product of the Eternal Mind; but not the Eternal conscious Logos, the alter-self of the Everlasitng Father "by whom and through whom and for whom are all things."

Christ is the archetypal Man, He is the Divine Ideal, the ground principle of all creation, the Eternal Image to which the humanity in the mind of God is to be conformed, and our Christian thought and whole ethical life would be impoverished beyond measure should that

Scriptural concept and presentation be dropped out of our thinking or lose its potency in the development of Christian character.

But, on the other hand, there would be no Christian life at all to be impoverished if Christ was nothing more than an impersonal idea. For it is only on the idea of personality of the Christ that we embrace the idea of the self communication of God to humanity. The pre-existence of Christ in and of itself has no lasting interest, no value for us, unless it is the predicate of a personality which enters our existence as God incarnate.

Again, if such theories of the incarnation are rejected as an unreality, as nothing more than the embodiment of an idea, and do not give us the very God himself, we cannot accept other, and perhaps, lower theories which present Christ as the God-filled man, the man unique, in whom the God-consciousness finds its perfect expression. The thory of Christ as the God-filled man, a being in whom God is perfectly manifested, is simple, easily comprehended and makes little draft on indolent faith.

But let us not be deceived. Stripped of the verbal glamour which surrounds it, and which commends it to sentiment, what have we in the final analysis but a man, a human being only, to whose personality the divine element is superadded?

If Christ is this and nothing more, in what sense then is the incarnation of God as eternal righteousness in the souls of all good men in every age and in every clime who have come into ethical relation with Him? By his affinity with God, Jesus has revealed the spiritual capacity of man. This revelation is a distinct contribution to religion. In Him we see the sunlit heights to which humanity, leaving the mist and darkness, may climb, the infinite sweep, the umschwung of moral perfection to which the soaring soul may aspire.

Then, given God as Spirit and man as a spirit, each seeking the other, what is there to prevent such a union of both—the larger filling or enspheringe the less, the Infinite infolding the finite, that the human may not be God-filled even as Christ was, that in this human also the God consciousness may not come to its fullest expression, and this human thus become the incarnate manifestation of God as was Jesus the Christ whom, in opposition to all such vagaries, the apostle declares to be "The only Begotten of the Father?" No—the oneness with God which the Gospels predicate of Christ, is, as Dr. Martineau recognizes, "not that resembling reflex of the Divine thought and character which men and angels may attain, but the identity of essence, constituting Him not God-like, but God!"

But we are not done with this theory. As a substitute for the Church doctrine of the incarnation, we may ask what advantage after

all does it really possess over the belief of the Church? From what difficulty does it free us that is less burdensome than the difficulties which it originates?

Before us there rises in surpassing moral grandeur this God-filled man. But how how shall we account for the Man? What environment, what mighty personalities, what religious education, what spiritual power so played upon all the powers and potencies of his being that he alone of all men could be so God-filled, that he could become the perfect organ for the manifestation of the moral attributes of God, the perfect revelation of Eternal Love?

Modern historical methods may account, or think they do, for great reformers, military heroes, philosophers and geniuses of history. What is the origin of this man?

Given, as Henri A. Taine, in his introduction to English Literature tells us, "race, surroundings and epoch," we may account for the genius of the Luthers, the Loyolas, the Savonarolas, Mohammed, Confucius, Elijah, all the prophets and seers, poets, priests and philosophers who have been thrown by the restless ocean of existence on the shores of time. But how, by any knowledge of "race, surroundings and epoch" can we account for the Man, Jesus of Nazareth? Jesus is no more a Jew than he is the beauty-loving Greek. In Him, we look in vain for the harshness, the fierce intolerance, the instinctive clannishness, the intellectual narrowness—characteristic of the Jew. The breadth of human sympathy, the calm, unruffled poise, the winsome sweetness, the perfect idealism, the intellectual sweep and clearness, the wholesome bracing sanity—all the characteristic traits and fine spiritual finish baffle and confound us when by any known principle of evolution we seek to account for him as the product of his race.

A tourist at the birthplace of Burns, looking out on the picturesque wildness, the sad, subtle beauty of the highlands, exclaimed: "Ah! It is no wonder Robert Burns was a poet." The guide at his side replied: "Sir, there have been many children born here since Robert Burns was born, but none of them was a poet."

Environment does not create. Environment impresses, develops what is. Back of environment must be the man, the soul, the thing upon which impression is to be made, and that is the very thing we are trying here to discover.

Other children were born under Syrian skies, and played in the streets of Nazareth. Other children gazed on the splendid prospect of Carmel, the mountains of Shechem, of Gilboa, of Safed, which notched the rim of the horizon of Jesus in his early years. Others in his day lived amid the contest of ideas, the revolutionary programs and pas-

sions, the antagonisms of brutal Roman and plotting Jew; in others the voices of the past, the voice of prophet and psalmist, of priest and seer found an echo, and yet he comes forth as the only one capable of becoming the organ of the Supreme God. Out of Nazareth, out of the boiling chaos of social antagonisms, of political and religious animosities, out of that epoch when religion was dead, and God was lost, He alone emerges as the Being who is to be the God-filled man, the Organ of the Infinite. How can we account for Him?

Plato is of Greece; Cromwell is of England; Napoleon, Washington, Sakyi-Muni, Mohammed, Goethe, Shakespeare, Corneille, we can account for them all.

Jesus created Paul and John and Athanasius and Augustine, Chrysostom, St. Bernard, Luther and Wesley, and if His name faded from the scroll of history, they would all vanish with him, but who, what race, what environment, what speech, what power or combination of powers created Him?

Even Renan is compelled to say: "Whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will grow young without ceasing; his legend will call forth tears without end; his suffering will melt the noblest hearts; all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men, there is none born greater than Jesus."

But what produced Him? What produced the man who could become the only God-filled man?—the unique and perfect manifestation of God in history?

This popular substitute, then, for a true incarnation has difficulties of its own which investigation does not solve. We see that when pressed for an answer, the theory itself utterly evaporates. It has no answer. No applied theory of evolution, so much relied upon to account for the great men of history, can account for this man. He was a mystery to His mother, to his brethren, to his neighbors, to his disciples, to the multitudes who hung upon his words, to his judges, to the chief priests and rulers of His people, to all the ages following and He still remains the enigma of history.

The only clue to His origin, the only answer that can ever account for Him, when the critic, the historian, and the psychologist have failed, is that given in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee, therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

Again, we may be with men and study them as an entomologist may study his subject under the lens, analyzing and dissecting them in all their moods and tenses, and yet never know them. Knowledge here is through affinity, mental and moral. Balzac, it is said, never

portrayed the character of a pure woman, and Shakespeare never painted a saint. What we are determines our affinities and these condition and knowledge.

The less can never more than shadow forth the greater. Neither Moses nor Elijah nor Isaiah, before whom the Eternal Glory swept in vision, could do more than in broken syllables utter what they saw. The essential life, the innermost character of the revealed Deity, the fathomless deep of the Infinite, was beyond them. Only a God can reveal a God. "No man hath seen God at any time, the Only Begotten which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." (John 1:18.)

He only who is of the heart, of the nature and substance of the Father can reveal the Father. Therefore, in Christ alone, not as an incarnated idea, not as a God-filled man, but as the Only Begotten of the Father, as the Incarnated Personal Deity has humanity at last a sight of God as the social God, the Redeeming God, the pitiful God, the God of love, for "He that seeth me seeth the Father."

Into this life of ours, the Only Begotten, the Eternal Son truly entered. He entered it subject to all its limitations as truly human. He lived a human life knowing its hardships, its loves, and friendships, the love of home, of father and mother, of brothers and friends. He knew its burdens of poverty, its disappointments, its quiet days, its joys and tears, and at last entered the shadow of death which engulfs us all, that He might "show us the Father." It is this view of Christ, and this view alone, which transfigures the common life and

"Gives grandeur to the beating of the heart."

Finally, a correct view of the incarnation safeguards a correct view of the atonement. There is an infinite difference between the death of Christ as a martyrdom and that death as an atonement for humanity. For, how is atonement for humanity possible by any one who is himself involved in the ruin of humanity? He may die for himself, but how can he die for all? And how can we know at first-hand without any shadow or possibility of doubt that God is reconciled to sinful men by the death of any one?

We never can know it if, holding low views of the incarnation, we eliminate from the person of Christ essential Deity.

But in the light of the Gospel, we see the Eternal Son, who is not involved in the sin of the world, assuming a human nature, which, begotten by the race, and thus entering as the perfect man into the solidarity of the race makes atonement for the race He can atone for us, for he is one of us, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. "For verily He took not on Him the nature of angels," but "as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, he also Himself likewise took part

of the same," "Wherefore in all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. (Heb. Chap. 2.)

This is the visible human side of it, and on the other side, Paul, the great preacher of the atonement, says it was God who was "in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." (2 Cor. 5:19.)

It is God **Himself** then who reconciles us to Himself, who thus gives us **Himself** assurance of the reconciliation. It is God **Himself** who has come to us in Christ and makes us "partakers of the Divine Nature." Wherefore, the Church throughout the whole world sings in the **Te Deum**

> "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!
> Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father!"

And the redeemed in heaven who discern in the incarnation the unfolding of the dark problems of human history cry out: "Worthy is the Lamb who was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing. . . . Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

THE DEITY OF CHRIST

AN EXPOSITION OF JOHN 5: 16-40

By JAMES M. GRAY, D. D., Chicago, Ill.

In the fifth chapter of the Gospel of John at the eighteenth verse, "Making Himself equal with God."

I am to speak to you this morning on the Deity of Christ. I do not say the divinity of Christ. I have schooled myself for years not to speak merely of the divinity of Christ. The world will acknowledge His divinity, the Unitarian will acknowledge it, the Christian Scientist will acknowledge it, the Theosophist will acknowledge it, the educated pagan everywhere will acknowledge the divinity of Christ, but by His divinity they will mean only that which is meant when your divinity is spoken of, or mine. In their thought Jesus is simply divine as all men are divine, only that He possesses more divinity than the average man.

I speak this morning then, not of the divinity of Christ, but of His Deity, a far different and far higher truth.

Among those who deny His Deity are some who say that He Himself never claimed to be equal with God. They say "no matter what the other writers of the New Testament may say about Him, Christ Himself never claimed this. But I affirm that Christ not only claimed to be equal with God, but more, that He framed an argument to prove it, and like a lawyer pleading at the bar, having outlined his argument, He brought His witnesse sinto court to substantiate it. All this is found in the fifth chapter of Johns Gospel, following the story of the man healed at the pool of Bethesda, which was read in your hearing this morning. Jesus was now in Jerusalem at one of the feasts of the Jews. He had just healed the man at the sheep gate who had lain there for thirty and eight years and to whom He had said "Take up thy bed and walk." Now it was the Sabbath day on which Jesus has done this. "Therefore, the Jews did persecute Jesus and sought to slay Him because He had done these things on the Sabbath day." Jesus' reply to them is very simple, and we wonder how it could have provoked such consequences. He merely said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." God does not work works of

creation upon the Sabbath day, but work of providence and grace. He causes the earth to rotate on its axis on the Sabbath day as well as on every other day. He causes the rain to fall on that day, and the sun to shine and the grass to grow. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," in works of mercy, in works of necessity, in works of love.

"Therefore, the Jews sought the more to kill Him because He not only had broken the Sabbath, but said that God was His Father, **"making himself equal with God."** Why, we say, how strange! Does one make himself equal with God who says that God is his Father? I say that God is my Father. How glad I am able to be able to say it! But, have I made myself equal with God in doing so? Certainly not. Therefore, there must have been something peculiar in the way in which Jesus said it which led his fellow countrymen who looked into His eyes as He spoke and who heard the words as they fell from His gracious ilps, to believe that **He** made **Himself** equal with God.

Now, what was there peculiar about it? The revised version intimates the reply for it reads like this: "Therefore, did the Jews seek the more to kill Him because He not only had broken the Sabbath, but also called God His own Father, making Himself equal with God." In other words, they understood Jesus to claim that God was His Father in the sense in which He was not the Father of any other man, that He was His Father uniquely and that hence was equal with God.

And did Jesus contradict this belief on their part? Did He hasten to say "Oh, my fellow countrymen, you are mistaken in supposing that I mean to blaspheme God and to make myself equal with God? I submit that if Jesus were not equal with God He should have hastened to contradict that belief of his countrymen, or else I ask forgiveness as I use the words, He was the greatest blasphemer, fanatic or impostor that ever lived.

But Jesus did not contradict that belief. On the contrary He allowed His countrymen to consider that He made himself equal with God, and He did more, He advanced an argument to substantiate the claim. Listen to the argument. It is threefold: He claims to be equal with God on the ground of His divine knowledge, on the ground of His divine power, and on the ground of His divine authority.

First, on the ground of His divine knowledge: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of Himself but what He seeth th eFather doing, for what things soever He doeth these the Son also doeth in like manner." When He says, "the Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father doing," He does not mean that He has power to do nothing of Himself but what He seeth the Father doing, but that He has the will to do nothing of Himself but

what He seeth the Father doing. In other words, He means to teach that He and the Father are one indivisible Essence and that their acts are absolutely inseparable. Such is the teaching on this passage of the Fathers of the Church in all the generations, and there is no man able to rise up with any new discovery that shall contradict it. And this is evident further from the context since He adds: "What things soever He (the Father) doeth, these also doeth the Son in like manner." If the Son doeth the things that the Father doeth in like manner as the Father doeth them, can He Himself be less than God?

Second—He proves it not only by His divine knowledge, but by His divine power, for He adds again: "As the Father raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom He will." He may be referring either to physical or spiritual quickening, or both, but whether it be one or the other, it is the prerogative of God alone, and if "the Son may quicken whom He will" physically or spiritually, can He be less than God?

Third—He proves it by His divine authority, for He adds still further: "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son." Judgment is the prerogative of God, and of God alone, and if "all judgment hath been committed unto the Son" can the Son be less than God?

But to show that my conclusion or inference is not wrong, listen to that of Jesus Himself where, after using the words I have just read He says in effect: (All these things are true of the Son) "That all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father; He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent Him." How do all men honor the Father? Do they not honor Him as God, supremely, absolutely? But, "These things are true of the Son that all men should honor the Son **even as,**"—mark the words—"they honor the Father," i. e., as God, supremely, absolutely. "And he that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent Him," so, that the man, whoever he is, whether a professing Christian and a church member or not, who is not honoring the Son as God, is an idolater as truly as any pagan, since he is not worshiping the God of revelation, the God who hath revealed Himself to us in the Bible.

But Jesus is not satisfied with this. As I have said, like a lawyer pleading at the bar ,not only does He present His argument, but He cals in His witnesses to substantiate the argument. "If I bear witness of myself," He says, "my witness is not true." Not that He means His witness is not true. But He is for the moment putting Himself upon the plane of humanity. Among men, one's witness to himself is not accepted unless it be substantiated by the witness of another, and the more important the witness the more necessary that it be

substantiated. So Jesus says, "I take my stand with you; it is not I myself bearing witness of Myself; there are others to bear witness of Me."

He begins with the witness of John the Baptist, saying, "Ye sent unto John and he bare witness unto the truth." Every one knows what the witness of John the Baptist was. He bore witness to the pre-existence of Jesus, to the sacrificial character of His work, to His omnipotence as the baptizer with the Holy Ghost, in a word to His Deity. And yet these countrymen of Jesus were so morally corrupt, so warped by sin, so prejudiced by pride, that, although they knew John the Baptist to be a prophet sent from God, they refused to believe him when he testified to Jesus as the Son of God.

Jesus brings a second witness into court, "a greater witness than that of John, for the works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do bear witness of Me that the Father hath sent Me." We know what the works of Jesus were. We know that He healed the sick, that He cleansed the leper, that He cast out demons, that He walked upon the sea, that He fed the multitude with the five loaves and a few small fishes, that He raised the dead! And we know also what His countrymen believed concerning these things for one of them, Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, said "Rabbi, we know that Thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest except God be with Him." Nicodemus did not speak for himself alone. He said "We know," the rulers of the Jews know, the Sanhedrin knows, and that meant that the nation itself knew that no man could do these miracles that Jesus did except God were with Him. And yet, so morally corrupt were these countrymen of Jesus, so warped by sin, by prejudice, and pride, that while they admitted the divinity of the evidence, they refused to admit its application to Jesus as the Son of God.

He brought His third witness into court, adding: "And the Father Himself which hath sent Me hath borne witness of Me. Ye have neither heard His voice at any time nor seen His shape, and ye have not His word abiding in you for whom He hath sent Him ye believe not." Just what Jesus may have meant by the witness of the Father I do not absolutely know. He may have meant the witness in the Old Testament Scriptures, and yet He refers to that again in another verse. Perhaps He meant that witness which His Father bore at His baptism and again at His transfiguration when the Voice from heaven was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." It is nothing to say that these He now addresses did not hear that Voice, because they were unqualified to hear it. The Voice, nevertheless, was heard and the testimony of the Father was given to the Son. And we know what they thought of that

testimony who heard the Voice, for we recall the words of Peter in his second Epistle, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eyewitnesses of His majesty for He received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.' And this Voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with Him in the holy mount." (2 Pet. 1:16-18.)

He now brings His fourth and last witness into court, that of holy writ: "Ye search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me, and ye will not come to me that ye might have life." "Ye search the Scriptures,"—the Old Testament Scriptures are referred to, the Scriptures which they professed to know. "To Him give all the prophets witness" from Moses unto Malachi—three hundred and thirty-three prophecies in the Old Testament found their fulfillment, literal and minute, in the Person and the work of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, and in the person and the work of no other man who ever lived. He is the seed of the woman who should bruise the serpent's head; the seed of Abraham in whom all the families of the earth should be blessed; the Lion of the Tribe of Judah and the Shiloh who should come; the Immanuel of virgin birth; the Son whom God led out of Egypt; the One who was bruised for our iniquities, who was wounded for our transgressions, and by whose stripes we are healed; the One whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting unto everlasting, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God! But, so morally corrupt were these men, so warped by sin, so prejudiced by pride, that while admitting the divinity of the testimony they still refused to believe on Him to whom that testimony applied.

Oh, the pathos of the words: "And ye will not come to Me that ye might have life." The pathos in that conjunction "And!" "Notwithstanding all I have said to thee, all I am before thee; notwithstanding the witness of John the Baptist, the witness of the works that I have done, the witness of the Voice of My Father in heaven, the witness of the holy Scripture. Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life."

Those words call for close analysis on our part, my hearers. "And ye will not come to me that ye might have LIFE." What did these countrymen of Jesus need on that memorable day? More education? They had enough. More argument? They had enough. More evidence? They had enough. What did they need? Not education, not argument, not evidence—but life, for they were dead in trespasses and sins.

Fellow-ministers of the Gospel, what a supernatural message has been committed to you and to me—the communication to men of life from the dead! Oh, men and women, seated here this morning, listening to this argument and this evidence concerning the Deity of Jesus Christ, you who have listened to appeals at other times, and in other places, and have not yet received Him as your Savior and confessed Him as your Lord, do you not see the reason why? It is not education you want, nor argument, nor evidence, but life from the dead!

But listen to the words again: "And ye will not **come to Me** that ye might have life." To come to Jesus, this is life! You are a business man, and must meet a note tomorrow, and you go to the bank to get the money with which to do it. You are a child and hungry and you go to your mother to obtain bread. You are dead in trespasses and sins and I beseech you to come to Jesus and obtain life, for He "came into the world that men might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

I well remember the night I came to Jesus and got life. I was not like the rescue mission workers to whom it has been s ostimulating to listen in these conference. I had not fallen into the slums. By the grace of God I was brought up in a Christian family, and went to church. At fourteen, when I knew "the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments" I was confirmed, and united with the church and became a professing Christian and partook regularly of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. But I was a man studying for the ministry before I ever knew the meaning of conversion to Jesus Christ.

One night, at a time when I was strongly tempted to turn my steps in another direction than the Christian ministry, I was sitting in the quiet of my room reading a little book that God had put into my hands and which fascinated me. It was Dr. Arnot's "Laws From Heaven for Life on Earth," and in it I read this sentence: **"The soul not already won to Jesus is already lost."** The Spirit of God used that sentence as an arrow to pierce my soul. I am not ashamed to say that I fell upon my face that night, for with all my morality, and self-righteousness, and church membership, I saw myself hanging over the abyss of hell, and justly hanging there. I cried out in the language of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and He heard me. He always hears that cry. That night He put underneath me His everlasting arms, and planted my feet upon the rock, and put a new song in my mouth which I have been singing ever since. I know what it is, my friends, to come to Jesus and find life. Will you come? Will you come today? Will you come now?

Think of the words again: "And ye will not come to me that ye might have life." Ah, it was not a question of their ability. It was a question of their willingness. Jesus did not say "Ye cannot come," which would have been sad enough, but He said "Ye will not come," which was sadder still.

"Though God be good and free be heaven,
No force divine can love compel,
And though the song of sins forgiven
Be heard in lowest hell;
The sweet persuasion of God's voice
Regards thy sanctity of will;
He giveth light; thou hast thy choice
To walk in darkness still."

Oh, surely, there is not a man or woman ,or boy or girl, within the hearing of my voice who will pursue that choice another day, another hour, another moment! You will come to Jesus, you will come to Jesus now?

In the Connecticut state prison there is a criminal with this history. He is an Italian, and imprisoned for life on the charge of murder. A year ago last June the Governor offered him a pardon upon one condition, namely, that he should return to Italy and stay there. He declined the pardon, saying he preferred to remain a prisoner here rather than go home to Italy and work for fifteen cents a day. He may have been a wise man in his choice, but suppose the Governor had the authority to say to him, "Here is your pardon if you will go home to Italy and enter upon your patrimony, upon your possession as a prince of the realm?" Suppose the man had refused the pardon then, would he not have been judged insane? But that is the kind of offer Jesus makes to you today. It is not merely forgiveness of sins, though surely that were quite enough, but He offers life, fellowship with Him, reigning with Him in the glory that He had with His Father before the world was.

Let me tell you a story as I conclude. One Sunday night two college boys were seated together in the room of one of them, we will call the host George and the guest Robert. George was reading the Bible, a good thing for any boy to be doing in college or out of it, on Sunday night or any other night. Robert was seated in a rocking chair, swinging, boy-like, as though he were paying no attention to what George read, while paying every attention. George was reading the chapter that was read this morning, the chapter from which our text was taken, and he came to the twenty-fourth verse, where Jesus, in further evidence of His Deity says, "He that heareth

My words and believeth Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

"Hold on there, George," said Robert, "you have made a mistake."

"Where?" said George.

"Why you have just read: 'He that heareth my words and believeth Him that sent me HATH everlasting life," while you meant to say 'shall have everlasting life.' "

"Oh, no, I don't. It is written so in my Bible."

"Well," said Robert, "I don't believe it; I will get my own Bible and compare the two." And compare it he did with the like result, the word was there.

"Oh," said Robert, "it cannot be true. I will get another Bible." He borrowed a third Bible, and out of the mouths of three witnesses that word was established: "He that heareth my words and believeth Him that sent me HATH everlasting life."

And then Robert said, "George, if by hearing the words of Jesus and believing Him that sent Him I can have everlasting life, I am going to have it now." And he knelt by the side of his companion in that college room that night and received Jesus as his Savior, and obtained authority to become a son of God. That man is well known to some of you in this auditorium today. He has stood upon this platform many a time. He is loved by some of us who know him well, and more than twenty years in the Christian ministry have testified to the genuineness of his act on that memorable night when he came to Jesus and found life.

Will you do it? Will you do it now, just as you sit in the quiet of this moment; you need not rise, you need not hold up your hand; you need not make the slightest demonstration to human flesh, but in the silence of your heart say "God, I come to Thee through Jesus Christ that I may have eternal life." God help you to do it!

The Holy Spirit in His Relation to the Believer in Christ

AN EXPOSITION OF ROMANS 8: 1-26

By JAMES M. GRAY, D. D., Chicago, Ill.

The passage on which we meditate will be the eighth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Were I to give a secondary title to this chapter, the first part of it, at least, I should say that it sets before us the secret of victory over sin, and it does this by setting before us the relation of the Holy Spirit to the believer in Christ. Nor is there any subject so important for a Christian man or woman to be clear upon. It being understood that we are saved men and women through the exercise of our faith in Jesus Christ, regenerated by His Spirit, then the most important subject for us to clearly understand is the relation which the Holy Spirit bears to us as such believers.

To emphasize that believers are here referred to, let me remind you that the chapter opens with the words: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." The writer is speaking to them that are in Christ Jesus. A believer on Christ Jesus is in Christ Jesus, just as my arm, my ear, my tongue, my hand, are in me. And that is the reason that there is no condemnation for him. Since there is no condemnation, no penalty for sin to be executed against Jesus, so is there no condemnation, no penalty for sin to be executed against them that are in Jesus. He is the Head, and we are the members of the body of which He isthe Head. And as there is no condemnation for the Head, there can be no condemnation for any member of the body of which He is the Head. If you get hold of that truth, my fellow Christians, you have the secret of assurance and of a life of victory over sin.

Now, what makes it true of us that we are in Jesus and that Jesus is in us? This: that the Spirit of Jesus, the Spirit that is in the Head is the spirit that dwells in the body. What makes my eye, my ear, my tongue, my hand, to be parts of me, in me? This: that the spirit that is in my head is in my eye, my ear, my tongue, my hand. There is only one spirit in me, speaking of me now from the

natural point of view. That one spirit that is in me is in every part of my being. So, in the mystical sense in which we are speaking of our relationship to Jesus Christ is it true that the reason we are one with Him and He is one with us is that there is one Spirit in the Head and one Spirit in the body and in every member of the body. We are thus baptized by one Spirit into one body and that is the body of which Christ is the Head.

But what is the object or purpose of this indwelling of the Holy Spirit in you, in me? It is to conform us to Christ. To conform the members of the body into perfect likeness with the Head. To make real in our experience that which is already true of us in our standing before God in Christ.

How is it done? The eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans tells us how, by showing that the Holy Spirit meets five vital needs of our spiritual life. What are they?

I. He gives us spiritual freedom. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, for the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus hath made us free from the law of sin and death." Each one of us in our natural state is living under a certain law. There is a certain tendency of our being towards sin the outcome of which is death. The moment we accept Jesus Christ as our Savior and the Holy Spirit comes to dwell within us He sets us free from that old law, that old tendency of our being, and brings us under the dominion of a new law and a new tendency, the direction of which is no longer toward sin and death, but towards righteousness and life. He sets us free from the law of sin and death. Here is a prisoner chained to his jailer, as was Paul in Rome. The chain is around his wrist and that of the jailer. The man in his natural state is a prisoner, chained to sin and death. The first thing the Holy Spirit does for him is to break that chain. He gives him spiritual freedom.

II. But a man may be set free from the law of sin and death and yet have no mind or disposition to act upon his freedom. The prisoner is set free from his jailer, the chian is broken, but he has no mind or disposition to walk away. God provides for that, however, in the case of the believer. The Holy Spirit not only gives him spiritual freedom, but also the spiritual mind or disposition to act upon it. "They that are after the flesh (i. e., the old Adamic nature) do mind the things of the flesh, but they that are after the spirit (that is, the Holy Spirit) do mind the things of the spirit." God does not leave His work half done, in other words. The prisoner is set free from the jailer, and given a mind to act upon his freedom, to walk away from his jailer. That is what is meant by the new birth, a new will, a new heart.

III. A man, however, might have the spiritual mind or disposition to act on his freedom and lack the power to exercise that mind. The prisoner is set free from his jailer, the chain is broken, he has the mind or disposition to walk away, but he lacks the power to do it. He cannot walk. God provides for that, however, in the case of the believer. "If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you (and, of course, He dwells in you if you are a believer on Jesus Christ), He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you. Therefore, brethren," mark it well, "we are debtors not to the flesh to live afetr the flesh, for if ye live after the flesh ye shall die, but if ye through the Spirit (the Holy Spirit), do mortify (or put to death) the deeds of the body ye shall live."

What does this mean if not that God first gives us the spiritual freedom, then the spiritual mind, and then the spiritual power to exercise that mind? We commonly apply this verse in the physical sense, as though it referred to our bodily quickening in the resurrection at the last day. But that is not its application except in a secondary sense. In the primary sense it means our spiritual quickening day by day, so that we are able to live a resurrected life, a life of victory over every known sin. The context proves it, for the next verse says: "Therefore, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh to live after the flesh." That is to say, He will so quicken our mortal bodies by His indwelling Spirit that the flesh shall not have power and dominion over us to trail our new life in the dust.

The great weakness of the professing Christian is that he believes jus tthe opposite to this. He believes that he is debtor to the flesh and that he cannot help himself, that he must sin. That is a lie of Satan. I am not teaching any doctrine of sinlessness when I say this, or any doctrine of perfectionism or eradication. I do not find such in the Word of God. But I am teaching daily victory over every known sin if you want it.

Let me give you a leaf from my experience. For years of my Christian life, and alas! of my ministerial life, I lived as though I were a debtor to the flesh. There were sins in my mind, common, alas! to every public man, envy, jealousy, conceit, pride, vanity—my brethren of the ministry know what I am talking about tonight. These were in me, and these things were eating up my spiritual life. I used to go to God about them. I used to confess them. I received forgiveness for them, I doubt not, but I arose from my knees again feeling that if the same temptation came to me tomorrow I should fall as I had done today. But there came a day in my experience when God showed me the truth of this promise concerning the Holy Spirit's relation to me as a member of the body of which Christ is the Head—

a day when I entered into a transaction with God on the basis of this promise, and when He took me at my word and fulfilled His Word in me. I do not say that such sins are unknown to me today, or that they never come up in my mind, but I say that their power is broken. They are no longer a king reigning but a slave chained in me.

My brother, or sister, what is the sin in your life, or the sins in your life, as a Christian, that you think cannot be overcome? Those which have haunted you day and night ever since you came to Christ, and which you are carrying like the body of a dead man upon your back? Whatever they are you can be free of them tonight, and forever, through the power of the Holy Spirit. Do you believe it?

IV. And yet this revelation is not complete. A man might have spiritual freedom, and the spiritual mind, and the spiritual power to exercise it, and still he might be lacking in a motive to use his power. Here is the prisoner and the jailer. The chain is broken, and he has freedom. He has the mind to walk away. He has the power to exercise the mind. But, he says, why should I do it? Would it be better for me then than now? Why not stay as I am? He lacks a motive. Now God supplies the motive for a holy life, for He says: "As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the Sons of God. The Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God, and if children then heirs, heirs f God, and joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him that we may be glorified together."

Do you want a motive? Here it is. We "are the Sons of God." Nay, more. One may be a son and not an heir by right. We are not only sons, but "the Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God, and if children," see the logic here, "then heirs, heirs of god." But what does that mean? Even that we are "joint heirs with Christ." Tell me, if my head is heir to the millions of some of our captains of industry today, is not every member of my body heir in its place and relationship to my head? Aye, that it is. To what is Jesus Christ the heir? "God hath appointed Him heir of all things." He is the "Head over all things to th eChurch." Think of it!

How can we wallow in the mire of the earth in the corruption of sin and iniquity, if we realize that we are heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ?" "What, know ye not that saints shall judge the world?" "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?" Men and women! do you measure up at all to the conception of your calling in Christ Jesus? Do you know that He is coming in glory again, personally and visibly, and that the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdom of our God and of His Christ? Do you believe it? Is that an airy nothing to you? Is it a vague, indefinite dream, or

is it the hope and motive of your spiritual life? I am as confident that I shall reign in a tangible, reasonable, actual experience with Jesus Christ as I am that I am standing here tonight. God give us the faith to believe the things He has so graciously revealed to us in His holy Word. With that thought in my mind, the thought of the coming of my Lord in glory, the thought of my being caught up to meet Him in the air, the thought of my being glorified like unto His own glorious body, can I willingly stoop to the commission of sin? I respect myself as a child of God and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ too much for that. God give us the motive.

V. And yet he does not stop there. When He begins a good work in us He completes it. A man might have spiritual freedom, he might have the spiritual mind to follow it, the spiritual power to exercise the mind, the motive to put the power into action, and yet he might be lacking in the wisdom to use the motive. But God provides for that necessity. "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmity," not our infirmities, but our infirmity, our weakness to grasp this mighty fact and act upon it, "for we know not what we should pray for as we ought;" we know not what we should ask of God for the carrying out of His work in us, "but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groaning that cannot be uttered, and He. that searcheth the heart knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit for He maketh intercession for the saints according to the mind of God."

Will any prayer presented unto God in accordance with His own mind fall to the ground unanswered? Surely it will not. And yet the office, the work of the Holy Spirit in you and me as a believer on Jesus Christ is to pray in us that prayer which is in accordance with the mind of God and which, as certainly as that God sits upon His throne, will bring the answer in our lives.

This then is what the Holy Spirit does in the believer. He gives him spiritual freedom; He gives him the spiritual mind; He gives him spiritual power; He gives him the motive; He gives him the wisdom to act upon the motive. Can God do more?

Some one may have a question to ask: You say this is all very well in theory, but why is it not true of me in my experience? The answer is because you have neevr really wanted it to be true. The very moment you want it to be true it will become true.

A brother clergyman met me today whom I had not seen for several years. He is the pastor of an influential church in an Eastern city. Many of you would know him if I felt at liberty to speak his name. He said: "I was here at Winona four years ago and heard the truth concerning the relation of the Holy Spirit to the believer in Christ. It took hold of me, and I want to testify that it has been the

turning point in my Christian life, and my ministerial life. It was the greatest blessing I ever received since I found Jesus as my Savior."

Oh, men and women! you have it in your power tonight to receive the same blessing. Yield yourself to God as one who is alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God. He dwells in you by His Spirit. Let Him have His way in you and He will live His life through you. Do you believe it?

I want to close this hour with apray er. We have prayed it here before, but we will pray it again tonight. Ifyou feel that you can follow me to the end, do it. If you cannot, stop. I want you to follow me aloud, phrase by phrase, and if you are thus ready to enter into a transaction with God He is ready to enter into one with you, and the deed shall be done.

There are some here who have known what it is to be filled with the Holy Ghost and to have loct that experience. Thanks be to God, there is such a thing as the re-infilling of the Holy Ghost—the indwelling is once and forever, but the infilling may be an experience oft repeated. If we have grieved the Holy Ghost, there is such a thing as the renewing of the infilling if we comply with the conditions. Now, with that understanding, with that faith, with that caution, let us bow our heads in prayer. Follow me phrase by phrase.

The SECOND COMING OF OUR LORD

AN EXPOSITIQN OF 1st THESSALONIANS 4: 13-18

By JAMES M. GRAY, D. D., Chicago, Ill.

Not only has this subject been asked for during this Conference, but of all the subjects in the Word of God it is the one for this Memorial Day, since it is the hope of the Christian and the hope of the Church. He who has not this hope in him and is not looking for the Morning Star is not buoyed up, and comforted and strengthened by the very hope that God has revealed to His redeemed and sanctified pepole to that end.

Moreover, this, because of the reason I have just stated, and some others, is one of the GREAT theme of the Bible referred to last night. May I remind you how great it is? Do you know that it is the goal of every prophet of the Old Testament without exception? Give me time and I will prove it incontrovertibly. There is not one prophet from the first to the last whose eye is not set upon the coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, personally and visibly to set up His Kingdom upon this earth. That is what all the prophets are talking about. And, as to the New Testament, this theme is referred to therein no less than three hundred time. There is no other theme whatever, from Matthew to Revelation, spoken of as often as this with the exception of our redemption through the atonement of Jesus Christ. Ah! I have no apology to make for bearing witness to the coming of my Lord.

The theme tonight will be presented from the fourth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Thessalonians, one of the simplest, and for this occasion, one of the most comforting passages in the New Testament. He begins to treat of it about the thirteenth verse of that chapter, and let me tell you how he came to treat of it at all. He was the founder of this church at Thessalonica, and when there he had laid great emphasis upon the second coming of Christ, personally, visibly, in His glory, and upon the fact that they who were Christ's would enter in and be partakers of that glory when He came.

He was expecting the second coming of Christ in his day. Shall we say that because he did **not** come in his day therefore his words referring thereto are not inspired? Most certainly not. The inspiration of Scripture terminates not on the thoughts of the writers, but on the Words they wrote. Paul was not inspired a sto what he thought on subjects, day after day, but as to what he wrote in holy Scripture. That is where the inspiration terminates, and where our faith rests on the Word of God written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost by the hands of men.

Paul, reading those words, the words of the Old Testament prophets, his own words for that matter, and judging by revelations he may have received, was led to believe that Christ might come in his day. And mark it! the true church in all the centuries has been in precisely the same attitude with reference to Christ's coming, expecting Him today, or any day. It seems to be the design and the purpose of God to keep each generation of Christians in this attitude of expectancy and anticipation as the great stimulant to our hope.

These young Christians at Thessalonica then, were expecting Christ to come in their day. But Paul had left them now, and as the weeks and months had elapsed some of their number had died, and those who were left behind were sorrowing, not because they feared that their dead were lost, not because they questioned the immortality of the soul, or even the resurrection of the body, but because they thought that they who would be alive and remaining on the earth when the Lord came would have some advantage over the dead in the matter of entering upon the glory.

Now, Paul is writing this part of his letter to correct that impression. Hearken to what he says! "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope." What comforting words! He does not say that we may not sorrow. It would be sorrow, indeed, if we **could not** sorrow. What a solace there is in sorrow! What if we were forbidden to sorrow when our loved ones are taken hence! Nay, we may sorrow, but not "as others which have no hope," not as the men and women of the world sorrow when their loved ones are taken away.

But what is the reason that we may not sorrow so? It is that "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Do we believe that Jessu died and rose again? That we do, or we do not believe at all. But, according to this, we have the same ground for believing that "them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with" Jesus when He comes.

But what does that phrase mean, "them that sleep in Jesus?" Of course, it means those who have died in the faith of Jesus. But let us not be misled by that word "sleep" as though the condition of the

sainted dead were one of unconsciousness. Let us guard against the heresy associated with Millenial Dawnism in the interpretation of that word. No such gloomy and comfortless teaching as that is set before us in the Word of God. Its teaching is that our beloved when they pass hence in Jesus are in conscious felicity and peace with Him. They are absent from the body, but present with the Lord, as Paul says, by which he never could have meant that they had departed into a state of unconsciousness. Even from the psychological point of view such a theory is to be discarded, for when we are asleep we are often more active than when we are awake. We then can take a journey across a continent and back without trouble and without weariness.

"Them that sleep in Jesus" are those who have passed hence in the faith of Jesus and are with Him where He is, but God will bring them with Him when Jesus comes. David, in the Old Testament days, was mourning over the death of his dear child and he said, "I will go to him, but he will not return to me." That was as much as David knew, as much as was revealed, in that day, but when we come into the light of the New Testament we cannot say that becaus we do not know that it is true. I dare not say, with David, of my righteous dead, "I shall go to them but they shall not return to me," for they may return to me with Jesus before I shall go to them.

"For this we say unto you by the Word of the Lord." Notice the emphasis "This we say unto you **by the Word of the Lord** that we which are alive and remain shall not precede them which are asleep." There is no guess about this, he says. There is no uncertainty here, nor probability. **"This we say unto you by the Word of the Lord,"** by which he means no word which the Lord spake when He was here on earth in the flesh, but some particular word which had been given to Paul himself concerning this matter.

Instead then, of the living preceding them which are asleep, the very opposite will be the case, for he adds: "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with a voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first." Notice the intensive pronoun: "The Lord **Himself** shall descend from heaven with a shout." There are some who would have us believe that the second coming of our Lord was fulfilled in the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost. There are some who would have us believe that it is fulfilled in the history and progress of the Truth, the extension of the Church in the earth. There are some who would have us believe that it is fulfilled in the conversion of the sinner or in the death of the saint; that the coming of the Lord means this, or that, or the other. But not so, says this inspired apostle. "The Lord HIMSELF shall deescend from heaven with a shout." Not His Spirit, not His Church,

not the conversion of a sinner, not the death of a saint, but **"Himself."** As those two men in white apparel said to the waiting disciples on the Mount of Olives, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which was taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Can language be more explicit? **"This same Jesus!"** Did He go up in a body? Then he will come down in a body. Did He go up in the clouds? Then will He come down in the clouds. Did they see Him as He went up? Then shall they see Him as He comes down. "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God, **and the dead in Christ shall rise first."**

This is the first scene in the coming drama, the resurrection of the dead saints, the re-uniting of their bodies to their souls and the glorification of those bodies like unto the body of our Lord Himself. Oh, brethren, believe it, rejoice in it, and bear testimony to it.

But witness the next scene. "Then we which are alive and remain (i. e., here on this earth in the flesh) shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord." I ask you to think of this a moment. There is a passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews which reads like this: "It is appointed unto men once to die and after this the judgment," and I have heard it quoted as though it read thus: "It is appointed unto **all** men once to die and after this the judgment." But it does not so read. It is not appointed unto **all** men once to die. There is one generation of men who, believing on the Lord Jesus Christ and washed in His blood, are alive and remaining here when He shall come. They "shall be caught up in the clouds to meet Him in the air."

Nor is this the only place where this is taught. For example, we read in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians that "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." What does this mean? Does it not teach that "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality" in one of two ways, either by death or by translation?

Now, there are those who are astonished at this and say it is too utterly out of the natural order of things ever to believe it. And probably had they been alive before creation, they would have said it was too utterly out of the natural order of things to have a Garden of Eden, and a man and woman in it. In other words perhaps, they would rule God out of the universe. But **is this** such an unusual thing that the Church should be caught up "in the clouds to meet the Lord

in the air?" Twice in the history of the world has God given us an illustration, or type, of what He means by it, once in the ante-diluvian and once in the Mosaic ago.

Take the story of Enoch who "walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." What is the meaning of that expression? It is given to us in the Epistle to the Hebrews where we are told he was translated, having never seen death. Take Elijah. He walked one day with Elisha across the River Jordan on dry land, and when their feet touched the other side, the chariot of God came down and he was caught up by a whirlwind into heaven. He was translated, having never seen death. What God is able to do with one man is He not able to do with a million men? "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Do we not believe in a supernatural God? Is He not doing supernatural things in us and through us and about us every day?

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words." I speak for the moment to my brethren of the ministry: How often are we called to stand by the bedside of the dying and by the open grave! Our mission there is to be one of comfort. Tell me, who is so well able to instruct us as to the comfort of our ministry on such an occasion as He who is "the Father of Mercies and the God of all comfort?" And He says to you and me, "Comfort one another with these words." Tell me you do not believe this truth and are not animated by this hope! Then, I tell you in the name of God that you are unable to comfort a mourning soul by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

There is not, I believe, an evangelist, there is not a soul winner in the church today, who does not see, believe and testify to this precious hope. That is where he gets his inspiration, largely where he gets his love for souls, his animation for his work. You take these rescue mission workers to whom we have listened with such interest and profit, every one of them is looking for his Lord.

Sometimes this question is asked: What is the practical utility of this truth? Why should we believe, and especially why should we preach it? In what sense can it be called a working doctrine in the pulpit? Let me tell you: If you will carefully read this First Epistle to the Thessalonians you will notice in every chapter a reference to this blessed hope, in each instance referring to it from a different point of view. Paul, preaching to a heathen people, remember, who had never heard of the true God or of Jesus Christ until he went among them, used this hope among them as a motive for salvation, as a motive for service, as a motive for sanctification, and, as we have just seen, a ground of solace and comfort in the darkest hours of

human experience. This is the practical utility of this truth. May God awaken us to a realization of it, for it will cause the Bible to become to us a new book.

"With Him in Glory! O wonderful word!
Eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard,
Mind hath not fathomed the future in store,
Preserved for the children of God evermore.

"Suffering over, and failure and sin,
Like Him without and like Him within,
Bodies made perfect, and spirits set free,
We will share in His Glory whose Glory we see.

"With Him in Glory! Beholding His face!
With Him in Glory! O marvelous Grace!
Happy, and holy, and reigning in bliss,
Can there be anything greater than this?"

BUYING UP THE OPPORTUNITY

EPH. V. 16. R. V., MARGIN

By REV. JOHN M. MacINNIS, Montrose, Pa.

The word here used by the apostle is a very significant and suggestive word. It belongs to the marketplace and the place of trade. The merchantman has goods to sell and he approaches a man whom he believes to be a possible customer, and at once enters into negotiations with him. If he succeeds in selling his goods he has bought up his opportunity. Two or three men may be in the market buying produce. A farmer comes into the market with the very things they are seeking. The one who succeeds in buying these buys up the opportunity, and he turns the produce into the traffic of his own market stall.

The word so used reveals the Christian philosophy which lies back of this command to the Christians at Ephesus. They were left in the midst of that great city as God's merchantmen and their supreme duty was to buy up every opportunity of life with which they came into contact for the traffic of the kingdom of heaven.

There are two great interests represented in the world's great throbbing marketplace. Every life and life beat and action are bought up by the representatives of either one of these interests.

There are only two forces back of all the surging activities of human life. Jesus revealed this fact and drew the great line of cleavage when He said, "He that gathereth not with Me scattereth." The one force is a great gathering and conserving force. The other force is a scattering, breaking-up and prostituting force. At the head of the gathering force is Christ. He is the great gatherer and healer. At the head of the other force is the evil one. He breaks up and scatters abroad. Jesus says that every life that is not with Him in His great gathering process is against Him, and is a scattering influence. Not only that, but every Christian is a merchantman in the world representing the gathering and conserving interests of Christ and his business is to buy up every life he comes into contact

with for this healing process. The Christian's business in the world is not primarily to make a living, or to enjoy himself, but to do business for Christ—to buy up every opportunity of business, social and religious life for Him.

We are in this world as Christ was in the world, and He was here to buy back to God and righteousness every rebellious life beat and heart throb in the world. Until we, as Christians, recognize this great fact we cannot begin to live and labor as we ought. Men will never begin to do business on a truly big scale until they recognize that their business is simply an opportunity through which they can reach the world and its business interests for Christ. It is a great thing to preach Christ from these platforms, but it is a greater thing to stand out in the heart of the throbbing and feverish business world and be the channel through which the life and energies of Jesus Christ shall flow into that fevered life. That is one of the greatest privileges in connection with Christian service—to turn the energies of the great world of commerce into the channels of the advancing kingdom of Christ.

The Church will begin to tell for God when its members are standing out yonder in the midst of the surging life of every day, constantly watching to buy up the opportunities for Christ and the interests of His kingdom.

There never was a moment in all the history of the Church when the opportunities to be bought up were greater than they are in the moment in which we are living.

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

It is a restless age. An age when things are changing. Sometimes we feel as though the very foundations were crumbling, and we tremble. Men talk about the new philosophy, the new science, and the new theology; some even talk about the new church, and the new Christ, and we wonder what is going to be left. The things that are most sacred have been recently subjected to a baptism of fire. The critical movements of our age have not excepted our blessed Lord from their searching tests.

We would not have it otherwise. We are glad to believe in a Bible and a Christ that need not to be exempt from the most searching investigation possible to human brains. We fully sympathize with Prof. A. M. Fairbairn when he says: "I could not but feel that Christianity stood among the religions which must be historically

investigated and philosophically construed; and that no greater injury could be done to it than to claim for it exceptional consideration at the hands of the historical student and philosophical thinker."

We have not asked for exceptional treatment and it was not necessary that we should. Whatever may be our estimate of modern criticism and its methods, of one thing there can be no doubt—it has brought the Bible and Jesus Christ into a new prominence. Without entering into a discussion of any of the questions which are involved in this whole question, I wish to say at this time, and to say with great emphasis, that there never was a time in all the history of this old book when it was so hard to get rid of it as it is at this moment. The recent movements have not been able to rob us of a single book of it—not one.

Furthermore, the Christ of the book was never more real to human thought than He is at this moment. I do not say that He was never more honored and obeyed than He is now. That is another question and I am not considering it at this time. I say the consciousness of Christ was never greated in the world than it is at this moment. Wherever He came from He is here, and is more vital as a factor and influence in the life of the moment than any living man Jesus Christ is a great deal more real in the life of the United States than is Theodore Roosevelt.

This moment is great because of the consciousness of the Christ in it. That is the supreme fact in the opportunity of the moment.

But over against this consciousness we have something else. We are living in a larger world than our fathers lived in. We can live more in a day in some ways than our grandfathers could in ten years. The commercial and imperialistic movements of the last few years have opened up the whole world to our gaze and have made it possible for us to enter into every corner. So far as I know there is not "a closed door" in the world today. Every country is open to the Gospel, and every country can be easily reached.

When we get down below the surface we find that men in every part of this great open world are very much alive. Everywhere we find men restless and dissatisfied; so much so, that we talk of our age as "a restless age." There is a hunger and thirst in the heart of huamnity that cannot be satisfied with the culture and progress of our day, for we find it here as much, if not more, as in the most heathen countries.

What is the supreme need of that great, open, restless, expectant and hungry world? Dr. Dawson said last evening that our supreme need is a consciousness of God and a conviction of sin. How are we going to get that consciousness of God and conviction of sin? We

cannot reason people into a consciousness of God, and I doubt if we can reason them into much conviction of sin. Christ came to reveal the Father, we are told by the New Testament. We know that Christ does bring the consciousness of God. To be in His presence is to be conscious of God. In those years when my life was most sorely tried and at the times when I was tempted to doubt the Bible and even Christ there was one thing I could never get rid of. I could never get rid of the sense of God and reality in those prayers I overheard mother utter at the midnight hour when she thought none but God heard her. That was one of the arguments I could not reason out of the way. There are some people in whose presence a man cannot be a sincere infidel. If this be true of the children of God, how much more of Christ. When Christ was revealed to Luther and his fellows, the consciousness of God soon came back to the age. To know Christ is also to know sin. No man can come into the presence of Christ without feeling convicted of sin. Here we are brought face to face with what lies back of the restlessness of our age. Ask men what is the reason of the restlessness that characterizes our age and you will get a great many different answers. But after you have gotten all your answers, carefully analyze them, and you will find that you can reduce them to one word—sin. And, thank God, men will never find rest until they settle the question of sin. It is the question which lies back of every problem before the American public today. The solution that is offered for these problems must be a solution that can deal with this question. This question, wherever found, involves two things. We have first the consciousness of guilt. Wherever we have sin we find the consciousness of having come short of what men ought to be. We find a sense of guilt always associated with that consciousness. In the second place we find associated with sin a feeling of helplessness—"O wretched man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death," was the way one man expressed this feeling. These two things enter into all our problems. In the first place we know that we are not realizing our political, commercial and social ideals. In the second place we have problems because we feel helpless in the presence of this failure. This calls for two things. First, a moral basis upon which sin can be forgiven, so that the sense of guilt may be taken away. Second, a moral dynamic by which the power of sin may be overcome. Any solution that cannot supply both those is not equal to the need of the hour.

The Christ of the present moment supplies both these. This we know as a matter of experience and history. However, we are going to explain it, philosophically or theologically, there can be no doubt about the fact that when men, burdened by a sense of guilt, come to Christ and on the ground of what He is and has done, ask for for-

giveness the sense of guilt is taken away and a new peace comes into the life. That is not theory—it is history and experience.

In the second place the Christ of this hour also provides the dynamic by which moral failure is turned into moral victory. This is the wonderful story that is fascinatingly told by Dr. J. S. Dennis in his "Chistian Missions and Social Progress." It is the story of the transformation of human life wherever it is submitted to the power and Lordship of Jesus Christ.

The Christ who remains after all our criticism is the Christ of the New Testament, and is the only one who can meet the need of this hour—the only one who can deal effectively with the awful question of sin. Dr. Orr has a chapter in his new book, "The Bible Under Trial," on "The Bible the Hope of the World." The Bible is the hope of the world because it is the story of the Christ. It is not the book, but the Christ of the book that is going to save the world.

The Church of today needs to be convinced of the fact that Christ is the only hope of the world. If Christ cannot save the world, with all its sorrow and fever, a Savior has not yet been discovered. A German writer who is not very orthodox, says: "After Jesus there is either His religion or no religion."

Side by side with these facts, let us put the fact of the Church as it exists today. It is wonderfully organized and very wealthy. There can be no doubt about the fact that if it wants to the Church can make this Christ known to the hungering world in a comparatively short time. According to the statements of men who have made the subject of missions a life study, it is quite possible for the Church to preach the Gospel to every man, woman and child in the world inside of twenty years. God has given His Son; in His providence He has opened up the world to us, and put at our disposal the means by which His Son may be made known to that open and waiting world. This is our opportunity—the supreme opportunity of the moment. Shall we buy it up for Him?

In about 1260 Kublai Khan, one of China's greatest rulers, sent word to the professing Church of Christ that he wanted one hundred men to tell his people about Jesus and his religion. At the time the church had a fight on "as to who should be greatest" and could not take time to stop and buy up this sublime opportunity. Instead of sending 100 men, after some delay, they sent out two men, one of whom never reached there, and the opportunity to buy up China for Christ was lost.

Is the Church of Christ today going to repeat that awful tragedy? Are we big enough to see the vision and possess it?

Lest we should miss the point of this lesson, let me close by bringing the application to each life. This opportunity of which we have been speaking is sublime, but where do we get into touch with it? By speaking to the man next to you. He is your point of contact with this great opportunity.

A few years ago there was a series of evangelistic meetings held in the old Highland Scotch church in which I was brought up. The Spirit moved mightily and many men and women were born into the kingdom. I was a boy about eleven or twelve. They paid little attention to boys and girls at that time. They thought we were too young and did not care or think of these things. We would run and jump and shout, as all healthy boys ought to do; therefore, they concluded, we were very careless and thoughtless. One evening the minister preached an unusually powerful sermon, men and women were convicted of sin and literally trembled before God. It was a great night, but no one thought of the boys. About twelve of us left the service that night, and, in all probability, ran when we got away from the church. The old people shook their heads and said: "How thoughtless! How careless!" When we got away from the church about two miles we stopped by the roadside and entered into earnest conversation. What do you think was the subject of the conversation? We talked of the things of God. Said one of the boys: "If one of you had gone up tonight, I would have gone up, too." What did he mean? He meant that he was ready to take his stand on the side of Christ if he had been encouraged. Everyone of us felt the same way. We were ready to be won to Christ, to be bought up for Him, but there was no man there to buy up the opportunity for Christ. The opportunity was sacrificed, the meetings closed, and so far as I know only two of those boys have ever publicly accepted Christ. The Devil bought the opportunity and used it to good advantage. A few weeks ago I took up the morning paper and saw that a certain doctor who had been drinking the night before had in some way been shot dead by some unknown person. He had taken a brilliant course in one of the New York colleges and had worked up a splendid practice. He was one of the boys that was ready to be won to Christ that night I spoke of.

Our part in this opportunity is in the lives of those with whom we are constantly coming into contact.

> "Oh, happy he who, knowing how to wait
> Knows also how to watch, and work, and stand
> On life's broad deck alert, and at the prow
> To seize the passing moment, big with fate
> From Opportunity's extended hand,
> When the great clock of destiny strikes now."

THE COUNTRY CHURCH PROBLEM

By REV. S. G. HUEY, St. Louis, Mo.

We have heard the discussion of several big problems this morning, but the country church problem is just a little bigger than any other that has been presented. Among modern church problems it bids fair to hold a conspicuous place. For a long time it was the neglected problem, but today it is being discussed before presbyteries, synods, assemblies and conferences of various kinds. The day is not far distant when it will be one of the most prominent of church problems. Concerning it a modern sociologist has said: "The problem of the country church is the problem of national Christianity stated a few generations in advance."

By the term country church we mean churches that are distinctly rural, surrounded by rural conditions, churches in villages, and towns under 4,000 inhabitants, which are the centers of a farming population. In this discussion I shall deal with it under the first class, the church in communities which are distinctly rural. Only once shall I refer to a town with a population of more than 600 inhabitants.

There are three classes of country churches: churches that are dead. The fathers and mothers are in their graves, the young men and women have gone to college and thence into commercial and professional life. The toilers have gone to the city and the population has been depleted. The best have gone, the poorest remain, the worst have come. Every good family has been replaced by one which has no interest in the church. In communities where once there were two or three rival flourishing congregations now there are none. The sanctuaries have been converted into tobacco warehouses, creameries and even dance halls. Congregations have been disorganized. The Christian Endeavor Society and the Wednesday evening prayer meeting have been supplanted by literary and social organizations. Concerning this class entirely too much has been said which has led many to pessimistic views on the subject.

There are the struggling country churches. With them it is a drawn battle between life and death. The issue is uncertain. If they are performing their mission to the community they ought not to die. For the preservation of this class the whole church should come to

the rescue. Their enemies should cease to deride and their friends to neglect. As the little mission in an obscure portion of the city may be doing a nobler work than the fashionable church on the boulevard, so the little church at the crossroads may be doing more for the kingdom of our Lord than many of the great churches of the city. Our Savior did not neglect the country districts. Much of his ministry was spent in the country villages. He commanded his disciples to go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in.

There are many flourishing country churches. The whole country church has not deteriorated. In many communities she has gone conquering on her way. In other communities there has been an arrest of decadence worthy of imitation. In all around work many churches distinctly rural are not inferior to our prosperous city churches. They have a numerical growth, and a moral and spiritual atmosphere that would be a credit to any city church. Notwithstanding all that may be said either pessimistic or optimistic, the country church is threatened with decadence. There is a real country church problem, difficult of solution and far reaching in its results. Though there be churches living and churches dead, churches where the spiritual life is at low ebb and at high tide, the situation is sufficiently grave as to call for serious thought and prompt action.

For present conditions the removal of the older citizens to the West and to the cities is largely responsible. In some communities the population has decreased from 41 to 83 per cent in the past ten years. In other communities there has been a complete change in population in the last twenty years. The introduction of improved farm machinery has occasioned depletion in population. Household industries have been transferred to the factory and the craftsmen have gone to the centers of industry. Changes are taking place with remarkable rapidity.

According to Dr. Strong, in 1790 about 4 per cent of our population was urban and about 96 per cent was rural. In 1896 about 30 per cent was urban and 70 per cent rural. Since that time the rural population has decreased 65 per cent and the urban has increased to 35 per cent. If the present rate of increase continues in the urban population by 1920 it will exceed the rural by 10,000,000 souls.

Notwithstanding all this it is not likely that the rural population will ever be much smaller than it now is. In many sections the cityward trend has been checked. The introduction of the telephone, rural mail, the trolley car and the daily newspaper has made country life more desirable. The country church should be maintained for the edification of those who remain in the country, and for our friends who remove from the city to the country that they may find flourishing

churches into which to go just as we want flourishing city churches for our country friends when they move to the city.

Our problem is complicated by many things. Denominational rivalry and sectarianism is the most dangerous hindrance. Hiram Golf's religion has not become epidemic. With some denominationalism is yet everything. The Christ is lost that the denomination may be maintained and little is left. Were the Christ kept though the denomination disappear little would be lost and much kept. The depletion in population has made the maintenance of so many different denominational institutions impossible. In many communities there are three or four struggling congregations, each zealous for its own doctrine and polity and neither renders efficient service to the community.

In a Wisconsin hamlet there are three such struggling churches. One has a membership of thirty-nine and contributes $125 for all purposes, has not had a settled pastor for years, being supplied with preaching by students from a near-by theological seminary, during the summer months. The second has a membership of fourteen, and being grouped with another congregation has preaching on alternate Sabbaths and contributes $200 for all purposes. The third has twenty-three members and contributes $250 for all purposes and being grouped with another congregation has preaching every Sabbath. The educational, social and spiritual life of the community are greatly crippled by these divisions. Instead of one good choir there are three poor ones; instead of one large Sabbath school there are three with fifty scholars each; instead of one good church building of modern architecture there are three poor ones; instead of one good organ there are three squeaky ones; instead of a resident minister there are three transient ones. Neither church is a power for good in the community. Each utters its own peculiar shibboleth and regards the preservation of its own ecclesiastical relationship of greater importance than the spiritual welfare of the community. Similar conditions obtain in many other communities and contribute to the shame of the country churches. Let the church that can best minister to the needs of the community take the field. Let all others retire, be they Presbyterian, Methodist or United Presbyterian. Such a disposition of affairs would furnish an imposing exhibition of church unity, enable the church to do a larger work, prevent waste and make a grander impression on the community.

Our problem is further complicated by the attitude of the church at large toward the country church. Any kind of a church, any kind of a minister, is looked upon as good enough for the country. It is needless for a country church, no matter how promising the field may be, to ask aid from a Home Mission Board. Into our rural fields

we send our ministers who are no longer able to minister to the city church; our amateurs from the seminary that they may have opportunity to study and thus prepare themselves for a city pastorate; our broken-down ministers that they may recuperate. A young man is looked upon as lacking in physical, intellectual or spiritual ability, or all three, if he accepts a call to a country parish. It is almost imopssible to get many young men to accept a call to a town where there are not at least two railroads. The salary, too, is oft so limited that the minister must supplement it by gardening, poultry raising, or agriculture, hence he must neglect work of greater importance to earn a livelihood. With his liimted salary he is expected to keep up as good an appearance as his city brother who receives a much larger salary, and meet the intellectual demands of college and university men, and be as well informed as his parishioner who goes abroad in summer and spends his winter in Washington, though he can enjoy none of these privileges himself. Too many people look upon the life of the country parson as a dog's life. If it is, it is the life of a St. Bernard dog. He is regarded as throwing his life away. If he is, it is in the same way that the farmer throws away his wheat when he sows it in the ground that it may bring forth thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold. In the country there are great opportunities. No other postorate opens greater doors of opportunity. That freckled-faced boy may one day lift his voice in the halls of Congress. That puny, backward boy may some day be another Dr. Torrey. That timid girl may one day be a Frances E. Willard. The soul of a country boy or girl is as good as that of an Indian or a Chinese or Japanese or the denizen of the city slum. Some of our best educated people live in the country, and it is as great an honor to minister to them as it is to go to India or China. What our country churches need today more than anything else is consecrated young men and women to go out to minister to the parishes from which come many of our most influential men, while the church at large treats them with the same respect as they do the city pastor or the foreign missionary. The church at large must take a deeper interest in the problem. Already is she becoming aroused. A few years ago little literature could be found upon this subject, though a vigorous search was made in the largest libraries in Milwaukee and Chicago. Today the Carnegie Institute has a man under her direction making a thorough study of the subject. In various sections of New England there are Superintendents of Rural Work. The Congregationalist, the leading organ of that denomination, devotes a whole issue each year to the country church. A suggestion made to the editor of the Homiletic Review resulted in the admission of a number of articles to its columns on this subject. The current number alone contains three such articles. The great

Presbyterian Church and other leading denominations are becoming aroused upon the subject. Even city pastors are discussing it with both fear and enthusiasm.

During the seminary term, some one is sent to the theological seminaries to impress upon the students their obligations to the Foreign Field and to the Home Field. Is it not high time that some one was being sent to impress upon students the obligation of going to our rural fields? Is it not time that it was being discussed in our Christian Endeavor Societies and in our synods and presbyteries as never before?

There are many reasons for the prompt solution of this problem:

1. The salvation of the country people depends upon it. More than one-half of the rural people do not attend church. If Christ be not preached to them through the country church, in all probability they will remain unsaved. Every argument that may be presented for city evangelization may be urged with equal propriety for rural evangelization. The Master's injunction, "Lift up your eyes and behold the fields for they are white already unto the harvest," is as applicable here as to the city or foreign lands. The ripening wheat fields of Minnesota or corn fields of Illinois furnish us a sublime picture of the harvest of souls alongside them. Sin and vice prevail in the country as well as in the city. Country people need the Gospel as much as do city people. The husbandman has a soul to save as truly as the artisan and the financier.

The trail of the serpent of sin is over our Edens as well as over our Babylons; over our prairies and valleys as truly as over the great cities. Through the church, the Sabbath School, the Christian Endeavor Society, the Home Department and other evangelistic agencies the Gospel should be carried to the unsaved. If the unity of all denominations cannot be for the salvation of the country; if there can be no successful federation of churches for the advancement of the kingdom, there should be a grouping of congregations of the same denomination under one pastor, that the church may be preserved. City and town congregations should take under their care struggling country churches and care for them until they are firmly established. Rural pastors, as well as town pastors, should avail themselves of every possible opportunity to preach in school houses and town halls. Thereby they may strengthen their own work. A pastor in a city of 15,000 inhabitants testifies that many of his most valuable accessions were won by this method. Many town pastors can afford an assistant to carry on this work. Rural pastors may hold evangelistic meetings for a week in each school district, closing with a week's meetings in the home church and thus win many to Christ and his church. Such efforts should be supplemented with a limited amount of institutional

work, which may be done by the country church as well as by the city church. The sympathy of her constituency may be won through popular lecture courses, reading rooms, boys' leagues, men's Sunday evening clubs and by historical and debating societies. Thereby the whole community may be flooded with light and the enthusiastic loyalty of the people won. These should not be permitted to supplant the regular preaching services which should ever be the central fires from which all heat and light should radiate. The salvation of the soul and the perfection of the individual should be the crowning motive of all. Never lose sight of that high aim. The pastor who wisely plans and executes such work may do more for Christ and lost souls than by many sermons or a series of evangelistic meetings.

The successful country church of the future will adapt itself to the ever changing conditions. The wide awake church of the future will have near it a public hall maintained at the expense of the congregation in which will be reading rooms, cooking rooms, and parlors for games and amusements. The church cannot expect to win by eighteenth century methods. Men do not plow with a forked stick nor travel by stage coach. Men cannot be won with methods on the same plane with the stage coach and the tallow candle when the rest of the world is being lighted and propelled by electricity. The fathers built the church in the center of the town and around it the school house, the town hall, the store and the shop, but the church was the center of all. Ever was it the social and spiritual bond which drew the people together. It furnished their ideals and directed the activities of the township. By it the social, educational, commercial, spiritual and political life was molded. Much of her former influence has been lost which she should now seek to regain. Unless she realizes her duty she must be swept away with the tannery, the cooper shop and the postoffice and the woolen mill.

2. The solution of the problem is necessary to the welfare of the city. It has been well said, "The city is an inland lake fed from constant streams, but without an outlet. As are the fountains so will be the streams and the lake." If the city is the center to which the people gather, the country is the source from which they come. Into the city the country is sending its best and its worst young men and women. It is usually supposed that the country sends only its cream, but it sends also its scum to the city. I live in a city which is very careful about its water supply. Not long ago an injunction was sought by which Chicago should be prevented from pouring her filth into our homes through the great drainage canal. Though this failed we do not admit water to our homes until the chocolate waters of the Mississippi have been made as clear as crystal. O that our city was as wise concerning the stream of humanity coming to us, that it might

be made proof against the temptations of the city and prove a real blessing to us. For the formation of character proof against the temptations of the city the country church should be maintained. After a great mine disasters in Pennsylvania a rescuing party visited the scene of the disaster to rescue some unfortunate friends. That he might be protected against the deadly fire damp he carried an electric light blazing from his forehead fed from a battery at his side. Over his shoulder hung a pouch of condensed air. It was connected with his mouth by a tube. His nostrils were closed by pinchers. The mine was black with deadly gases yet into it he went with a light blazing in the darkness and breathing the pure air of the open sky. In the city there is much more culture and refinement, yet there is an atmosphere of temptation and sin more deadly than fire damp or coal gas. The function of the rural church is to impart to the young a character that will enable them to live upright lives amid the fire damp of temptation and gather integrity, purity and patriotism amid the atmosphere of sin. The city has been both enriched and endangered by those coming from the fields. From the country have come many of our leaders in great reforms and the plotters of unholy revolutions. Some of those going to the city have been the salt that saved the city from corruption; others have been disease germs scattering contagion and corruption everywhere. That the country has given to the city many of her most enterprising, intellectaul and spiritual characters cannot be denied. These have purified the streams from the old world and counteracted their evil influences. The greatest danger to the city has not yet arrived. The crucial hour will come when the process is complete which drains the country of its best blood, and when only an illiterate, immoral and irreligious class shall come from the country to strengthen the dangerous element already in the city. Withdraw from the young the uplifting influences of the country church and the coming contributions of the country to the city will be wholly dangerous and degrading.

3. The solution of this problem is necessary to the welfare of the city church. Many city churches owe their very existence to the country church. A rural parish near the city of Pittsburg has certified 120 members to two churches of that city. The East End Presbyterian churches of the same city have been greatly strengthened by the inflow from the country. Two city congregations in an Illinois town have received the flower of their membership and the majority of the members of their sessions from a near-by rural parish. The Superintendent of a Sabbath School in a large city says that the country people which come to his church are the salt of the earth. If the country churches are permitted to decline and die some city pastors will have to look well to their laurels else their accessions will be

greatly diminished. The Mississippi river is a powerful stream, but cut off her tributaries, the Rock, the Wisconsin, the Illinois, the Missouri and Ohio rivers and her volume will be greatly diminished. Cut off from the city churches their tributaries, the country churches, and many of them will be seriously crippled if not disorganized. If our city churches are to be maintained it is well to take care of her sources of supply that they may be kept in as vigorous condition as possible.

It should not be forgotten that all members of country churches removing to the city do not unite with the city churches or contribute to the welfare of the kingdom. In St. Louis I have met more people holding letters from country churches and who do not care to deposit them than I have names on my church roll of 240. In a certain district of Chicago there are 500 people holding letters from other Presbyterian churches, but who will not unite with the city churches. In East St. Louis, Ill., there are more Methodists holding letters than there are members of her largest Methodist church. Of the country church members removing to the city only 50 per cent ever unite with the city churches. The other 50 per cent join the pleasure loving, Sabbath breaking, worldly class of people who frequent the summer gardens and haunts of vice.

Those going to the city who join its religious forces are neither lost to the church nor the kingdom. A little stream rises on the east side of Stone mountain in Pennsylvania and flows down into the beautiful Kishacoquillas valley where it disappears, but it is not lost. Under Jack's mountain it flows, only to reappear in a large spring in the valley of the Blue Juniata, where it slakes the thirst of man and beast. Some stream of influence rises in a country church only to reappear in some refreshing fountain of a city church. A young man left his home in Vermont to live in the city of Boston, where he became a pillar in the church and a factor in the political, social and moral life of the city. The local church mourned the loss of one of its best workers. The country lost and the city gained. In a few years he visited his home village, beautified the old church, establihsed a library in the village, and did a greater work for the community than if he had remained. In the country he counted for one but in the city he counted for one hundred. The kingdom also gained by the change.

4. The solution is necessary to the evangelization of the world. Money is power. Much of the grandest giving has been done by the country churches. Many of our declining churches once generously supported our Home and Foreign Missionary enterprises. Without their liberality many city churches could never have been organized or supported. In several presbyteries of the United

Presbyterian Church, the country churches lead in liberality. An Illinois Presbyterian church contributes $800 to the mission boards and supports its own foreign missionary beside. A Wisconsin church has led all the churches of the country in gifts to missions for many years. Its membership has never exceeded 190, while many of her city neighbors have a membership of from 500 to 700 and more wealth.

A Seventh Day Baptist church, whose membership does not exceed 200, annually contributes $1,400 to benevolences. A New York church annually contributes $2,000 to missions. The country people have not done all that they ought to do, but when the great day of awards has come they will receive no small portion of the credit for the advance movements of the kingdom in home and foreign lands. Dr. Chapman spoke eloquently of the people of Israel bringing the goat's hair. The church cannot get along without the goat's hair which the country people bring.

5. The solution of this problem is important because the country church is the nursery where prominent men both in church and nation have been reared. In memory I go back to my old parish in Wisconsin. If I journey toward the north, I pass a farm upon which President Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin was reared. If I journey toward the east I pass a little old tumble-down house in which Ella Wheeler Wilcox was born. If I turn my face to the south I pass the birthplace of President Plantz of Lawrence University. If I travel towards the west I pass an unpretentious farm house, the early home of Frances E. Willard. A single township in Vermont was the birthplace of twenty-one ministers, another of twenty-six, and another of twenty-seven. A single congregation in Pennsylvania sent out fourteen ministers and one college professor, and another twenty-seven ministers. An Ohio congregation was the mother of nineteen ministers, and another of twenty-six ministers and three foreign missionaries. A single Sabbath School class in an Illinois church gave to the Methodist Church alone twenty ministers. The township of Israel in Ohio gave thirty-four men to the ministry of the United Presbyterian Church. A New York congregation was the nursery of thirty-two ministers, five doctors, six college professors, three county judges and one circuit judge. A Presbyterian church has contributed 250 elders to the churches of the West. A New York Presbyterian church has furnished for the world thirty-three ministers, one of which is Dr. Willis J. Beecher of Auburn Theological Seminary. In a conference of the United Brethren Church seventy-five ministers were present and all but two were reared in country parishes. A ten years' pastorate in Missouri gave six men to the ministry of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. A Vermont village which never had a full-fledged church has given to the world Dr. Dwinell of the Pacific coast, Dr. Goodell of

St. Louis, and Dr. N. G. Clark of the American Board. The country furnishes five-sixths of our ministers and six-sevenths of our college professors. The United States has had seventeen Presidents from the farm. Mr. Roosevelt has the distinction of being the youngest President and also of being the only one reared in a large city. A gentleman looked over a college catalogue a few days ago and 80 per cent of the students were from the country. Dr. Hillis testifies that 80 per cent of the students in the educational institutions in and about Chicago are from the country towns. We hear much about the decline in the number of candidates for the ministry. The home and the pulpit are held responsible for this, but there is a deeper reason and that the decline of the country churches. The church has made our great men what they are to a very large extent. To neglect the country church is "to kill the goose that lays the golden egg." If country boys manage American newspapers, sit in gubernatorial chairs, write our books, build our railways, and dig our canals, they also fill our city jails and our penitentiaries. If the country gave us Dr. Torrey and Dwight L. Moody, it also gave us Frank and Jesse James. If Dr. Talmadge and Dr. Beecher came from the country, so did Brigham Young and Joseph Smith.

A prominent divine across the waters has said that the future of the Church of England depends upon her rural parishes. If that be true in England much more so is it in America. If the country church is passing the city church will soon pass also. If the country church has got to go so also has the city church. But the country church is not passing. There are yet more country churches than there are city churches. The country church should not be allowed to go. The whole church ought to arise for the maintenance of the country church. It is of importance that our cities take part in this work. Philadelphia pays taxes for the maintenance of rural highways and rural schools. The city churches ought to be as wise as the taxpayers in provision for a nobler institution than the public school, and in maintaining a highway that leads not to earthly success but to usefulness and to the very throne of God.

No longer should the church treat this problem with inactive optimism which shuts its eyes to all that is disheartening and sees only the promising. Nor should we longer consider the subject with pessimistic lamentation which declares that the best we can do is to let the country church die and give it a decent burial. Rather should we be active optimists and put forth untiring effort for the solution of the problem and the preservation of the country church.

Aggressiveness in Christian Life and Service

By REV. G. A. FUNKHOUSER, D. D.

I want to gather out of a story in the Bible some inspiration to aggressiveness in Christian life and service. It is the story of Jonathan and his armour bearer, which is in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of the First Book of Samuel. Suffice it to remind you that this occurred in the second year of the reign of King Saul.

The first year of his kingdom was very auspicious and everything seemed to be going well. True, some of the sons of Belial despised Saul and brought him no gift, but Saul was very politic and held his peace. But the second year was one of great disaster. The old enemies of the Iraelites, the Philistines, came in from the southwest in great numbers, thirty thousand chariots and six thousand horsemen and people as the sand which is on the seashore for multitude, and Israel was in very great distress.

Not only did they come in in such numbers but they took many of the Israelites prisoners as they came; others hid themselves in caves and holes and dens and pits; others had fled to Gilgal; others had gone across the Jordan to Gad and Gilead. Saul himself was away over in Gilgal; the people were scattered and those near him were trembling with fear. Not only so, but Saul himself seemed to be paralyzed.

As these hordes came in they divided into three companies, one to the south, one to the north, and the other to the center, and in the center they had entrenched themselves, between two sharp rocks, one called Bozez and the other Seneh. So you see the Israelites were in a pitiable condition.

Not only so, but when the Israelites would raise anything for their own subsistence, the Philistines would sweep down and carry away their crops. Moreover, there was no smith in all the land, so that the Israelites could make no weapons. That is, the Philistines had dispossessed them of all their arms, except Saul and Jonathan. Every man had to go down into the country of the Philistine to

sharpen his pick and his ax and his mattock and his coulter, and Israel was in a sad condition, their country overrun by their enemy, their people disarmed and disheartened and terrified.

In these circumstances, Jonathan said to his armour bearer, "Come, let us go over into the camp of the enemy; it may be that the Lord will work for us, for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by few or by many." He told not his father, but said just to his armour bearer, come with me and let us go over here to the entrenchment of this foe; somebody must undertake; we are here in such a condition that something must be done.

From this text and this whole scene, I have gathered some thoughts on the subject of "Aggressiveness in Christian Life and Service," for I wish, friends, that we might put these two things together. We often expect results from an organization as a whole when we are not counting on the individual. We want victory for the army, but are not particular about the individual soldier.

First, I think you will see the necessity of something being done in Israel. The King was paralyzed, the people round about him were trembling, others were already taken captive and still others were either in hiding or scattered to remote regions, and Israel was under the heathen oppressor.

But is there not now, friends, necessity of some aggressiveness in the life and service of the Israel of today? First, from the numbers and the threatening attitude of the enemy today. There is the natural heart of man to be overcome. And the enemy is entrenched.

Then there are organized forms of evil as intemperance, socialism, unions and orders of different kinds in which the enemy is entrenched, and the real kingdom of God as set forth by the church has very little attention.

There is another enemy, friends, that is very strongly entrenched. Somebody has made the statement—it may not be true of your own church—that in the Christian churches, only ten per cent are positive helpers in the kingdom of God; ten per cent are positive hindrances, and eighty per cent are indifferent.

The enemy is entrenched in the hearts of mere nominal Christians.

Secondly, the necessity of aggressiveness appears from the very nature of the kingdom of God the heart and in the world.

From Genesis to Revelation you will not find a place where God calls on his people to halt. It is always onward and onward until the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ. In the Old Testament every figure of speech looks to that end,

every dispensation and every manifestation of God in any way is but a call to His people onward to aggressive work.

Daniel represented it as a stone cut out without hands which should roll and continue to roll until it should break into pieces all the kingdoms of the earth and finally fill the whole earth. It did break into pieces that strong power of Babylonia; then the stronger power of the Persians, the still stronger power of the Greek; and the Roman power, stronger than all the others. Now it is going on today gloriously toward filling the whole earth.

So, the very nature of the kingdom of God, whether in the individual or in the world itself, is aggressive. And we are not loyal members of this force unless we have that aggressive spirit. "I came that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

Are any of us satisfied without the abundant life? It is just as much a part of the purpose of Christ's coming that we shall have the abundant life as that we shall have life at all. So the necessity of aggressiveness appears from the very nature of the kingdom of God, whether in the individual, in the local church, the community, in the nation, or in the whole world.

But let us now study the requisites to aggressiveness in life and service. The first requisite is an unfailing faith in God. It must have taken some courage on the part of Jonathan for him to say to his armour bearer, "We will crawl around this rock here on our hands and knees; you come after me, and we will discover ourselves to this great host out here." Oh, it did take courage that was born of faith in God, or he could not have been the hero that he was.

After the earthquake at San Francisco, President Roosevelt sent to the admiral who had charge to make out a careful list of those who had been able during the terrible consternation and confusion to take the initiative in the effort to restore and keep order. The admiral sent in about two hundred names of soldiers and citizens who were able to take the initiative in planning for themselves and mapping out the course for others in that time of calamity.

So few of us are able to take the initiative and assume the leadership. Here was a man who had the vision and who could take the leadership, and he said to his armour bearer, "Come, we must do something to avert this danger." His courage was born of faith.

There can be no progress, in the local church unless somebody has that increased faith, thinks for himself, and certainly for more than himself. That faith may be in the pastor, in the Sunday School superintendent, in the officers of the church, but not necessarily so.

It may be in any member of the church and in answer to the prayer of that member God may pour out His blessing upon that church or institution.

So, the first requisite to aggressiveness is undaunted faith. For the individual I would like to say that that faith must come from an intelligent, industrious and constant study of the Word of God. Somewhere it is said, "No one stirs up his soul to seek after God." Let us not be of that number.

The second requisite is co-operation. His armour bearer co-operated with him. God doesn't send one of His children very far without sending another. Somebody will catch his spirit and come to share his work. When he sent out the seventy it was two by two. In the Reformation it was Calvin and Beza, it was Luther and McLaucthon.

Let us look at this man who co-operated. How often, dear friends, in the local church things have been brought low, because of heart burnings or division or open rupture! It was not so in this case. When I was a little bit of a boy I heard our superintendent read these words in the hymn: "The flock He never can destroy except He first divide."

This armour bearer co-operated with Jonathan. Oh, I think up yonder there will be a long roll of the unknown, unnamed heroes, whose names have never figured in church history or in world history down here. I like to get hold of these nameless heroes. He was simply the armour bearer of Jonathan. You notice how he acted when Jonathan said, "Come, let us go go into the camp of the enemy." We might have found him objecting. But what do we find? "Do all that is in thine heart; turn thee; behold, I am with thee according to thy heart." He was as loyal as Jonathan himself, and he deserves mention and commendation.

This man might have offered, as many church members now do, some excuse; he might has said, Jonathan, it is a very foolhardy thing for you yourself to crawl around this rock and discover yourself to such an enemy as lies before you, entrenched as they are, but if you want to risk so much in that way for such a cause, you are armed, but my arms have been taken away, and you will excuse me; you are equipped. No, he said: "Do all that is in thine heart; turn thee; behold, I am with thee according to thy heart." His co-operation was whole-hearted. It was submissive. It was prompt. It was efficient, and it was constant. That is the way the victory was won.

How would your pastor feel if, when you go home, you should go to him and say: "Now, pastor, I cannot plan, you plan the work for this winter and I am with you according to your heart?" If some who have caught the inspiration here will go to their superintendents and

say to him: "Now, I am not very well equipped, but as thy heart so is my heart in this matter,' would be great joy in the heart of that pastor and that Sunday School superintendent?

Now what was the result of that co-operation? Why, as they crawled around, Jonathan going first and his armour bearer following, and they fell before Jonathan and his armour bearer slew after him, and "that first slaughted was about twenty men, within as it were a half acre of land, such as a yoke of oxen might plow." I don't know how the armour bearer slew, but it says "He slew after him." Probably he took some of the weapons from the men Jonathan slew, and went on with Jonathan in the great work of driving back the enemy. God will furnish the equipment if we are willing to go forward.

But now, there is another party here. The first requisite was an undaunted faith and the second, co-operation, but now the best of all is that God works with us, the individual and the congregation. How was that? The first slaughter was about twenty men, then the enemy began to beat down one another, and to fly from the field and they went on beating down one another. As they were flying from the field God sent his earthquake among them and there was trembling and great discomfiture, that added to the victory of Jonathan and his armour bearer. Whether it was like the San Francisco earthquake, or an opening of the ground, swallowing up some of the men, is not recorded.

So it is, God always works with the aggressive individual or the aggressive organization. He doesn't do like the father who says to his son, "Plow the field and I will come and see your work." Or the teacher may send out his assistant and say, "I will come and see how you are getting along." Our Heavenly Father never does that way. He always goes along, or rather He always goes in advance. He always does the larger share of the work as He did in this case.

A very timid man was so anxious about the conversion of his neighbor that he went to see him one day and when he got there the man was coming in from the field. He said, "I have been—Sir, I have been so anxious about the conversion of your soul"— He broke down and could not say another word; he turned and went back home, feeling so ashamed and broken-hearted and humiliated that he did not want to meet his neighbor. But that neighbor said to himself, "Well, if that man is so concerned about the salvation of my soul I ought to be concerned about it myself." And it was the means of bringing that man to God. God had been there before.

More than that, we find that not only did God work for Jonathan and his armour bearer, but as the enemy was flying from the field,

some of the prisoners mutinied and they turned and helped on the victory; and some of those that had hidden themselves in caves and holes and dens and dry cisterns came out and joined in the pursuit and helped on the victory.

There are a great many persons hid away today who would really like to work with an aggressive church, who would like to help on the victory of an aggressive organization which has started the enemy flying from the field.

Not only so, but Saul, the King, who had come back from away over at Gilgal, saw something was going on down in the valley. He told the people to number and it was found that Jonathan and his armour bearer were missing. What does he do? Saul brings the whole force of the Israelites, starts in pursuit and helps on the victory.

Now, friends, if the Christian people of any local church, town, county, state or nation, did their part as Christians, were as aggressive as they ought to be, I believe we could have the whole force of the whole government on God's side working for victory.

Governor Folk said a very true thing in Philadelphia. "The combined forces of evil are very strong, but" said he, "they are as nothing when the good people of a community or state or nation are aroused." I believe that very firmly. So that the responsibility rests upon us, who have some knowledge of the situation, in that we are not more aggressive.

We are in the midst of great movements and certainly somewhere we can find a place in which we may help on. If we cannot be Jonathans, we can be armour bearers. We can say to some person who is strong in the initiative, "You plan the campaign and I will stand by you. As thy heart so is my heart."

Here is the Men's Movement that is trying to reach every man of the twelve million men in this country who do not name the name of Christ—trying to reach every one of them.

We used to define the Sunday School as an institution whose object was to bring people to Christ and to build them up in Christ, and only a few years ago we added the other and fuller definition, to send them out for Christ, that is to make of each of our fourteen million Sunday School children in the United States and Canada a real missionary, bringing them to God and sending them out for God into the great world kingdoms. What a conception and what a great movement!

Somewhere in these great movements we ought to be able to find a place where we can help on the aggressive work of winning the world to Christ.

But now in conclusion, let us see the result of this aggressive work of Jonathan and his armour bearer. The enemy were sent flying from the field. Jonathan saved Israel that day, and in turn Israel saved Jonathan. How was that? Why, Jonathan, I suppose, got about this very early in the morning and he was away out in advance, following the fleeing army, and I suppose he didn't have any breakfast. Webb Pebloe says that all great saints have been early risers. Probably Jonathan in his great zeal for God got about this work early in the morning, and so he was away out in advance. But Saul had time to take an oath that if anybody tasted food before this foe was entirely driven out of the land and he had been avenged on his enemies, that person should be put to death. Jonathan didn't hear the king's oath and as they were passing through the forest the honey was dropping and Jonathan reached out the rod in his hand and put it in the honey and ate. The other men did not touch it because they had heard the oath. And so at evening there was some trouble and somebody—I suppose there was jealousy there just as there is now—reported to Saul that Jonathan had violated the oath and he said cast lots and if the lot falls even upon Jonathan, Jonathan shall surely die. They cast lots, Israel on one side and Saul and his family on the other, and the lot fell on Saul and his family. They cast lots again and the lot fell upon Jonathan. Now hear that man; for once in his life he is brave and he says to his son Jonathan, "Jonathan what hast thou done?" Jonathan replied that he certainly did eat of the honey. Then he said to Jonathan, this hero, "Jonathan, thou shalt surely die," and I think I can feel the tremor that ran through the whole body of Israel as they heard that sentence from the lips of the king. They came up and said "Shall Jonathan die that hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? Jonathan shall not die." So they absolved the king from his oath, Jonathan saved Israel that day and Israel in turn saved Jonathan. "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it, and he that saveth his life shall lose it."

That was one result of this day's aggressiveness on the part of Jonathan and his armour bearer. But another result was that this victory that day over the Philistines was the forerunner of other victories, of a sevenfold victory over his enemies. Read the story.

Aggressiveness brings victory, then that victory brings larger victory, each victory makes larger victories possible, and those larger victories still larger, and so it is to go on until all the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our God.

Oh, friends, is not there great necessity and great encouragement to put ourselves alongside of some aggressive force somewhere in the kingdom of God? I hope there will be many who shall go down from this place and say "Come, let us go over to the garrison"—

observe he went to the garrison, the entrenched place—"of these uncircumcised and it may be the Lord will work for us, for there is no restraint with the Lord to save by many or by few."

A prince rode furiously through the streets of a village hunting something to drink, up one street and down another, without finding anything. Finally he became so enraged that he reined up his horse in front of a peasant returning from the field with his hoe over his shoulder and his basket in his hand and said: "Why cannot I get a drink in this place?" The peasant, looking up into his face, said: "A man by the name of John Wesley passed this way a hundred years ago." Then he went on, leaving the prince to his reflection.

Down in Khartoum in Egypt, just outside the city is a statue of Chinese Gordon, with its face out toward the desert. You know how he was put to death at that place. A traveler once asked a guide at that place, "Did they not make a mistake in setting that face out toward the desert, why not back toward the town?" "Oh, no," said the guide, "not back toward the palace where he might have lived in ease; not over toward the Nile, through which he might have escaped; but out toward the desert for which he fought. And he is looking, sir, for the dawn of the day across the desert."

May it be said of you that you faced towards some great work that needed to be done, some desert that needed to be redeemed and made to blossom as the rose.

"Come, let us go over to the garrison of these uncircumcised; it may be that the Lord will work for us: for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few."

The EVERY DAY LIFE OF ANDREW

By REV. ELIJAH P. BROWN, D. D.

One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother.—John 1:40.

The brevity of the Bible is sublime. In no other book can so much be found written in a line. In no other is so much compressed into a single word. It takes from one to a half dozen columns of newspaper matter to describe a prize fight or the burning of a brewery, but inspiration tells of the creation of heaven and earth in a little sentence of little words. Men write volumes of theology without being able to say any more than the Bible says in "God so loved the world."

In no other book could a fact so momentous in its meaning, and so far reaching in its results, have been dismissed with the simple statement of the text. Here with those two men began the marching of that great procession which has been moving on, and on, and on through almost 2,000 years, and which is to keep on going and growing, until he whom they set out to follow shall come again, and yet we are told about it in a few little words that a child may read. The steps they took that day were the greatest ever taken in human history. It was a greater thing for them to take the walk they took that day with Jesus, than for the Queen of Sheba to make her long journey to King Solomon. It was of more importance than any march of Greek or Roman army; of more consequence than for Columbus to discover America, and yet we are told about it with as little attempt at startling effect as the rising of the sun on a summer morning.

Some time ago I stopped on a busy street to watch the driving of a great pile, like a telegraph pole, which was to support the foundation of an immense building. It has always been God's way to take up a humble man and do something like that with him. To put him where human history will rest on him for centuries. It was so with the man who made the first wagon wheel. He was a world power; one of the real kings of progress, and our present transportation system stands upon what he did. Without him the "Twentieth Century Limited" would have been impossible. The maker of the first raft was another humble pioneer to whom we owe much more than to the builder of the Lusitania. The man who tied the first knot and the one who bridled the first horse were also at the very beginning of great

things, but what these men did for the material world the man of our text did for the spiritual world. Upon this humble first disciple the great temple of the Church has been reared. He and his work were at its very foundation, as the pile is under the skyscraper building. He was a man so obscure that he must be tagged with the name of his famous brother, but he was the first soul-winner, and will be among the most famous in heaven. Suppose Andrew had not taken the important step he did that day, how different the map of the world might have been.

Andrew heard John speak, and he did something about it. This shows him to have been a man of decision and a man of action. He had iron in his blood and fire in his veins. As soon as he knew what was right he was ready to go at it and do it. I heard of a milk and water youth who sat for an hour with a tan shoe on one foot and a black one on the other, trying to make up his mind which to wear, and in every community there are round-shouldered men standing on street corners with their hands in their pockets up to their elbows, because they could never make up their minds just what to do about the serious things of life. A man runs down the heels of his shoes because he walks that way in his mind. If he would only be clear-cut and decided it would soon put stiffening in his heels. When Alexander was asked how he conquered the world, he replied, "By not wavering."

It is better to make a dozen mistakes in trying to do something that ought to be done than to spend the whole day in doing nothing. Many a man who couldn't quite tell whether he wanted to be an auctioneer or a college professor, has been kept out of the poorhouse only because he had the luck to marry a woman strong enough to support him by taking in washing or keeping boarders.

It was said of Richard Baxter that he would set the world on fire while another was striking a match, and I believe it was somewhat that way with Andrew. Had he not been a man of decision we should never have heard of him. It has been the great deciders who have moved the world, and Andrew was one of them. Andrew heard John speak, and what he said first got into his heart and then got into his feet. Sooner or later the right kind of action is apt to follow the right kind of speaking. The professing Christian who never has a word to say for Christ, at home or anywhere else, ought to do some very serious thinking right here. It took what John said to make Andrew do what he did. The first disciples went to Jesus because John knew him to be the Christ, and said so. If we had more witnesses like John perhaps there would be more disciples like Andrew.

Andrew was a man who walked in the light he had. He lived up to his convictions, and in this he was honest with his own soul. As soon as he knew what was right he tried to do it. Andrew had believed in the truth he heard John preach, and walking in the light so received had become John's disciple. Had he not first done this he might never have become a follower of Jesus, for he would have missed the golden opportunity of hearing John speak the words that caused him to do it.

But let us pause for a moment to recall what we know of this man Andrew. How much of the New Testament did he write? How many great sermons did he preach? What great things are said of him? Not a line from his pen is given in the New Testament. We do not even know that he could read and write. Not a sermon of his is quoted, and no great deed of his is recorded. In fact his name is only mentioned a half dozen times in the Gospels, but every view we get of him he is close to the Master, and is doing something for him. Four times he is taking somebody with him to the Lord. He is never prominent in the foreground, but always faithful and busy in the background. Never idle, but always doing something that needs to be done. He could not do any one great thing, but could make up for it by doing many little ones. It was Andrew who told his brother that Jesus was the Christ. It was Andrew who found the hesitating Philip with the Greeks, and took them to Jesus, and it was Andrew who said, "Here is a lad with five loaves and two fishes." Andrew could find things to do, and then intelligently do them. After a hard day's march, and the other disciples were stealing off wearily to bed, it would be like Andrew to first go over the seamless robe of his Master, to see if it did not need darning, or to cleanse his well worn sandals. Always busy in looking after little things nobody else would think of. Such I believe was the daily habit of Andrew.

I once knew a man who always made me think of Andrew, because he was so continually thoughtful and attentive, and did so much in so many ways to make the church to which he belonged something more than a mere name in the community. I never heard him pray in public, but he never missed a prayer meeting when at home. He couldn't sing, and he couldn't speak in meeting, but he could visit the sick, and by his sunny spirit do them good like a medicine. He had a genius for finding people in trouble, and helping them out of it, and no stranger could get out of the church without his hearty handshake and a cordial invitation to come again. He was ready and prepared to do the thing that needed to be done, if within the scope of his ability, and sometimes in ways that were astonishing and remarkable.

Once in prayer meeting the lamp chimney cracked and fell in pieces while the pastor was reading his Scripture lesson. The next moment the man I have referred to stepped softly forward, taking a lamp chimney from his pocket as he did so, which he quickly placed on the lamp, and saved the meeting. When I asked him by what lucky chance he was able to do this, he said that for years it had been his habit to sit down for ten or fifteen minutes before starting for a meeting, to prayerfully and carefully think over the situation, to see if he could think of anything likely to be needed that others might not think of. While thinking over things on the night referred to, he remembered that at the previous meeting he had noticed that the lamp wick had been so poorly trimmed that a sharp point of flame was burning against the side of the chimney. He knew from this what was likely to happen, and so put a chimney in his pocket when he set out for prayer meeting.

I have sometimes thought that if any of the disciples had anything to do with the taking away of the stone from the grave of Lazarus, the hand of Andrew must have been the first that touched it, for the reason that it seems to have been his way to trust and obey, without puzzling about things he could not understand. It would not have been like him at all to stand still and do nothing when he heard the Master say, "Take ye away the stone." Among the first to put his shoulder to it would certainly have been Andrew. He had no intellectual difficulties to trouble him and keep him from action at the vital moment. It would have been like Thomas to want a week's time to consider the matter, and the hesitating Philip would have been likely to shake his head and say, "I don't know about this. I am afraid it will be offensive to these highly respectable friends of the family who have come out from Jerusalem." Nathaniel might have shaken his head with great deliberation and said, "The man has been buried four days, and no good can come of this." But it would not have been that way with Andrew. To know that his Master wanted something done was all the reason he needed for undertaking it. He knew Jesus well enough to know that he would never raise anybody's hopes to disappoint them. He had often seen him do more than people expected, but never less. Nobody had ever been a loser by giving prompt and unquestioning obedience to what he said. At the marriage in Cana a miracle had been performed when nobody was expecting one, because the servants had obeyed a most startling command. And, by the way, it would have been just like Andrew to have had a hand in filling those water jars to the brim. It was for him to do his Master's will, and not trouble himself about what happened.

In the gathering up of the fragments after the feeding of the multitude, I am also inclined to think that Andrew must have filled at least two of the baskets, and when the four men carried the paralytic to Jesus, I can almost see him at the heaviest corner of the blanket. It would have been just like him, too, to notice how many baskets were filled with fragments, and fix the fact in his mind. Also on the day of Pentecost, when the people were being converted by multitudes, who do you suppose it was that counted the converts? I venture the guess that it was Andrew. He had been in the habit of counting the fish he caught, and it would have been the most natural thing for him to do some counting there. With his practical turn it would have been like him to think of the importance of keeping a record of a thing so remarkable, so I can see him whipping out his jackknife and go to cutting notches as fast as he can whittle in the longest stick he can get his hands on. The returns came in faster than he could keep tally, but when the day was done and he counted up his notches, he knew that he was easily within the facts in saying that about three thousand had been converted.

I believe that Andrew is a remarkable example of what can be done with one talent when it is used for the Lord. Andrew was a humble everyday kind of person like ourselves, and in what he did we see what the Lord would have us do, for by his work, and that of others like him, has the Church of God been built. We do not have to be star preachers to make things move for Christ. The nails in a church are of more importance than the steeple. They are the things that hold it up, and what the common folks are doing is the real strength of the church. If everybody could be a stained glass window, what a beautifully cold and lifeless thing religion would seen be. The thing that made Moody a world power for righteousness was saying, "I have but one talent, but I am determined that God shall have it all," and it was because God did have it all that his name became like ointment poured forth.

One of the most noticeable things about Andrew is that he was a close observer, and had a keen eye for a golden opportunity, a quality that was perhaps developed by his training on the sea. Too many of us never know anything about a golden opportunity until it goes galloping around the next corner, but Andrew could see one coming a half a mile away, and when it reached him he was ready for it. Some people would do great things for the Lord if they were not so blind they can never see anything to do. Andrew could see something to do on the very first day of his religious life, and he no doubt kept on seeing and doing as long as he lived. In the very same breath in which we are told that he went to the Lord himself, the statement is made that he found his own brother and took him to Jesus. He

invested his personal influence for the Lord at once, and began to do business with it in the right place. He made a deliberate and determined attempt to persuade his brother also to become a disciple. I wonder how many of us have been like him in this.

Andrew might have said: "I can never do anything with Peter. He knows so much more than I do, and is so much brighter and stronger in every way. He would just laugh at me in that tantalizing way he has, and would go right on in his own way, in spite of anything I can say, just as he always does. There's no use in my saying anything to him, for I'm only his brother, and he wouldn't pay any attention to me. It will do a good deal more good to let John or somebody else go to him."

But Andrew didn't say anything of the kind, or act in any such way. He made up his mind that he would bring Peter to the Lord in some way, and so he kept on trying first one means and then another until he succeeded.

Andrew's first work for the Master was done in his own home, and where he commenced every disciple should begin. He realized that he had a brother who needed to know Christ, and he didn't wait to complete his theological course before he tried to lead him to the Lord. He first found his own brother and brought him to Jesus. If the same could be said of every Christian how soon the millenuium would come. That was Andrew's first golden opportunity to do something for the Lord that would count, and he had eyes to see it and the backbone to do it. He didn't pick up his oars and row across the sea to do something for the Gadarenes, but he looked into his own brother's big blue eyes—that were no doubt bigger than ever with wonder—and began to tell him about Jesus. He couldn't preach, but he could be a faithful and enthusiastic witness, and if I can read between the lines, that is what the Lord expects from each of us. What we need today is more of the right kind of testimony, and not so much of the wrong kind of preaching. Andrew could tell Peter what he knew, and use his influence as a brother to bring him to Jesus.

In this war we need sharpshooters a great deal more than we do sky rockets. We need the personal effort of brother for brother, and friend for friend. Have you invested your personal influence as a brother, a sister, a wife, a mother, father or husband for the Christ who saved you? If not, how can you claim to have given all to Him? It stands to reason that we ought to have the most influence for good over those who come the nearest to us, but it too often happens that we make the least effort where our chance for success is the best. The disciples were to begin their work in Jerusalem, and Jerusalem means home.

In a large meeting Mr. Moody held in Louisville about twenty years ago, Scripture texts in large letters were placed on all the walls. At the right of the platform was this one: "He first findeth his own brother Simon, and brought him to Jesus." In one of the day meetings a local pastor told this story about that text: When he first saw it he thought of a dozen he believed would have been better in that prominent place. But it so happened that among the workmen who did the decorating was a Christian man who had a brother Simon himself, to whom he had never mentioned the subject of religion. The text took hold of him, and had a great fascination for him. It would be the first thing he saw in the morning when putting on his apron, and the last when taking it off at night. Soon he felt greatly condemned because he had never made the slightest effort to bring about the salvation of his brother. One night he was so burdened that he couldn't sleep. At dawn he made his way to Simon's house, and knocked loudly at the door. When the door was opened Simon said in great surprise: "Why, what's the matter, John? Is anybody sick?" John could only burst into tears and say, "O Simon, Simon; I'm so anxious about your soul!" and then he turned and went sobbing away. "Anxious about my soul?" said Simon to himself; "well, he's been a long while in getting that way. What does it mean?" But that night he couldn't sleep, and the next morning very early he was at his brother's door wanting to know what he should do to be saved. John couldn't tell him, but took him at once to his pastor, and the man who thought the wrong text had been used had the joy of leading the penitent brother to Christ.

The fact that Andrew was able to win his brother to the Lord shows that he had the right kind of religion. One reason why some people never want to join the church is because they see too much of the wrong kind of religion at home. Andrew's religion could bear the test of the home life. It was a religion that Peter had to believe in, because it had made a new man out of Andrew. He no longer cursed the fish because they wouldn't be caught, and he stopped telling Munchausen stories about the size of those he did catch. Neither did he fall from grace and get black in the face every time the net broke. Things like this would sooner or later begin to tell with the big-hearted and impulsive Peter, until later he was ready to go with Andrew and have a talk with Jesus. The surest way to make people want true religion is to show them what it is.

If we are all striving to win those in our home circle to Christ, it would keep us at our best. It would make us try harder to be kind and considerate to those who have to live with us. There is no place where religion pure and undefiled weighs as much, or shines as brightly as it does in the home. Mr. Moody was once annoyed by a

man who was always wanting to know how he could tell for certain whether he was a Christian. At last Moody said: "Go home and ask your wife. She knows."

There is no better test. You can depend upon it that a wife knows more about her husband's religion than his pastor does. A good time to be a living epistle for the Lord is when things are getting into snarls at home. A meek and quiet spirit is a good thing to have when the coffee is poor, and the potatoes are so different from the way mother used to fix 'em; and a good time to let patience have her perfect work, is when a surly husband begins to say things that would almost sour milk. When the world-wide revival comes there will be a soul-winner in every home.

Notice that the church began, not with great preaching, but with determined personal work, and it is this that tells in everything, from winning a wife to making things go on a farm. If you want to succeed in business, no matter what other inducements you can offer, you must take off your coat and do a lot of personal work. If you would get to the top in politics you must wear a smile that won't come off, and learn to shake hands as if you meant it. Where would the secret societies be without personal effort? As soon as a man joins one he begins to let his light shine with thirty-two candle power by putting on a pin of a button or a watch charm that tells everybody who sees it "that he belongs," and he never misses a chance to say a good word for his lodge, and will even be there, wearing his apron in due and ancient form even though it meet on prayer meeting night. And yet in religion you can almost count on your fingers—and sometimes on the fingers of one hand—the members of any given church who make their influence felt in personal work.

Another golden opportunity that Andrew could see, was that it is worth while to pay some attention to a boy. Too many of us are so on the lookout for men who are as trees walking, that we cannot see anything so near the ground as a boy. At an altar service in a revival meeting, an old Methodist preacher prayed, "O Lord, here's nine souls and a boy," as if the boy were hardly worth counting. Andrew could see a boy, and see that there is a good deal of outcome in a boy. It was Andrew who said, "Here is a lad with five loaves and two fishes." The other disciples were all looking so high that not one of them could see that boy, but Andrew had been chumming with him, and had so won his confidence that the lad opened his heart to him, and had made known two great secrets—that he had brought his dinner with him, and just what he had in his basket.

This not only shows that the lad was a real boy, who knew the importance of having something to eat with you when you get into a big crowd, but is also good circumstantial evidence that Andrew was

not a man with a long face. Had he been as solemn and dismal as some folks I've seen in the "amen corner," he would never have gotten within gunshot of that boy, for it is easier for a woman to obey her husband than it is for a man with a manner like crape on a door to get very close to a boy. It takes a bright face and a sunny spirit to win the confidence of a child, and the fact that Andrew won that boy leads me to believe that he was as sunny in spirit as his big brother's hair is supposed to have been in color. I believe it also indicates that Andrew had a habit of looking on the bright side. When the clouds were in the sky he would be the first to see the rainbow, and no matter how dark the prospect was he would be sure to find a streak of blue sky. He was like a friend of mine on the train one day, who seeing a babe's milk bottle fall to the floor and break in pieces, stepped up and said, "You've got the rubber left yet!" The disciples saw only the hungry multitude, and said, "Master, send them away," but Andrew saw a streak of light and said, "Here's a lad with five loaves and two fishes," and everybody had a good dinner because he could see the bright side.

The Christian worker should never forget that there is the biggest kind of a golden opportunity to do something great for the Lord in every child. There is a whole lifetime of possibility for good in the little one, while in the adult the very best years are gone, and yet we are all too apt to take the opposite view. I heard an eminent minister say, that on the day he joined the church, the biggest man in the town also did so at the same time. The preacher shook hands and shook hands—and then shook hands some more with the man, and exhorted everybody else to do the same, but no attention at all was paid to the boy. This made the little fellow so mad that he felt like a pirate all the way home, and for the first time in his life, he that day deliberately tried to break the Sabbath. And he did break it, too, all to splinters. He stoned the barn, and stoned the cows, and stoned the dog, and would have given his little red-top boots for a chance to stone the preacher, and all because his eyes had been so full of the big man he couldn't see the little boy.

Andrew would not have made a mistake like that. The little boy who joined the church that day has given a long life of blessed ministry to the Lord, while the big man never amounted to a row of pins. So let us do as Andrew did, and pay attention to the boy. To plant a good thought in the mind of a child, so that it will stick and stay and grow, is a greater thing to do than to plant a great wheat crop, for character building is bigger work than building railroads.

But by far the best of the many good things that can be said of Andrew is that he knew Jesus, and knowing Him he loved Him, and so lived to please Him. He did not depend simply upon what John

said, but sought and obtained for himself an intimate personal acquaintance with the Lord, and this made all that followed come natural and easy. He couldn't preach like Peter, and he couldn't see visions like John, or understand theology like Paul, but he could know Jesus as well as any of them, and it was this real and positive experience that made him the great power for good he was, in spite of his humble talents. A colored woman began going to school after she had reached middle life. On her first day she said to the teacher, "Miss, teach me how to spell Jesus first, and that will make everything else easy." And so it does. To know him—not in a mere intellectual way, as a character in history—but as a real, living, personal Savior, is to be clothed with His power, and inspired by His spirit. May it be so with each one of us.

AGGRESSIVE EVANGELISM

By REV. W. W. HAMILTON, Th. D., D. D.

I understand from the program that I am to speak on "Aggressive Evangelism." I should like to preface that subject with one other word and call it "Sane Aggressive Evangelism."

I like all three of those words—sane, aggressive, evangelism. I like that word aggressive. I am not so sure but that is the correct exegesis of that Scripture which says: "The gates of hell shall not prevail." When a city goes to war it does not take its gates with it, but when its gates are attacked then it is on the defensive. So the figure there may be of the very gates of hell charged by the forces of righteousness. I like the word aggressive also for it carries along with it the idea of enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is like the measles, if you have it it will break out on you—or it had better do so—and if it breaks out on you somebody else will catch it.

Riding along on the train in Kentucky, I stood by the open door of the coach and watched the falling leaves, the dead leaves, as they pursued the moving train. Even dead leaves will follow something that has life about it.

I grew up in a city on the line between Tennessee and Virginia, half of the city in Tennessee and half in Virginia. Virginia's marriage laws are very strict. Tennessee's marriage laws are very lax. As a consequence a great many runaway couples come from Virginia to Tennessee to get married, simpy crossing the state line. One day we had a runaway couple come to my town drawn by an ox team. I have always been glad to associate something rapid with an ox team.

What is evangelism? A sane aggressive evangelism, what is it? Is it simply to tell the story of Jesus and his love? I think not. Evangelism, as I understand it, is so to proclaim the Gospel—not to simply proclaim it—but so to proclaim the truths of the Gospel as to demand a decision. I think a great many have a wrong conception of what evangelism is. They seem to have an idea that when an evangelist comes along everything they have ever loved and respected shall be set aside.

A child in school was once asked what a furlough was and the child told the teacher that a furlough was a mule and she was able to prove that she was right, for the next morning when she came to

school she brought with her a picture of a soldier riding along on a mule, and under the picture were the words, "Going Home on His Furlough."

Now, I believe if we can get a correct definition of evangelism, and get a proper enthusiasm into it and have sanity along with the enthusiasm, that we have solved the great problem before us as evangelists and as pastors. It is very difficult for me to speak as an evangelist and not as a pastor, for I have been a pastor for thirteen years and an evangelist but one.

In our Southern states among the different churches, as Dr. Chapman has already explained to you, there has been a denominational movement set on foot. This question was brought to our convention some three years ago, and again the next year, and then at the convention in Chattanooga, May, 1906, the movement was definitely launched. In September last it was my privilege to begin the work.

Now then, as I understand the temper of our people, and as I understand the movement, I want to present to you what I consider their idea of what a sane aggressive evangelism is.

First of all, it must have a correct doctrinal basis. We cannot build an evangelistic house that will be any good on a foundation of sand. It must have a correct doctrinal foundation, the great doctrine as to God Himself, as to the Bible, as to sin, as to hell, as to the atonement, as to the cross, as to heaven—the great doctrines of the Word of God must stand underneath if we are to build a structure that is to be of any account in the storms of life and to last through eternity. There must be a correct doctrinal basis, and I tell you when we have the correct doctrinal basis in our church and evangelistic work, then the work which we do as evangelists and pastors, working together, will be like the house built upon the rock. But when our perspective is wrong, when like some people, we have the idea that man is well, oh, there is nothing the matter with him, all that he needs to have brought to him is the fact that he is well, let him believe it and he will be well. Or, if we have the idea that man is sick, true, he is sick, but he isn't very sick, not much the matter with him, all he needs is a little culture or a good example to follow, if we have that idea our work will fail.

On the other hand, if we believe that man is dead in trespasses and sin, then something is needed. If he is well or if there is very little wrong with him, then there is no need of divine help. But if he be dead in trespasses and sin there must be a divine power to bring that man to life. When we have failed to realize the condition of man, or have gone wrong as to the responsibility of our position, we have started to build our house upon the sand. We will be like the boy

with his wagon made from the running gear of a cast off baby carriage, an umbrella handle for a tongue, a soap box for a wagon bed and for wheels discs cut from the end of a log. As he drew it along, an onlooker was amused to see how the wagon wabbled from side to side, and finally the boy looked back questioningly himself to see what was the matter. The onlooker saw that in making the holes in his wheels he had failed to strike center. And I tell you, friends, in our evangelistic work and in our pastoral work, if, on the great doctrines of the Word of God, of the condition of man, of the place of our Lord and His atoning work, we fail to strike center we will go all sorts of ways. Somebody has said that if we stay right at the cross and right at the tomb, we will never go very far wrong anwhere else. I believe that to be true.

Another thing in regard to this sane evangelistic work is the necessity of proper denominational supervision. You will remember Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, in his book on evangelism, says that he is afraid of anything that claims to be undenominational. There ought to be proper denominational supervision if the pastors and evangelists are to work together. In the church of Jesus Christ as given us in the New Testament there was a place for the evangelist and his work was in connection with the church and under its direction and supervision. When he is isolated from some sort of church supervision, then we may not expect there will be that confidence between him and the pastor that there should be. I do not know why, but I used to feel that way as a pastor. Maybe you can explain it. I used to take occasion to say when in meetings with my brother pastors, "I want you to understand that I am not an evangelist." Somehow we have had it in our minds and hearts that the man who becomes an evangelist is a man who is not responsible to anybody and a man who may do anything he wishes, and who may go his own sweet way and do his own sweet will, and nobody have any right to say him a word.

I believe that with our evangelist properly connected with our churches, we may expect the very best kind of men, with the very best kind of preaching done in the very best places, and done in the very best way. Some way I believe in a sort of heredity in evangelistic services. This is my experience. When a man comes to help me in my work, and he is a fighter, then the people who are born into the kingdom under that man's ministry are fighters. The man who comes to hold a meeting with me and who doesn't believe anything and who seems to float with the tide, anywhere, just as a sentimental sort of jelly fish, the people who come into my church under his ministry partake of that man's characteristics. But when a man comes who believes in the Word of God, who believes in the power of God, when

a man comes who believes in the tremendous fact of sin and the tremendous need of a supernatural power to save that man from sin, then the people who come into my church under that man's ministry stay with me, an abiding work, ready for service in saving others. There is never a time in the history of a pastor more important to the good of his church than when he asks a man to come and help him in evangelistic services.

I believe in holding meetings everywhere; I believe in preaching in tents, in tabernacles, in halls, in saloons, on the street. I believe in preaching the Gospel anywhere, but somehow or other there is always a peculiar tie, it seems to me, between a man's soul and the work of Jesus Christ when that man has been brought into the kingdom through the help of the churches of Jesus Christ. We always love our birthplace. I was born down in Kentucky, so they tell me, near Hopkinsville. We moved away when I was ten years old and I had never been back. Some time ago I was in Hopkinsville and met a man who said he knew the house in which I was born, he remembered having gone to school to my mother in one room of that house, he remembered one day when I fell down the stone steps and broke up the school, and he was going to take me out to see the place. We started out one morning and on the way saw his mother who remembered my birthplace, too, and had helped to dress me.

We drove out to the house and I went all over the place and took some kodak views of the house and the grounds, and I wrote my mother and sent her the pictures, but I noticed that she didn't have much to say about it. I kept on writing and she kept on saying nothing, and finally I wrote and said, "Look here, mother, there is something wrong about this, what is it?" And she wrote back and said: "Son. I am sorry to tell you, but that isn't the place." And I do not know where I was born.

I am like some Christian people who do not know the time and place of their salvation. They know they love God, and I know I am here. There is a peculiar tie to the place of my birth—I have never seen it and I don't know where it is, but I have that attachment for it. Somehow, when a man is born into the kingdom of God, in touch with the people of the church of Jesus Christ there is a peculiar tenderness in that man's heart for the church. God pity the pastor, or the church which stands aloof from the tender bond of the great evangelistic work in their city. They are missing the opportunity of putting their power and their life into the hearts of men and women who are brought into the kingdom of God at that time.

Then again, there should be correct methods of work in order to have a sane evangelism. Certainly, I believe that as pastors—and I speak as I have said, from thirteen years of pastoral experience and

one of evangelistic—I believe as pastors we do not make the proper preparation for the evangelistic services. I feel sure that the evangelists who are here will bear me out in this. I don't know whether you feel like I used to feel, that it is a positive sin to advertise a meeting, but you listen to the second chapter of Acts. The most sensationally advertised meeting I ever heard of is told about. "A sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind, cloven tongues like as of fire," and the apostles "speaking with other tongues,"—the Lord made such a noise that everybody came to see what was the matter, and when the multitudes were gathered together then they preached the Gospel to them.

Now, you get your people down in the city, get them to make so much noise that the people will run together to see what is the matter, and then preach to them the Gospel, and you will have done something like they did on the day of Pentecost. I do not mean to advertise the evangelist, I do not mean to herald his name here and there, but to let the people know that you as a pastor and as a church are expecting something to take place. If you do not expect something, if you advertise it in a ten-cent way, you may expect ten-cent results.

I was crossing the Mississippi a few days ago, and looking down on one side I saw a little bit of a house—I would call it a shack—and up over the door, written in letters, or painted in letters, supposed to be painted, was the sign—with here and there an "S" turned the wrong way, with some small letters and some capitals—"First-class meals served to both white and colored." Now, that fellow couldn't make me believe he served a first-class meal if he swore to it; I couldn't believe it. Down in Atlanta, Georgia, I saw a little dingy, dirty place and up over the door the words, "First-Class Restaurant." Don't beleve it! Couldn't believe it!

When you and I go at the great work of God in a fourteenth-class way, we cannot make people believe it is a first-class piece of business. As pastors we are to make proper preparation. As evangelists, I believe that wc are to go as the messengers of God. Yes, I love to think of myself as a messenger boy to bring the telegram from God. I love to think of myself as a harvest hand who comes in with the pastor and with the people at the time when meetings are being held to reap what they have been sowing, and unless the evangelist comes with that spirit and with that consciousness of his own small place in the kingdom of God, he will not be doing a sane work.

Then, too, we ought to think of the members of the church as fellow laborers—and I believe it is insane when the members of the church do not feel that they have a part in bringing to pass these things, the winning of souls. I believe it is insane when the men and women of the membership sit in the back of the church and have no

consciousness of responsibility in the work of bringing others to Jesus. Each one of us has some part in it; every member of the church has part in bringing somebody to the foot of the cross.

I came across a negro poem not long ago, clipped from a Pittsburg paper. I don't know who the author is, but I think I shall try to give it to you:

"'De Lawd, he hed a job fo' me
But Ah'd so much to do
Ah tole him git somebody e'se
Aw wait till Ah got froo.

Ah don't know how de Lawd come out,
But He seem'd to git along,
But Ah felt kin' o' sneakin' like
Kase Ah know'd I'd done Him wrong.

One day Ah need de Lawd myse'f,
An' need Him right away.
He nevah answe'ed me at all,
But Ah could heah Him say

'Way down in mah accusin' heaht,
"Ah's got too much to do,
Yo' bettah git somebody e'se
Aw wait tell Ah gits froo."

Now, when de Lawd He hev a job
Ah nevah tries to chu'k;
Ah draps whatever Ah's on hand
An' does de good Lawd's wu'k.

Mah own affaih kin run along,
Aw wait tell Ah gits froo;
Nobody e'se kin do de job
De Lawd lay out foh you."

Nobody else can do the job the Lord lays out for you and as individual members of the church as well as evangelists and pastors, there is a place for each of us in the correct methods of work.

Under this, I would like to say just one thing more, a thing that has grown upon me in the past few months, a thing that has been upon me since I have been a pastor; that is, that in our evangelistic work we too often make a brilliant dash instead of a persistent siege. My experience as a pastor was that just at the time when it seemed

to me that the windows of heaven were opening and the hearts of the people were responding, my helper who had come to me, or my pastor friend, had to go.

We have a man in our Southern ranks—I wish you could know him—George C. Cates by name, a man who knows how not only to lay siege to the throne of God, but a man who knows how to lay siege to a city. A man who goes in and stays for a month, or for months, as possibly many of you know was true of his work in Memphis, Tennessee. This man, filled with power, went to Memphis just for a short time, and the power of God came upon his work and he continued for months, and there were thousands of people who came out on God's side in that siege which was laid to Memphis with such supernatural overwhelming power. I like the presistent siege. It is growing with us. I don't know how it is with you. This idea of going into a city, or into a community, and remaining there, laying siege. As one of our pastors expressed it we have too often, in our evangelistic services, given an exhibition of a brilliant dash instead of a steady, continuous effort.

The other, the fourth thing about which I wish to speak as constituting a sane, aggressive evangelism is this: there must be correct ideals possessing us.

One of the most interesting studies that I have made has been a study of the Bible revivals, to see what were the effects upon the hearts of the people. You will remember that marvelous prayer of Habakkuk when he prayed that the Lord would revive His work, he said, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy," and went on to call the people's attention to the majesty of God. Unless there is brought before us in evangelistic work this sense of the overwhelming majesty of God, there will be nothing to bring to men the consciousness of their sin. A man who stands, a vulgar, impure man in the presence of a pure woman is convicted of his impurity. A sinful, lost man who stands in the presence of a holy God and who realizes that presence, will be convicted of his sin. I believe if we are going to have a turning to God it must be because the majesty of God is brought to the attention, to the realization of His people, and when they see His majesty they will realize and recognize their own sinfulness.

Some people have the idea that to become a Christian is to make the face grow long and to lose all the joyfulness out of life. I wonder where that idea came from? I have about come to the conclusion that it has come from those Christians who are trying to serve God and the devil both. The world sees them and says, "Why, they are long-faced,

they are not happy." I believe they are the most unhappy people in the world, they can't serve the Lord and they don't want to give up the world; they can't even serve the devil well.

I lived in a town, as I told you, on the line between Tennessee and Virginia. It is a most unhappy situation. Here is a man guilty of some crime and you can't touch him because he runs over on the other side of the line. Here is a man who commits some crime on the Tennessee side and you can't touch him because he runs over into Virginia. Here are two mayors, two organizations for police protection, two systems of public schools, two systems of water works. The time changes there; you ride along in the street car and if you sit on the south side of the car it is 12 o'clock and if you sit on the north side it is 1 o'clock, though the people use mostly the Eastern time. It causes much confusion and is a very unhappy state of affairs.

Some time ago we had a lawsuit between the commonwealth of Tennessee and the commonwealth of Virginia. Virginia sued Tennessee for nine miles of territory. You will remember that the line between Virginia and North Carolina runs west until it comes to White Top mountain. It then runs north nine miles and then west again. Now Virginia said that line ought to have gone straight west, and they sued for the territory, that nine miles, and the case was taken to the United States Supreme court. Well, we didn't know whether we lived in Virginia or in Tennessee.

Do you know what is the matter with the people who are unhappy? You study them. They are on the line. The people who live over in Richmond know they live in Virginia, and the people who live in Nashville know they live in Tennessee, but we who live on the line don't know which state we are in. If you will get clear over into the state of righteousness, then you will have no doubt about the matter. I believe the greatest troubles come to the people who are living on the line, and they are the long-faced Christians.

I knew an old negro cook in the hotel—I grew up in the hotel—she was the pastry cook and one day she said something which led me to say to her, "Why, Aunt Kate, I thought you were a Christian." "Oh," she said, "go along, Marse Willie, will you, I is a Christian; you can't be a Christian in a hotel kitchen. When I comes to the hotel of a mornin' I hangs my religion on the fence and gets it when I goes back at night."

Now, I believe in the joy of the Christian life, that kind of life which brings us happiness and peace and power as Christians. I believe that a sane evangelism does not put long faces on any one. I thank God for the happiness that came into my heart as a Christian when ten years of age. I thank God that I became a Christian so early.

I thank God that I had a father and mother who believed in this, and that the pastor believed in it, and that the evangelist believed in it. I grew up in the midst of temptation in the hotel life and I believe that the fact that I gave my heart to God when just a child, and the fact that I had a father who loved God and who watched over my steps and helped me, is the answer to the question how I came out of such temptation to live for God and to try to serve Him. I thank God, too, for the joy that comes from Christian service. It doesn't put a long face on any one.

A pastor down in Tennessee was riding on the train one day when a young lady said to him: "You preachers must have a pretty monotonous sort of life?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you cannot do any of the things other people enjoy"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, you cannot dance."

"How do you know I cannot?"

"Well. you don't dance," she said, "and you don't play cards?"

"No."

"And you don't go to the theater."

"No," said he; "well, what else?"

"Well," said she, "it seems to me that if you cannot dance, or play cards, or go to the theater, there isn't much in life for you."

He said: "Wait a minute; I will grant just for the sake of argument, that you are happier than I am because you do not deny yourself some things which I deny myself, that I am not as happy as you are because I do not do some things which you do. Now, down below you is another class of people who do not deny themselves many things which you do deny yourself; if they want to get drunk they do so; if they want to use profanity they do so. If they desire gratification of lust, they go on their sinful way. They murder if they wish to do so. Now, according to your idea they are happier than you are because they do not deny themselves the privilege of doing those things which you deny yourself. No," said he, "you are happier than they are because you do deny yourself some things, and I say to you that I am happier than you are because I deny myself some things which you do not deny yourself."

Oh, the joy of the Christian life for a man who can stand and be conscious of the fact that the power of God is controlling and helping him. A young man came to me at Eureka Springs the other night, came up into my room. He is a traveling man from North Carolina. He hold me he didn't have power in the times of temptation to resist the tempter, and he asked me to pray for him that he might have help. He felt his lack of self-control.

I remember as a boy I thought the greatest ambition of my life would be just to sit up on top of a circus wagon and hold the reins over sixteen fine horses, beautiful fellows! What could be better for a Kentuckian? Well, I say to you, friends, as I stand here tonight, conscious of my own weakness, and praying God for His power, there is such a thing as a man or woman sitting upon the throne of his own being and holding the reins over himself, and saying, "No, you cannot go that way, you must go this way." The joy of supremacy, through the power of God, over your own being, to control your own mental powers, your own spiritual outlook, to still all your being in the name of Almighty God, to command all in the name of the King, and make your life tell for Him, this is the joy of the Christian life.

Brethren and sisters, men and women, I believe with all my heart that in the Southland—yes, in the North and the West—we are in the day-dawn of the greatest revival the States have ever known, and I say to you tonight that the work which is being done by the evangelists in the Southern states is not the one-thousandth part of what is benig done. I believe the pastors are coming to fulfill, are coming to fill full the work of their ministry by doing the work of an evangelist. I thank God that not merely by the work of the evangelists, who are going here and there through the Southland, but out of the great loving hearts of our pastors more and better work is being done than ever before. More men are going back from our conferences and assemblies, from our evangelistic meetings, with their hearts and souls and lives on fire with the power of God Almighty, to lead their own people to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

This is our hope, this is our belief, this is our conviction, this is our prayer, that the King of Glory, through the hearts and lives of men, is coming into the Southland with marvelous swiftness. Pray with us that God may give us the answer to our prayer.

The Most Effective Form of Aggressive Evangelism

By R. A. TORREY, D. D., Chicago, Ill.

This is just the time of year when I ought not to speak in public. Today is the 21st day of August; yesterday was the 20th day and the hay fever knows the 20th day of August better than I know the calendar. This is one day later and every day we have it gets worse until the frost comes. If anybody had invited me to speak tonight but Dr. Chapman I do not think I would have spoken, but I love Dr. Chapman and I love his work and when he wrote me some time ago, "Can you speak in August at Winona," I wrote back, "I have hay fever in August, but if it is possible I will speak at Winona."

I believe in continuity of thought, so I am going to take up the subject the brother has been speaking about and speak upon "The Most Effective Form of Aggressive Evangelism, or The Only Way That This World (the whole world) Can Be Won for Jesus Christ."

I will read it to you right from the Book. If you will turn to John, first chapter, 40-42 verses, you will get a description of that method of evangelism: "One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother.

"He first findeth his own brother Simon, and sayeth unto him, we have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ.

"And he brought him to Jesus." * * *

That is the most effective form of aggressive evangelism, all of us going out, one by one, to seek out some individual and do for that individual what Andrew did for his brother Simon, bring him to Jesus. We are not told that Andrew ever preached a sermon in his life. If he ever did preach a sermon the Holy Spirit didn't think it was worth putting on record. But this he did do, as we are told by John, "He brought his brother Simon to Jesus," and that brother Simon preached a sermon under which three thousand people were converted in one day. Where would Simon Peter's sermon have been if Andrew had not brought him to Jesus?

Some years ago there was a Sunday School teacher in Boston with a class of youg men, mostly Harvard students. There was brought into this class one morning a young man from the country, and he was

very green and very ignorant. That Sunday School teacher was accustomed to have texts read from the Bible by members of his class, and he asked this young fellow to read a text from John, and this green young country boy knew so little about the Bible that he could not find the place, and the teacher took his Bible and found the place for him. And when he found it the boy could scarcely read, so ignorant was he. But that teacher, though he had a class made up of Harvard University students, was interested in this young man and he went down to the shoe store where he worked, took him to the back part of the store and laid his hand upon his shoulder and said, "Young man would you like to have me tell you how to be saved?" And this green young fellow from the country said yes, he would, and the teacher explained to him the saving power of Jesus, and together they knelt in prayer, and that green country boy prayed the best he knew how and there accepted Jesus as his Savior. Friends, that green, young country boy was Dwight L. Moody. And if it had not been for the faithful, personal work of Edward Kimball, the story of Dwight L. Moody's life and work might have been entirely different.

Men and women, I believe in preaching, I believe in singing, but I want to say tonight there is something I believe in more than I believe in public preaching or in singing Gospel hymns. I believe in the personal, hand to hand, work of individual with individual. It doesn't count for much with men, but it counts for God.

A blind woman was led into my office one day; she turned to me and said, "Do you think my blindness would necessarily shut me out from Christian work?" And I said, "I think your blindness would be a help in some ways. You can sit down and people will see your misfortune and will come to you and as they talk to you, you can tell them of the Savior." "Oh, that isn't what I mean," she said; "I don't want to talk to one person; you would not have me talk to one when I could talk to 500 at a time." "My Lord," I replied, "according to Scripture, talked to five thousand at once. Yet I find in my Bible that Jesus Christ spent a great deal more time dealing with individuals than he ever spent talking to multitudes."

When I see a man (be he evangelist or pastor) that preaches and preaches, but who doesn't get right down and do personal hand to hand work, then I know that there is something wrong with that pastor or something wrong with that evangelist.

I have heard people say the whole world was transformed when they were converted, the birds seemed to sing more sweetly, the sun shone more brightly, the grass and the flowers and the trees all looked more beautiful. The whole face of Nature seemed to be transformed the moment they felt the Savior's love come into their hearts.

I had no such experience when I was converted. The birds didn't sing more sweetly, they didn't sing at all. The sun did not shine more brightly; I was in a dark room by myself. But there came a time when I had that experience literally, when it seemed to me the whole face of Nature was transfigured, a new beauty in the flowers and trees, a new sweetness in the light, a new melody in the song of the birds. It was when I first experienced the joy of leading some one else to the Savior I had already found.

When Mr. Moody was in New Haven I was a student in the Theological Seminary at Yale. I went to one of his meetings. I saw on the other side of the room a young woman whom I used to meet in the ball room. I had been converted three years, was converted in my senior year in college. I had not seen this young woman since my conversion. I said to myself, "Have you got religion enough to go over and talk to that young woman about Jesus?" I said, "If I haven't I haven't got enough to talk about anyhow," and I made a bee line for the young woman.

I will call her Miss Smith—you probably won't recognize her by that name, though it is her real name. I said "Miss Smith, I have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ; I wish you would." She brought up every excuse and all the difficulties a worldly person thinks of, and I tried to answer them one by one. It was hard work and I talked for two straight hours, then she yielded to God and we knelt side by side and she accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as her Savior.

This was the first definite experience I had ever had in personal work, of leading one then and there to a definite acceptance of Christ, and the glory of leading some one else to the Savior filled me with a new joy. When I went out of the Dwight Place church that afternoon it did seem as if there was a fairer light in the sunshine than I had ever beheld; it did seem as if there was a new beauty in the grass and the flowers and the trees. It did just seem as if the whole face of this old world was transformed.

Now, men and women, if you want the sweetest joy that is known this side of heaven, you go out and win some one to Christ. Talk about long-faced Christians! I will tell you one Christian that is not long-faced, the Christian who is winning souls to Christ is not long-faced. Jesus says (John 15:11): "These things have I spoken unto you that . . . your joy might be full," "that your joy might be fulfilled," (i. e., filled full) the revised version has it, through the things that Jesus had just been talking about. What had he been speaking about? Soul-winning, fruit-bearing. The way to have the fullness of Christian joy, a joy that you never dreamed was possible this side of heaven, is to go to work and lead others to Christ.

I want to speak about the advantages of personal work in soul-winning. First, everybody can do it. You cannot all be preachers. I am glad of it! My, if we were all preachers when would we get through this Conference! What an institution the church would be if we were all preachers! You cannot all sing like Mr. Excell, or Mr. Towner, or Mr. Alexander. I am glad you can't, because if you could all sing as well as they there'd be no attraction to draw the crowd to hear us preach. We can't all teach Sunday School classes. I don't believe in setting men and women to teaching Sunday School classes when they have no call and no fitness for that work. But there is one kind of Christian work everybody can do. Every child of God can do personal work.

I knew of a young woman who was converted in New York at the age of twenty-five, saved from the deepest, darkest depths of New York sin. She had never known the Savior's love, she had gone down and down to the very depths of sin when she was converted. Soon after her conversion she was taken very ill of a sickness whereof she died. My friend who had led her to Christ took her to her home and she died in the home of that friend from whom I heard this story. In her joy and gratitude for her own conversion this young woman used the last remnant of her strength in bringing those who had been her associates in sin in other days to know and love the Savior she had found. A good many of these companions of hers were in state's prison, at Sing Sing, some of them were out of state's prison for awhile. She invited them to come and see her and my friend told me it was one constant procession, morning and afternoon, up and down the stairs—drunkards and thieves and harlots of New York City, going to see this dying girl as she lay upon her death bed. And that poor, dying girl led one hundred souls out of the deepest depths of sin to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Some of you men and women who are college graduates, who have had every advantage, you cannot lay your finger tonight upon a single individual whom you have led to Christ. Yes, everybody can do this personal work. The mother of a family can do it. I was talking with a mother some years ago who had quite a family. She had been reading the life of Frances Willard, and she said she wished she could do some work for Christ. I said, "You can bring your children into the kingdom; when you go out shopping you can speak to the clerk who waits upon you."

And I have watched that woman. Every one of her children accepted Christ in their childhood. Every servant that came into her home, Protestant or Roman Catholic, was spoken to about the Savior. When a new butcher's boy, or a new grocery boy, came to the house,

she had a word for him about the Savior, and every time she went into the store she made it a point to speak to the one who waited upon her.

And when in one dark hour God in his inscrutable wisdom came into that home and took out of it a sweet, beautiful child of nine years, that mother, notwithstanding her deep sorrow, saw to it, when the undertaker came to perform the last rites for the body of that little one, that he was spoken to about his soul. I met him on the street afterwards and he said: "I have listened to many excellent sermons, have heard about all the renowned preachers there are, but," said he, "that woman's conduct when her little child lay dead in her home has touched me as no sermon ever did."

The second advantage is we can do it anywhere and everywhere. We cannot preach everywhere, some of us can preach in the church, some can preach in the theater, some can preach in halls, occasionally, on the street, but we cannot preach in the majority of places. You cannot go to the great factory where they employ from fifty to a thousand men and women, you cannot very often—some manufacturers will let you—but you can do personal work there. You go by the farm house where the farmer with his men are busy in the field and you say, "I wish I could go into the field and preach." You cannot very often, but you can do personal work among these men. You go by the great theaters and you say, "I wish I could go into that theater and preach." You cannot very often, but you can do personal work among those people. You go by the saloons and you say, "I wish I could go in there and preach." You cannot very often—Mr. Asher and his wife can, but most of us cannot; but you can go in there and do personal work.

My first pastorate was over here in Ohio. That is where I began my ministry, in Garrettsville, Ohio, a place of 969 inhabitants and two saloons. One day I sat there writing my sermon and a voice spoke to me, as I went on with the exordium, firstly and the secondly, thirdly, fourthly, and the peroration, and the voice said, "You go down to Thompson & Horton's saloon and speak and pray." I replied to myself, "That is not what I was trained for. I am a graduate, if you please, of Yale Seminary; I was taught to write sermons with the exordium and the firstly, and the secondly, and the thirdly, and the fourthly, the fifthly, and the peroration," and I went on working away, but the voice was very insistent, again it said, "You go down to Thompson & Horton's saloon and speak to them there," so I grabbed my cap and I went just as fast as I could lest I turned back. I pushed the door open and walked in, and there were some men playing cards around the table. I said, "Gentlemen, please lay down those cards; I have come to pray with you." They dropped the cards—they were scared, but not nearly so scared as I—I dropped on my knees and I prayed.

A few days after I went past the other saloon in that town, kept by a man whom they told me was a backsliding Presbyterian elder—and I believe that was the truth, and for downright devilishness commend me to a backsliding Presbyterian elder every time—I passed by; he saw me and called fiercely to me, "I hear you went into Thompson & Horton's saloon and prayed." "Yes, sir; I did." He said, "I would like to know if my saloon isn't as good as their saloon?" I said, "I will go in now." And I did.

The third advantage is that you can do personal work at any time. You can do it at all hours. Now, you cannot preach at all hours and on every day. I try to preach six days in the week, but I feel I must have one day for rest. You cannot preach generally more than three hours in the day, but you can do personal work every hour of the day and every minute of the hour. I don't think there is a single hour from midnight to midnight that I have not spoken to some one about Christ. When I lived in Minneapolis, I used to employ a woman to go on the streets at night and walk up and down, and speak to those who were abroad at night, and the stories that woman would tell me of those she met, men and women that she met on the street at 12 o'clock, 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock at night, some of the most marvelous conversions I have known. You can do it every hour of the day, every minute of the hour.

When Mr. Moody was first converted he made up his mind he would not let a single day go by without speaking to some one about the Savior. One night he was going home about 10 o'clock. It had been a very busy day. "There," he said, "I haven't spoken to my man today; this day is gone without my speaking to any one and it is now too late." But looking up the street he saw a man under a lamp post, and he said to himself, "That's my last chance," and hurrying up to that man, he said, "Are you a Christian?" "That is none of your business; if you weren't a sort of preacher, I would knock you into the gutter." Mr. Moody didn't know him, but it seems he knew Mr. Moody. Mr. Moody said a few kind words and pointed out the way to be saved. The next day that man went to a prominent friend of Mr. Moody's and said to him: "That man Moody of yours, over there on the North side, is doing more harm than good; he has got zeal without knewledge; he walked up to me on the street the other night, a perfect stranger, and asked me if I was a Christian; he has got zeal without knowledge; he is doing more harm than good." Mr. Moody's friend called on him and said, "See here, Moody, you insulted a friend of mine on the street last night; you asked him, a perfect stranger, if he was a Christian; you are doing more harm than good; you've got zeal without knowledge." Mr. Moody went out feeling kind of crestfallen, thinking that perhaps he had zeal without knowledge.

But listen! It is better to have zeal without knowledge than to have knowledge without zeal. Some of you are as chuck full of knowledge as an egg of meat. You come to Winona year after year and what you don't know isn't worth knowing, but you have got so little zeal that you have never led a soul to Christ in your whole life. If you had a great deal less knowledge, but had a heart full of love to Jesus Christ and love to perishing men, and went out and saved somebody, that would count for Christ. That is better than to know so much and have so little zeal. It is a great deal better to have zeal without knowledge than to have knowledge without zeal.

As I said, Mr. Moody went out feeling a little crestfallen. Weeks passed by. One night Mr. Moody was in bed. Someone pounded on the door till he thought the house must be on fire, jumped out of bed, went to the door, and there that man stood to whom he had spoken on the street. He said, "Mr. Moody, I haven't had a good night's sleep since you spoke to me under the lamp post that night, and I have come around at this unearthly hour of the night to have you tell me what to do to become a Christian." When the war broke out that man went to the front and laid down his life fighting for his country.

Another night Mr. Moody had gone home and actually got into bed, and Mr. Moody generally went to sleep as soon as he was in bed, but just as he was about to pull the clothes up, he remembered he had not spoken to any one that day and he said, "Well, there is no use going out now, nobody on the street at this hour." But he got up and dressed, went to the door and it was pouring rain. "Oh," he said, "there is no use going out now." He listened and heard footsteps, a man was coming; he watched as he came nearer and just as he got right in front of his house, he stepped out and said, "My friend, may I share the shelter of your umbrella?" He said, "Yes, sir." Then Mr. Moody said, "Have you any shelter in the time of storm," and he preached Jesus to him.

The fourth advantage of personal work is that it reaches all classes. Now, you cannot reach all classes through the church service, the majority of people do not go to church; the people outside of the church are far more numerous than inside. You cannot reach everybody through the church. You may get the biggest hall there is, there are still a good many people who would not come if they could, and there are a great many others who could not come if they would. Take the sick people, they cannot come; take the people at home caring for the sick, they cannot come; take the mother at home with the baby, she cannot come for if she did and the baby got to crying some of you women who never had any babies, and only have a pet dog, when this mother brings her baby and it cries, would turn around

and scowl, instead of going and taking care of the baby so that the mother could come. You cannot reach the people who cannot come to church, through the church.

Then there are many who would not come if they would, the gamblers, the saloon keepers, the infidels and many others. But they all can be reached by the personal worker. The church does not reach them, but there is not a gambler, there is not a rumseller, there is not a drunkard, there is not an infidel you cannot reach by personal work. I do not believe there is a man, woman or child on this earth whom you cannot reach by personal work if you only go at it in the right way.

One of our women students in Chicago took one block, it was one of the tenement blocks in Chicago, and determined to speak to every person in that block. She went from house to house, from tenement to tenement, from door to door. One day she came to a door, over in the corner of the room lay a man dying of consumption. He was an infidel. She approached him and tried to talk with him, but he would not listen. The next day she came again, bringing a pot of jelly, the next day she came again and brought some jam, and the next day something else; and that man's heart began to melt. She kept that up for about thirty days. The man was failing, she thought he could not last much longer. She came to me and said: "I have got an infidel; I do not think he is going to live very long; couldn't you come down and say just a few words to him?" and I said, "Yes, I will go right now." I hurried to the poor man's room. He received me very kindly. I said to him, "Can I read the Bible to you?" "Yes, sir," he said, "be glad to have you." I read to him the passages that showed him how he was an utterly lost sinner; I read those passages that speak about God's love to sinners; I read passages that tell how Jesus Christ bore our sins on the cross, that all he had to do was simply to receive this Savior who had died and rose again. Then I said, "May I pray?" He said, "Yes." I knelt down beside that man's bed. I asked God to open that man's eyes to see himself a lost sinner, to see that Jesus Christ had died for him, that everyone of his sins was settled forever, how Jesus rose again the third day, and how if he would accept Jesus as his Savior and believe in Him he would be saved from his sins, and when I had finished the prayer, I was startled to hear his "amen." Now, I cannot sing, but there was no Alexander there, so as I knelt there I sang. I sang "Just as I am," etc., and when I got to the last verse—he had heard it somewhere in Sunday School—I heard that feeble consumptive's voice joining in

> "Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
> Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
> Because thy promise I believe,
> O Lamb of God, I come."

I looked up and said, "Do you really come?" and he said, "I do," and God met him. He died that night. His wife was a Roman Catholic, but she said to me: "None of my church have been around and I want you to preach the funeral sermon." The dead man's infidel friends were there, the coffin stood upon two chairs and as I stood beside it, I said: "Your friend here was an infidel, just as you are, but his infidelity failed him at the last hour. Will any of you infidels take Jesus Christ today." One great brawny fellow reached his hand across the coffin and grasped mine and said: "We were infidels together; I believed just as he did; but now I give it all up and I will take Jesus Christ." After we had buried him, the wife came to see me and said: "I am a Roman Catholic, but the priest would not allow us to bury him in the Catholic cemetery because it was consecrated ground and he was not a Catholic. But," she said, "you have been good to me and I wish you would take me into your church." I talked to her, led her to Christ, and she was taken into the church and to this day she is an active member of the Chicago Avenue church. It was not I who won these to Christ. It was that student with her loving heart and kindly deeds.

There is not a man, woman or child on the face of this earth that cannot be reached by personal work if you put your whole heart filled with the love of Jesus Christ into it.

The next advantage is this: Personal work hits the mark. That is the trouble with our preaching. Suppose we have a congregation of four thousand, like we have here tonight; we try to be personal, and I look right down at this man, but he passes it over his shoulder to the woman behind him, and she passes it over her shoulder to the man behind her and he passes it over his shoulder to some one behind him, and so you keep passing it on until you pass it out the back door, and it has failed to hit the mark. You always feel the preacher means somebody else, but when it comes doyn to personal work, there is no dodging, it does not miss the mark.

Perhaps you have heard the story of Henry Ward Beecher's first successful shot. He had often been hunting, but had never hit anything. One day he went out hunting with his father. The father says' "You see that squirrel yonder?" "Yes," said Henry. "Would you like to shoot it?" "Yes, of course, I would; but, father, I have never hit anything in my life." "Henry, rest the barrel of your gun across this top rail; now, bring the stock of your gun up tight against your shoulder; now, look straight along the barrel. Do you see the squirrel, Henry?" "Yes, father." "Pull the trigger, Henry." He pulled the trigger and the squirrel dropped, the first thing he ever hit because it was the first thing he ever aimed at. That is the way with us preachers; we aim at nothing and hit it every time. But in personal work we

aim at something definite and hit it. A man came into my church one morning, I said to myself, "I am glad you have come, I have got a sermon that will just fit you this morning." He was one of these big, sleek, oily hypocrites, you know them; he was rich, one of the best givers in my congregation, but one of those fellows who are always talking about the higher Christian life and don't live even a decent everyday sort of Christian life. I said, "I will hit you this morning." I talked right at him. I don't know but I shook my fist at him, and he sat there smiling all over. And he walked down front, after the service. He said, "Brother Torrey, I came eight miles to hear you preach this morning and I have so enjoyed it"—that was just what I didn't want, I didn't want him to enjoy it; but now, I had him face to face and he didn't enjoy it. Why, if I go at you personally I will get something into you, but this talking to everybody in general, it scatters all over creation and doesn't hit anybody.

The next advantage in this personal work is, it is effective. I have seen men and women sit under the preaching of God's Word for an hour, and I have seen some very ordinary man or woman get hold of them and in a few minutes lead them to Christ.

I think the best preaching I ever heard in my life was Dwight L. Moody's. When in Connecticut I thought I would go farther to hear D. L. Moody preach a sermon I had heard twenty times before than to hear any other man on earth preach a sermon I had never heard. But I have heard Mr. Moody preach his very best in our church in Chicago, and then I have seen some of the most ordinary members of the Chicago Avenue church, members of the tin pail brigade, after Mr. Moody's best sermon, get hold of a man who was utterly untouched by his preaching and in ten minutes lead him to Jesus Christ by personal work.

I remember preaching to five thousand people one night in Sydney, Australia, and there was present a gentleman and his wife, people of culture and position—I had preached the very best I could—and this man and his wife went out absolutely untouched, but they had hardly stepped into the corridor when an uneducated workingman out there felt that he must speak to them, and he took a step or two toward them, and hesitated, thinking "they are people of position, refinement and culture, and I am an uneducated man, it would not do for me to speak to them." But the love of Christ in his heart compelled him to go on and he went to them and spoke to them—it was a real gentleman and a real lady, and they stopped and listened and in ten minutes this ungrammatical, uneducated workingman had this man and woman on their knees regardless of the place. I had preached to them an hour, but this man led them to Christ in ten minutes.

I don't care who preaches, I believe every sermon should be followed up by personal work. It is personal work that counts for Christ. It meets the specific need of each individual. When you stop preaching, somebody would like to ask a lot of questions, but they cannot talk in meeting, but when it comes to personal work, the questions come up one by one. If the inquirer has a difficulty you can meet it, then the next difficulty, then the next, until all the difficulties are cleared away and there is a clear way right into the kingdom.

My father used to tell a story—he didn't vouch for the truth of it Down in Middlesex, N. Y., there was a doctor and this doctor put into a jug a little bit of ipecac, and a little bit of quinine, and a little bit of belladonna, and a little bit of other drugs, and if anybody came into the office and he didn't know just what was wrong with them, he would give him a spoonful out of that jug, thinking there is something in the jug that will help them anyhow.

That is like our preaching. Our sermon is the jug and we put a little comfort, a little rebuke, a little hope in and shake it up and then ladle it out to the people. But I would rather have a doctor sit down and study my case and study me. That is personal work, sitting down and studying the specific case and giving the specific remedy from the Book.

There is one more advantage, personal work brings abundant results. Preaching isn't in it. As we have gone around the world, people have said, "Oh, so many conversions, it must be wonderful preaching and singing." Alexander can't sing and I can't preach—I have proved that here tonight. But friends, I tell you after I have preached and given out an invitation, and after Alexander has sung some old familiar tune and then we set the personal workers at them and the conversions come in by the dozens and scores and hundreds. How is it done? By personal work. Isn't that so, Alexander? (Alexander, "Amen.") It is the personal work.

Let me give you a little example. Let us take a church of one hundred members. That church, we will suppose, has an unusually good minitser. Suppose he has had fifty additions a year to his membership on confession of faith as the result of his faithful preaching. That would be a splendid record. But now, suppose that preacher, instead of trying to do all the work himself, makes up his mind to train his membership to do personal work. Suppose only fifty of his members consent to do it and suppose these fifty were not very efficient and only succeeded in leading one a month, each, to Christ, that is twelve apiece for the year. Certainly anyone could do that much. But that would be six hundred instead of fifty yearly additions to membership. Take this audience tonight, four thousand people here tonight, I suppose. Suppose every one of you make up your minds to

do personal work; suppose you are very poor at the work and you only lead one to Christ in a whole year, but suppose you train that one to go out and do the same thing—that is what you ought to do, send him out to win somebody else—and supposing we train each one we have led to Christ to lead some one else to Christ and they are very poor at it and only lead one a year to Christ, but they train that one to go out and do the same thing, what would be the result? Four thousand each winning one and training that one to win another one for Jesus, one year from tonight there would be eight thousand Christians; in two years, sixteen thousand, three years, thirty-two thousand; four years, sixty-four thousand; five years, one hundred and twenty-eight thousand; six years, two hundred and fifty-six thousand; seven years, five hundred and twelve thousand; eight years, one million and twenty-four thousand; and in less than twenty years, every man, woman and child on the face of this globe would be converted. There is no other work like it.

Suppose that just one person here tonight should start out to do personal work and he only led one a year to Christ. But he trained each one he led to Christ to lead others to Christ and they only led one a year to Christ, but they trained those they led to Christ to lead others to Christ and they led only one a year apiece to Christ and so on, in thirty-five years every man, woman and child on the face of this globe would be converted. Oh, friends, preaching isn't in it. Singing isn't in it. There is no work that counts for God, counts for Christ, counts for Eternity, counts for Glory, like this hand to hand work. Now, you go and do it, every last one of you.

You say, "I don't know how." Then learn how. The way to learn how is by doing it. There are books on it—books are all right—wrote one myself—but that isn't the way to learn, by reading. The way to learn how to do personal work is by going ahead and doing it.

I remember when I was a boy ten years of age—I had been born and brought up in the city—and we thought we would like to live in the country, so we went to our father and we said, "Get a home in the country," and my father was rather tired of the city and said he would look around. So he bought a place out at Geneva, New York. I went out into the country a green city boy—we talk about the green country boy, but if you want the real thing in greenness you want the city boy that goes to the country. And I was that green city boy. Some of you may know that Geneva is right on Seneca lake, that magnificent sheet of water, and there we would go to swim. The other boys would jump in and I would stand on the shore and shiver. I said I was going to learn to swim, so I got a book on the art of swimming—I can remember today how that book looked. I didn't tell anybody I had it, but I read it through and I would lie down on the floor and learn to

strike out with my hands, and then learned how to strike out with my feet. I got the motion of my hands perfectly, I got the motion of my feet perfectly, and then I said I am going down to the lake and jump in and astound the natives. I did and I swam—right to the bottom. I said I shall never know how to swim, never in my life will learn how. My brother, three years older than I, was a canny fellow and he said, "Archie, if you would just lie still on the water, with your build, you would float,"—I was built a good deal as I am now, only more so. Instead of trying so hard, just lie still, and so I lay over on my back and sure enough, I bobbed up and down like a cork. Then I jumped in and instead of trying to do as the book said, to go this way and then go that way, I forgot about the book and paddled like a dog. I found I could stay on top. Then I began to move my arms and then my feet and I went about five feet. The next day I went about ten feet, and the next day, twenty feet, and then the first thing I knew I could swim all day, and now, I am just as much at home in the water as I am on land. How did I learn? I jumped in and just swam.

Men and women, that jumping in is the way; go right up to somebody and find out if they are a Christian; if not, lead them to Christ tonight.

When I was in the theological seminary, Mr. Moody came to New Haven. We had heard about this uneducated man and we theologs that had taken our A. B.'s and were about to take our B. D.'s, said let's go up and hear this man; we thought it would encourage him to have us attend his meeting. We went up, but he didn't seem to be a bit encouraged by our being there, he seemed to think we were like all the rest. But we found out that, though this man had never been through high school, never gone through the grammar school, never gone to the seminary, we found he had learned something we had never learned. He had learned how to get hold of men and lead them to Christ, and some of us put our pride in our pockets and went to him and asked him to teach us how to do it. He said, "Come around tomorrow night," and we went around and Mr. Moody came in and gave us a few texts and then he said, "Now, gentlemen, go at it," and I took his advice, I went at it, and I have been at it ever since. That did me more good than my whole theological course at Yale.

Oh, men and women, go at it! Men and women, go at it! This world is perishing. You will find lost men and women on the street, you will find them on the trolley car, you will find them on the train. You will find lost boys and girls, you will find them everywhere. Oh, let's go out of this place to go at it,

I meant to stop here, but there comes to my mind a story I think I must tell you before I stop. I have a friend—some of you know her —Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Providence, Rhode Island, a woman of culture

and refinement and position and wealth, but who has given all her influence and her efforts and a great deal of money toward securing matrons in the police stations so that when a young girl charged with wrong doing is brought in a Christian woman may meet her. Mrs. Barney went to one of the stations and was told no woman could ever handle the class of women who were brought there. Mrs. Barney replied that as it had never been tried she was not convinced and wanted to try it. "Well," said the officer, "I would like to have you try to manage Old Sal when she is arrested." Mrs. Barney said she would undertake to handle Old Sal. "If you will manage Old Sal," said the officers, "you can put a matron in the station." She said she would try and they agreed to send for her the next time Old Sal was arrested.

A few days later, one Sunday morning, there came a ring at Mrs. Barney's door and she received the message that Old Sal had been arrested. She said she would go at once and when she entered the station the sergeant sat at the desk.

"Good morning, Mrs. Barney," said he. "Do you really want to undertake this?"

There were four policemen sitting on the bench, with faces and hands scratched and bleeding and their clothes torn.

"It took those four policemen," said the sergeant, "to arrest Old Sal, and you see in what condition she left them.

"That makes no difference," said Mrs. Barney, "I can manage her."

"You still insist upon going," said the sergeant?

"Yes," replied Mrs. Barney, "but before I go will you please give me her true name."

"We call her Old Sal," said the sergeant, "and that is the only name we know. She has been arrested so many times, we have forgotten her other name."

"But," said Mrs. Barney, "look back through your records and find the name under which she was first entered."

Looking back through the records for years, they at last found the name under which she was first committed

"All right," said Mrs. Barney, "I will go now."

"Of course, you will not go alone," said the sergeant.

"Certainly, I shall go alone," replied Mrs. Barney, starting toward the cell room.

"No," said the sergeant, "we will send an officer with you."

"I do not want any officer," replied Mrs. Barney.

They indicated the cell in which she would find Old Sal, the cell door was opened and Mrs. Barney stepped inside, while they stood without, trembling for the safety of Mrs. Barney.

Back in one corner of the cell, crouched like a tiger, was an old hag, with grizzly gray hair, clothing torn and dirty, her blood-shot eyes

turned toward the door as she waited to spring upon the first policeman that should enter.

"Good morning, Mrs. G——," said Mrs. Barney, and the response was, "Oh, my God, where did you learn that name?"

"Do you remember the first time you were ever brought in here?"

"My God, don't I remember it! I laid on the floor all night and cried."

Mrs. Barney said: "Sarah, suppose there had been some kind Christian woman that night to receive you and help you, would your life have been any different?"

"It would have been so different, altogether different,"

"Sally, I am here to get them to put such a woman in the station, so that when a young girl comes here for the first time, as you did that night, she may have some one to care for her and speak kindly to her," said Mrs. Barney. "Would you like to help me do that?"

"Oh, Mum, I would do anything," said Old Sal.

"Well," said Mrs. Barney, "all you have to do is just to be good when you go to court and do just as I say, and they will let me put one here."

All this time Mrs. Barney had been moving toward the crouching woman and now she was kneeling beside her, gathering her torn garments together and taking pins out of her own clothing to fasten them as best she could. Then she gathered the grizzly hair into a knot and taking pins from her own hair fastened it in place. Then, when she had her as presentable as possible, they arose and she said:

"Shall I go in on your arm, or will you go in on mine?"

The great, brawny woman of crime, and the delicate, refined, gentlewoman faced each other, and Old Sal replied:

"I guess I am bigger than you; you better take my arm," and together they walked into court, the gentle Mrs. Barney leaning on th arm of Old Sal, who stood before the judge meek as a lamb. The officers were astonished. She forgot herself once and swore at the judge, but she immediately recollected and begged his pardon. Mrs. Barney succeeded in having a matron provided for the jail. But best of all Old Sal got her feet on the Rock of Ages and today Old Sal is up yonder in glory.

I tell you men and women of Winona, it is a great thing to come here year after year and hear these men expound the Word of God, but that great privilege has a responsibility attached to it. God is going to hold you responsible for what you have heard here unless you go out and use it. You sang tonight that you had glory in your own soul, but go out and help some other soul to find glory. There are

thousands and tens of thousands in our cities, and in our villages, yes, all over this land that have hell in their souls instead of glory. If you and I have glory in our souls then we must help them to get glory in their souls. If you and I have glory in our souls, let's go and share that glory with the man and woman who haven't it.

DIVINE SONSHIP

By REV. W. G. MOOREHEAD, D, D., Xenia, Ohio.

We are to study together for a little while one phase, and I think a prominent one, of the First Epistle of John, and we will start with a verse that seems to contain the main scope of this inspired writing, the fifth chapter of First John and thirteenth verse: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God."

The phrase, "These things have I written unto you," must not be confined to the immediate context, nor any single portion of the epistle, for undoubtedly it embraces the entire writing and accordingly the statement which John here makes is that he has written this letter with one supreme aim, namely, that those "who believe on the name of the Son of God may know they have eternal life," may be sure that they are saved and in a safe condition.

There is a connection, almost verbal, between the statement here made at the close of this letter and what he says also at the close almost of his Gospel; in the twentieth chapter, thirty-first verse we have this verse: "But these things are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name."

The purpose of John's Gospel, therefore, is, according to its penman's statement that Jesus is so presented to us that we may receive Him and believe on Him as the Christ, the Son of God, and this to the end that we may have eternal life. The object is to put us into possession of eternal life. The object of the epistle is to bring us to know surely that we who believe on the name of the Son of God have life and are already saved and named and anointed for eternal glory.

The two things are not identical. To have a thing, and to know that one has it are not always the same. One's name may be in a will as heir to a rich inheritance and he be ignorant of that fact. One may have a profound admiration and affection for another, and not at all be assured that his affection and his regarde is reciprocated by that other. There are many devout Christians, saved men and women, who have never had in their lives any assurance of salvation

at all. There are those that doubt, who almost count it a virtue to doubt, all the way through.

One of the earliest recollections I have as a young minister was the testimony rendered by an aged sainted woman, sainted before she died, to this effect: "Yes, William, you may talk about having salvation already, but it would never do for a sinner like me to say that I am a saved woman and already in the family of God. That would be presumption."

Now, John had an idea altogether different from that. He says, "These things," this letter, "have I written unto you who believe on the name of the Son of God that ye may know that ye have eternal life." Everything, nearly, in the epistle bears on that great theme. It falls into four parts.

Part I, i:1-4. This is the little introduction. It is followed by Part II, i:5—ii:28, that is opened to us in a marvelous way, that I venture to name, Fellowship with God, its nature, its requirements, its maintenance, its restoration when it has been interrupted, and its blessing. And Part III, ii:29—v:12; namely, Sonship—to demonstrate to us sonship in God's family, its origin, its blessedness, the marks that belong to a child of God, and the destiny that awaits him. Part IV, v:13-21, conclusion.

Now, coming back for a moment to the introduction, the first four verses of the chapter. Notice that the apostle is very careful to state that he and his fellow apostles were eye witnesses of all they write; they saw the Lord Jesus, they conversed with Him, they heard Him, they even handled Him, they were perfectly persuaded that the life eternal from God was now manifested in the person of Jesus Christ, a man living on this earth. And you notice that he uses three expressions about three of the most trustworthy of our senses to give us the assurance that there can be no mistake and no uncertainty as to the testimony. This he says: "We heard him, we saw him, we handled him." There is one writer I remember that says there is a kind of climax in these three words. They increase in power and in certainty as they go on; seeing is a little more than hearing; touching is still more than either hearing or seeing. It is a remarkable fact that children invariably, older people oftentimes, when they seek to verify a thing want to handle it, to touch it, put their hands on it, turn it round and round before their eyes, and listen to it, if it have any sound. The touch is the climax of the testimony of our senses. Now, he says we heard Him; we saw Him; we handled him with our hands. This very apostle leaned on His bosom at the Supper, and accordingly, he says "I write all this unto you that ye may have fellowship with us, with the eye witnesses, and that your joy may be filled full, of course, in the sense of being sure of personal salvation.

Now, let us go to some of the marks, the signs and evidences here given us that we actually belong to the family of God. And the first one is in the first chapter and the seventh verse, where we read, "But if we walk in the Light as He is in the Light we have fellowship one with another," fellowship first with God, then fellowship also with all believers, one another. But, what is it to walk in the light?

John, more than any other of the New Testament penmen, gives three titles to God that I think have never been adequately explained, never can be. Only eternity will unfold their full significance. In his Gospel in the fourth chapter you remember Jesus said to the woman of Samaria, "God is a Spirit." (King James' version.) In First John, this seventh verse of the first chapter God is said to be Light. "And in Him" (now mark the language for I give a literal translation of it) "darkness there is not at all," absolutely light. In the fourth chapter, three times he declares "God is Love."

Now, all these three great titles, Spirit, Light, Love, in the language in which John wrote, do not have any article, either definite or indefinite, and I think Plummer is exactly right when he says, "Let us not attach any article to the three words at all and write it after this fashion: 'God is Spirit,' 'God is Light,' 'God is Love.' He is Spirit in His Essence. He is Light in His character, immaculate, separate forever from all darkness."

Brethren, did you ever think that Light is the only thing of which we have any knowledge that is absolutely immaculate? It never can be tainted or polluted. Everything else with which we are connected in this planet, the air, the earth, water, ourselves, can be stained and tainted. Light can pass through the most defiling medium and remain untouched.

And then I think it is very strange that he should say that God is Love. Now, that isn't exactly an attribute of God. You clergymen will differ, perhaps, somewhat from the statements that are just to be made now, but I think I can prove it, at least satisfactorily to my own mind.

"God is Love"—Love is not an attribute nor an adjective. We read in the Scripture that God is righteous. That is an adjective. But you never once read in the Word that God is righteousness, the noun. We read also that He is powerful, the Almighty; but you never find this expression in the Bible, God is Power. But John says that He is Love, not only loving, but actually Love, the very embodiment of Love. He is altogether Love. Love is of His very Essence.

Now, let us come back with this description, as we may say almost a definition of what God in His nature is to the statement with which we started, "If we walk in the Light as He is in the Light."

Here we have one great mark that we belong to Him, that we have a mind like His in some measure; that we live in intelligence, in knowledge, in devotion, in character likewise, to the realm where He dwells, the Realm of Light. To walk, of course, means daily life, not only conduct, external behavior and demeanor, but far deeper than that, the mind and the spirit attuned to the will of God. The entire being living, spending the days with God. You will get the idea exactly in what is told us in Scripture about Enoch of old. In Genesis it is said Enoch walked with God. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, Enoch pleased God by his faith. Paul brings the two matters together thus: "Now ye ought to walk and to please God."

Now, here is the test. Who is our companion, special companion? who is our comrade? With whom do we live? With whom do we strive to walk? Do we remember when Peter and John were released from prison, the record in Acts tells us they "went to their own company." They were in Jerusalem. There were many people living there who no doubt were far more agreeable to these two men who had real natural talent, I doubt not, and something of genius, each of them, and one of them was a seer, a man able to see things, John. Why didn't they go to some of the scholars in Jerusalem? Some of the learned rabbis or Pharasees of the better quality? Why didn't they associate with them?

They could not do it. They did not belong to that company, and so when they were let loose they went to their own flock, like seeking like. They could live with them, and rejoice with them, and labor with them, and suffer with them, and go to glory with them. They could not live with anybody else.

Now, remember this test. I think it will be somewhat conclusive to us all. In what company do we take delight? In God's? In the Bible the saints, "saints," yes, I like that word. From a certain class of teachers of long ago that word saint became associated with dead believers. Did you ever notice, you ministers of the Gospel, and Bible readers, that only in one instance in the entire New Testament is the word saint applied to those that are dead, invariably it is the title given to living believers?

My brethren, let me ask you, do you live and walk, first in the light where God is, and then in the fellowship of the saints? If you do you have got John's first mark of being a saved man. And take the comfort of it.

Now, let us go to the second. It is this: the believer's behavior with reference to sin. What does he do with it in his own case? First chapter at the eighth verse: "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the Truth is not in us." I want you to notice this language just for a moment somewhat particularly. He does not

use exactly a verb here. "If we say that we have not sin"—that is not exactly it—"if we say we have no sin," if we believe we have reached a point where we have been delivered from all sin, from the very being of sin, we deceive ourselves, for the thing is in us. We are not in it, if we are believers, but it, in some measure, is in us, undoubtedly. Now, says John, if we say that we deceive ourselves. We do not deceive God and we do not deceive those who know us well either. We only deceive ourselves.

One of the experiences that happened to me years ago was this: a good brother kept insisting again and again in private conversation: "I have reached this point. I have no motion of sin in me, it is all gone." "Is it so? You are a happy man certainly." "Yes, I am." A few days later I was passing along his street and he had the carriage out in front of his house, getting ready to go somewhere, and I remember I was on the way to visit a sick person. I noticed that his horse was recalcitrant, it wouldn't go forward. He had no whip and he brought the lines down on the animal's back with as much force as he could and instead of going forward it went backward. And his wife and daughter who were in the rear seat sprang out on the pavement.

When I reached him he was holding the reins, looking at the animal grimly. It occurred to me, "Here we are, Balaam; if I only had a sword now I would take your head off!"

And so I said, "Brother So-and-So, you seem to be having some trouble with hour horse." He glanced at me and didn't venture to speak, in the entire interview he never ventured to speak a word; that was patience in one sense and it was also care lest he should say what was not becoming. I took the animal by the head and after awhile got it out into the street and fortunately for all, it went forward.

Now, that man was so mad, absolutely so furious, that he was red as far as the flesh could be seen of his face and his neck. He never said to me afterwards, "The sin in me is out." He had discovered it was still in him. You may deceive yourself. You cannot deceive others. They always detect it.

Granting that, what is the believer's attitude towards sin? Are we under it, under its dominion? No, that would not be Scriptural. There is a way of getting rid of it and its evil consequences. John adds, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Faithful, to the promise that He would forgive it. Righteous, because when the condition of confession is fulfilled He will fulfill likewise His pledge of forgiveness. But He always goes beyond even that, He will cleanse us

of all predisposition to practice the sin that we have confessed, and He has pardoned.

Now then, the attitude of a child of God, toward sin is this: that he will acknowledge it is in him, He will not slur it over nor treat it with indifference. He will make confession of it, honest and true-hearted confession, and God meets him with the plenitude of His forgiveness and of His cleansing power.

And so there is introduced here, first, the cleansing power in this immediate connection of the blood of Christ, the blood of Jesus Christ. His Son, cleanses us, keeps cleansing us (present tense) from all sin. Then the intercession of Christ as our Advocate who keeps us in constant fellowship with the living God is assured us.

Now, brethren, that is another test of our sonship, confession, honest acknowledgment of failure and wrong-doing. I think that you may safely assert that no unbeliever ever makes honest acknoledgment of his sin until the Spirit and Grace of God are working in his heart. Only a child of God honestly confesses. You see it in Daniel. You see it in David. You see it in Peter. You see it in one and another both in the Old and in the New Testament. Confession, that is the test. Sometimes it is necessary to make the confession to a fellow-believer, always to God, and every child of God sooner or later makes that confession, the acknowledgment of his failures and of his transgressions.

Let us go to the third one. That I can only name and pass on to a fourth that I want to get to very much indeed if we have the time. The third mark is found in chapter second of the Epistle and third verse. "And hereby we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments." Now, that is remarkable language. "We know that we know Him if we keep His commandments."

What is meant by commandments here? Law of Moses? John never once uses the word commandment to denote the law of Moses, not in a single instance, I think, in any of his writings. When he means the law of Moses, he invariably speaks of it as such. But here you get the exact sense, I think, of this word, in the fifth verse of this second chapter where we read: "But whoso keepeth His word in him verily is the love of God perfected: hereby know we that we are in Him." "Commandments," therefore, here especially, mean the words of our Lord Jesus Christ and His inspired apostles. We are not legalists in the sense as believers that we are put under the law as Israel was under the law, though I am old-fashioned enough to believe still and hold fast and teach it whenever I have the opportunity, that the law even of Moses is a rule of life according to which all believers ought to live and ought to walk. But what John means is especially the

words and teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. And so Jesus says that "Whoso keepeth my commandments, the Father will love him, and I will love him and we will come unto him and make our abode with him."

To keep the commandments of Christ, therefore, is to know that we love the Christ; that we are in fellowship with both; that we belong to Him, and are in the same family with Him. I think, my brethren, there is something very suggestive in this word "keep." "We know that we know Him savingly if we 'keep' his commandments." That doesn't mean a slavish keeping of the commandments of Christ, but a cherishing of them, observing them, studying them, as the peculiar word that He uses means, a comprehensive term. Living in them, living by them, and feeding the heart with them.

Here is a parallel passage, I think, in the one hundred nineteenth Psalm, eleventh verse thereof: "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee." For, keeping the commandments of Christ has its reflex action upon the soul of the believer. It keeps him as well as he keeps it. Do you see?

Let me illustrate somewhat this keeping of the Word and its power to keep us. Naturalists tell us that there is a little insect, belonging, I think, to the family of the spiders, that has this peculiar organism: its body is surrounded by a membrane that has the power of expansion and when it wishes, the little creature can fill the envelope that surrounds his body with atmospheric air. And so clothed upon he will go out on a stagnant pool and will drop himself down to the bottom. If the water be clear enough you can see the little diver moving about at leisure and gathering his food. And when he has a sufficiency he will come to the surface and shore. We are told we might take the little creature and examine it even with a lens and with the exception of a tiny bit of dampness on the toes you could not discover from its body where it has been. It has been kept by that which surrounds him and is within his membrane.

"Thy Word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee." The keeping power of the commandment of Christ on the one side and on the other our ability also to keep that command. Do you see? Well, that exalts the Word in its victories for us to a lofty place. Did you ever know of a wicked person, an unconvicted man or woman to make use of the Bible in that fashion? Applying it day by day? Using it for guidance, protection and growth in holiness.

Pardon me if I give another instance of personal experience. I was trying to talk once a good many years ago at Lakeside, in northern Ohio, and I noticed a mother and daughter taking notes, the daughter wearing the regalia of the Salvation Army. The young lady told me that she and her companions of the Army were working at

Cleveland and usually went about midnight out among the very worst of the slums, the docks, and I asked her, "Are you not afraid?" And she answered "No." "Are you never disturbed in your work?" "Never; we have never been insulted." How do you manage it," was the question, and this was the striking answer: "We take a passage of the Word of God; before we leave our place we recite it to one another. We pray over it. We hide it in our hearts, and then we go out and we have never been disturbed."

That is an evidence, don't you see, of being a child of God? "We know that we know Him in our deepest consciousness, in our truest selves, when we obey Him and walk in the light as He is in the light.

Now, briefly, I can only give you one more, but it is a very precious one and throws, I think, more light on the theme of this hour than almost any other. First John, third chapter, beginning with the first verse: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God." The revised versions, English and American, and all the later critical texts add a little phrase that I think undoubtedly ought to be here. Let me read it again: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the children of God, and we are. Therefore, the world knoweth us not because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are we the children of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear we shall be like Him for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope set on Him purifieth himself even as He is pure."

Here is the great doctrine of sonship in God's family. The origin of it is the love of God toward us. John speaks of the quality of that love and its quantity. I think we have made a mistake often in exalting the magnitude of God's love towards us, while we forget in some measure its quality, its character. "Behold what kind of love God hath given us that we should be called the children of God." It is His love that makes us children—love, in spite of our unworthiness, our sins; so great, so precious that it even makes the children of God!

You will remember how John brings it out in the first chapter of his Gospel where he tells us that they are born, these children, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. Not by blood, not by descent, not by lineage, not by reason of a godly ancestry, are we born into His family.

Now, let us say frankly that the greatest boon that can come to a child is to be born in a Christian home and be reared under Christian tutelage. Some of us will rejoice indeed for a praying father and a praying mother, especially, a praying mother. But after all that doesn't insure introduction into the family of God, birth into the heavenly household.

You remember that in the early history of our country one name stands out prominent for infamy and treachery, that of Aaron Burr. And yet Aaron Burr had in the line of his descent seven ministers of the Gospel and his grandfather was no less a personage than Jonathan Edwards. And out of such a heritage as that sprang the murderer of Alexander Hamilton. And you and I have seen children reared by Christian parents that broke through the encompassing education they had received and plunged into deeper wickedness by the impulse required to break the bonds of early training. Not by blood do we enter the family of God, nor by the will of the flesh; not by taking stiff hold on my nature and trying to make myself better and trying to reform myself do I become a child of God. Nor by the influence of another upon me, by the will of man, no indeed. The one hundred thousand and more ministers on our continent cannot introduce one human being into the family of God. All the preachers from the "Golden-mouth" Chrisostom down to the prince of preachers of the nineteenth century, Charles Spurgeon, every one of them in that long line could not produce one solitary child of God.

John adds, "We are born of God." Now, my brethren, any one that has this birth knows in the central deeps of his being that he is actually a child of God. He cannot always prove it. He can only say I know that I know. Well, our fathers used to say, old-fashioned fathers, known as Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, this, that in saving faith there is a self-evidencing quality. It always carries with it more or less of assurance. And so we get it here, "They are born of God," and being born of Him they have the testimony in themselves that are His children.

Let me read you the real translation, as I think, of the first verse of the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, where we have a kind of definition of faith: "Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen." That faith always brings its own testimony within itself, and by it we come to know that we are really the children of God.

But, moreover, the destiny of these children is of moment. Now, the destiny of these children, "It does not yet appear what we shall be." No, indeed, all the sons of God travel incognito. They wear the earthly disguise. There is no external evidence of their being the children of God. They have the same infirmities of body that others have. They show in their faces that they are not different from other people. Some of them are fine looking, and some of them are not. Some of them are thin and attenuated, and some of them are rotund. "It does not yet appear what we shall be." Do you suppose for a moment that one of us here is now a child of God from our appearance? You could not infer it for a moment. One of the finest looking men

that I ever saw, I think, in some respects, was an arrogant, vain and profane worldling who lived in the city of Florence, Italy, and who drove his four-in-hand with a swagger that was unapproachable by an Italian. He was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, but that was all—a beautiful animal. "It does not yet appear what we shall be." No, indeed.

But what is to become of these children? John adds, "When He shall appear we shall be like Him for we shall see Him as He is." His appearing will transfigure us into His own likeness and glory. Listen to a great text from Philippians, third chapter and twentieth verse: "For our citizenship is in heaven; whence also we look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change the body of our humiliation that it may be conformed unto His body of glory," and so we shall be like Him forever. Do these children look like it now? None of them. Is that any reason why we should doubt that they are the children of God?

Once there traveled across this northern continent of our hemisphere the heir to the crown of the Russias; in the ordinary railway train with nothing to distinguish him from other travelers this prince went across our country. But there came a time when he was crowned in the old Kremlin at Moscow and it is told by the historian who wrote about it, that when he came out after being crowned, at the great portal the nobles of Russia dropped upon their knees and in their peculiar way, smiting their hands together, cried out: "Oh, the Czar; the world Czar! who is comparable to our Czar!"

The distance between what he was when he traveled in ordinary clothes on the ordinary train here and his coronation yonder is not so vast as the distance between what we children of God now are and "what we shall be when we shall see Him as He is."

One word more: Do you doubt about the redemption of the body and the resurrection of the body? I have cherished the hope for many years that possibly He might return while I am living, but whether that be true or not, this I do know: that if I am a child in His family unquestionably I shall be raised up and made like to Him.

Is that impossible? Well, now, listen to an illustration, will you? You know near Venice, in northern Italy, there is a little town called Murano, where the finest glassware, a few centuries ago, was made in all the world. And this story is told about the invention of one particular quality of the glass made there. There sat on the white sea sand near Murano one afternoon an Italian artist, an artist in glass. He was playing with the sand in his hands, pouring it from one hand to the other and gazing upon the glittering particles of the sand as they passed through his fingers, and the flashes of light that sparkled from them. As he looked and thought, he said to himself, "Couldn't

a better quality of glass than we have be made out of this fine sand?" And starting with that idea he gathered sand and experimented and experimented until he invented a quality of glass the equal of which had never been seen in Europe before. It is even questionable whether it has ever been equalled since.

If an Italian artist out of the sand on the Adriatic beach could make glassware of that quality, I ask you believers, you children of God here, cannot God take our dust that has moldered into its kindred dust in the grave and build it up into resurrection bodies that will shine, and glitter, and blaze with the splendor of the body of Christ's glory Himself? Can He not? Do you remember what Jesus said to the unbelieving Sadducees, unbelieving with reference to the resurrection? This, namely: "You do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God."

I want to ask you this solemn question, as I close, men and women, children of God! This is my question: Do you believe God? Or do you believe Charles Darwin and Thomas Huxley? Or, that greatest of all living materialists, of Germany, Ernst Haeckel, who says: We are only animals, we are nothing but animals. When we die we shall die like the brutes?" I ask you: Do you believe God? Will you answer? Say yes, will you?

The Holy Spirit and a Witnessing Church

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The pathetic fact must be confessed that the church of Christ is not a witnessing church in anything like an adequate sense. I have had occasion in the presence of some of you to report that pitiful record, which, however, must be mentioned here again in order that we may use it as a point of view in explaining what I have to say. Do you know that the record for many years shows that the average number of additions to the church of Christ in America—the present average—is seven per cent? That is to say, for every one hundred ministers and officers of the church and members in the church of Jesus Christ, there are only seven people brought to Jesus Christ in a year, and when you have taken out of that seven, children who have come up naturally in the church of Christ, there are those who will say you must take off four of the seven. So the best possible showing we have today for the church of Jesus Christ in America, is for every one hundred ministers, officers and members of the church in this land, there are only four people won to Christ out of the world in a year. What do you think of the record? What is the explanation of it? Well, there is one great explanation under all of the rest, and that is, there is no burden for souls. Thousands and millions in our land and in other lands die for the lack of Jesus Christ—die eternally because they do not know of Jesus Christ. And there are thousands and millions who call themselves followers of Christ and believers in Him, who never lose a minute's sleep about it, who never would dream of making the styles, that is, of their Sunday dinners, what they were last year. There is no great burden of souls upon the church of Jesus Christ. The difficulty with the church is, that it has been satisfied to be evangelical merely. The evangelical church has its place and opens its doors and preaches its gospel for people to come and hear merely, and if they do not come, still nobody loses any sleep over it. That is not enough. The Lord Jesus Christ said that is not enough. He said, when you get everything ready and come and give your invitation, there will be a great many people who will not come, and then, He said, you must do something more than that. The church of Jesus Christ must finally be evangelistic. The evangelistic church is the church that not only brings Christ to men, but it brings men to Christ.

Andrew took Christ to Peter, but did not stop there. He also brought Peter to Christ.

The requirement for following the leadership of the spirit of Christ, will have in it, first of all, a great concern for souls. I do not intend today to take the time that I am to occupy in specifying instances that certain ones have heard, and that bring the blush of shame to one's cheeks; instances of unconcern of which we know, that have been apparent here and there, where men have passed brothers and sisters hungry for Christ, and they ignored them. They shirk and dodge the opportunities that God places right in their way to say a word for Jesus Christ to those hungry souls. I want to say a word to the ministers and Sunday School teachers here today. If you will turn over to Paul's letter to the Ephesians, fourth chapter, 11th and 12th verses, you will find he says that God gave apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. That is not what the Holy Spirit said. It should be read this way: God gave all these leaders of the church for the perfecting of the saints unto the work of ministering unto the building up of the body of Christ. That is to say, the only way you can build up the body of Christ is by training members of the church to do Christian service. This is what God says, that His church shall be built up by this task, by the faith of the leadership that trains the members of the church to do Christian service. The church is a dreadfully lopsided thing. There is so much dead wood on one side of it; so many names on the church rolls that are just names. And if God is teaching us by way of something concerning stepping-stones in the pathway to power, surely in these days He is teaching us some wonderful things by way of that same route. If you will go with me to Korea, you will find there the most remarkable history in all the record of modern missions in the last two centuries. Only twenty-two years have the missionaries of Christ been in Korea, and yet in no other land in that same length of time has there been such multitudes brought to Jesus Christ, and in no other land have they come so nearly to self-support. What is the explanation of it? Well, one great explanation of it is this, that when the missionaries first went to Korea, they decided to make a rule. It was a golden rule and they preached it: that when anybody came and confessed to a belief in Jesus Christ, before he could be received into full communion in the church, he must first go and bring somebody else. How would that work in America? How many pastors here today would have the same nerve to go to him and say, "We want you to become a member of our church, but you must first bring somebody else?" I remember how we talked about their church memberhsip. The missionaries over there said two things about it. First, they said, they wanted to take

into the church only those who are truly believers in Jesus Christ. If they are true believers in Christ, then they won't be out very long, but on the other hand, they said, "We are guarding against a great danger, for we learn there is a great danger in a Christian movement in this country where the people are not ready. They have not appreciated yet what it means, and we are guarding against that greater danger; and we feel quite sure that in the membership we do get, there will be a quality in it that will be really worth while, and we have determined and set our hearts upon it, and we are confident, as it works out well, of realizing this, that there will be witnesses in the church of Korea." And, at first, the members did come slowly, but afterwards they came more rapidly and still more rapidly, and today the way they are coming stirs the heart of man with unspeakable joy and thanksgiving to God. I preached in a church, the capacity of which had been doubled during the previous year, and the Koreans paid every dollar of the expenses; and that afternoon I preached to an audience of men packed to the pulpit, and later, to a crowded church of women.

Up at Seoul, Wednesday night, I spoke in the Central Christian church there to about a thousand men; and in the afternoon of the Sabbath day, there was a great crowd gathered on the hillside of almost three thousand souls and coming to a church that would accommodate twelve hundred. At every one of the meetings held there the church was crowded to the windows, and they were planning to increase its capacity. They have these people brought together in a great convention. For a week they will bring them together, and there, in the morning and afternoon and evening they train these people in the plain, essential things of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, in order that they may be merged into an intelligent fellowship with their Lord, and in order that they may be intelligent and skillful and effective witnesses for Christ. And then, at the end of this conference that lasted a week, they had their great subscriptions, and those subscriptions included the time these people pledged to give during the coming year—the time they will give to go out into the villages of Korea. And some of them would subscribe a week to be taken a day or a few days at a time, or two weeks, as they were able to be ready, or a month or two months. One man in Pyeng subscribed three months out of the year—an elderly business man, planning to give the time out of his business and paying all of his own expenses. That is the great subscription plan at every one of those places in Korea. The missionaries now have no time for evangelism. And every Korean, the moment you talk to him about church membership, understands that church membership means soul-winning. Every Korean understands that he gives himself to trying to bring somebody else to the

church of Christ. There you will find a Christian church, the like of which does not exist anywhere else on the globe. And, as against our work in which we have all of the blessings of Christianity poured into our church—against our pitiful seven per cent, there was not in all of the stations in Korea, fewer reported than 57 per cent gain, and many reported 100 per cent gain. There was one church in the Shangtung district—that of the Baptists—that kept back more than that number who were eager to come, but not, it may be, just ready yet. They are not sweeping them in wholesale; oh, no. Remember the test I have talked about.

You want to know the kind of stuff of which they are made? Near the city of Seoul, there is a little village. One day a missionary came. He had been drawn into one of those meetings, had heard of Christ, had given his heart to Christ and had come back to tell them about Christ. And two or three others had become interested. He had two or three letters that he wanted them to study. And they wanted him to build a preaching station in his town, and they wanted it very much. They were very, very hungry for it, and they said, "We will make you a preaching station;" and they began to save the money to build a chapel. And while doing that, they discovered the most valuable lot in the village was for sale, and the women rose up and said, "We will buy the lot." The women said, "You can buy it. It will cost sixty yen—thirty dollars gold. We will put thirty dollars gold in your little church." Oh, if you could go into their little huts and see there half a dozen pencils drawing their lines between their wants and their needs, there would not be any more difficulty about solving the problem of winning the world to Jesus Christ The women said, "We will do it." And they brought their little moneys, and they brought their jewels, and some of them little parts of cooking utensils out of their kitchens. That is the kind of stuff they are made of.

Down in the Philippines, in the island of Cebu, there is a man by the name of Johnson. Back in those mountain parts of the island of Cebu, you have heard of those Polynesians, those men who were not conciliated, and the constabulary had a great time trying to maintain the safety of life and property. And Johnson met one of those mountaineers and told him of Jesus Christ, and the mountaineer said to him:

"Come up into our mountains and tell our people about it." And the constabulary said:

"You cannot go; your life would be in danger."

When he insisted on going, they said:

"You must go armed;" but he went unarmed.

In a few weeks he marched 106 men down to Cebu, and they all signed the oath of allegiance and joined the little church. And then

he went back, and, by and by, returned with another squad of those men who likewise took the oath of allegiance, and then they joined the church and gave their allegiance to Jesus Christ. And the Sunday before I visited Cebu, the most of those mountain men had been down to that little city and had taken the oath of allegiance, had come into the church of Jesus Christ, and the constabulary spoke up like men and said that they wanted the missionary because of what God had enabled him to do—he had done more than all the constabulary could do. That man reported two hundred per cent gain on an average for that year, against your seven, if you have an average of seven.

I want to lay upon your hearts the idea that the things that expand the soul are self sacrifice, the sacrificing of pleasures, the sacrificing of thoughts of self and the desires of life that are for self. Dr. Dawson referred to China, about the kind of people in China who are becoming followers of Jesus Christ. Why, when I was in Hongkong—the Chinese pastor of the Chinese church there receives a salary of fifteen dollars, Mexican, that is, seven dollars and a half, gold, that is to say, less than one hundred dollars a year, serving along on that inadequate salary. While I was there, he was offered a position by the Chinese government at a compensation of just three times more than his salary as pastor. He declined, even before he had let us know anything about it. He was also offered a connection with a silk house, if he would accept the position, and he would have all of the joys and attractions of visiting the silk house, and his family in his absence would receive three times the salary he was receiving as a pastor, but he declined it before he reported it to the church. This man had said:

"China must have Christ, and while we may starve, China must have Christ."

You should talk about rushing Christians through in America, instead of in China. I met a young Chinese pastor of whom I was told this: His wife was very anxious that he should have a bigger salary, and influence was brought to bear and a place was made for this man, and he was offered the place at just ten times his salary. And when they brought it to him with their special pleas of what a splendid thing it would be to him, he listened until they got through, and then said:

"I read in the Gospel that Matthew left a position in the customs to become a minister of Jesus Christ. Do you think he would have gone back to his position in the customs to get more money for this world's goods? and do you suppose that I, as a minister, would turn back to a place in the customs for a larger salary? I will die and starve first." And that was the end of it.

Oh, men and women, they put us to shame there; they challenge us there, and the world is challenging us there. There are conditions that would break your hearts; inadequately kept stations, men and women pleading in almost every island in the East for teachers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Do you know what we need is the spirit, the new spirit of the soldiery of Christ. We forget it. We forget that we are in the midst of a great big battle. Yonder on the plains of Manchuria, a few years ago, was the army of Russia. I do not want to be unfair to the army of Russia, but I heard from the lips of Russian officers the very thing I am telling you. There they were, in the uniforms of their country, under their country's flag, but, at times, abandoning their discipline, they would go off into revels and dissipation, and, of course, to inevitable defeat. Last December, at Canton, I took dinner one evening with Captain Bush, the captain of one of our battleships, and he had been the American delegated to come as every nation had sent one of their ships to China. And Captain Bush told us that night how, as they went over those great historic places, the Japanese official pointed out this place and that place and told them of the army movements when they were taken, and then, at last, they came to that 203-Meter hill, and, as Captain Bush looked at it, he said:

"How did you ever take that? I don't wonder that the Russians said that never could be taken."

And he said this Japanese official stopped; he took off his cap, and there was a touch of reverence that came into his voice as he said:

"Captain, we took it by climbing upon the dead bodies of Japanese soldiers who obeyed orders."

That thing would lead the world to Christ in a generation. That is what explains the Japanese victory. Some of you remember how it was in the days of the sixties. In the first call for a hundred thousand, the call did not seem so hard, but there was a second and a third call for a hundred thousand more, and the call was in the South for those, as well as in the North. And the day came when the men said to their families:

"We are willing to go, but if we go, you will suffer for the necessities of life."

And the women said:

"We may suffer, we will suffer, but you must go. You must go, as it is a great cause."

And the women buckled the belts and the swords on the fathers, husbands, brothers and sons; and that kind of a determination among the men and the women explains the spirit that made the struggle so intense, that made victory possible at last. O men and women, isn't

it true that back of this unconcern for souls, this complacent enjoyment of the selfish things, we evade this thing of carrying the burden of the dying world? Isn't it true that at times each of us evades praying to our God to let us into a place where the new era of self-denial has been taken up by the church and where the men and women of this age will remember that we are in the midst of a battle? It is no time for dress parade. The enemy! The enemy! The awful enemy, with the fatal indulgence of dissipation, is dragging down to an endless death millions today! And you and I who call ourselves soldiers of Jesus Christ, who have put on the armor and the uniform of Christ, and who pretend to be marching under that flag, and who say whom we are and whom we serve, we are not living the life of Christian soldiers, are we? But we must—we must! We must set our hearts upon it, that by the grace of our God we will be true to Jesus Christ. Do you know that the thing that preys upon me is, that He wants something like this of us: He not only wants us to be certain that we can trust Him—there are so many who have never found what that means; He wants us to know that, that we can be certain that we can trust Him—and, do you know that I believe with all my heart, that He also wants us to come to the place where He will be certain that He can trust us? Is that too high? Is that too great a thing to say in the consciousness of our unworthiness and our weaknesses and our sins? Why, I once heard a man say to a fellow man who was going into the fire and his friend, in my presence, put his hand on his shoulder—this was in the city of Chicago—and he said:

"O man, you have some hard deeds ahead of you, but I want you to know you can count on me through it all." And he was certain of the man when he said it.

The man knew he would do the deeds, and his friend knew it. That was magnificent, wasn't it? Do you know that there was once a time when our God said it about a man: "I know that I can trust him." God said it about Abraham once. I do not know of another one. Oh, it seems to me that there is nothing that thrills so much as that great title that is given to Him as He comes again: The Faithful and the True. It is because of that about Him that there is any light before your feet today. But oh, men and women, one reason that God planned to give the Gospel to the world through the witnessing of men and women was, that the men and women as witnesses for Christ may give out something of the Christlike character in the business of witnesses. Surely, that was one great reason. Not simply that men might sit still and have it told to them, but that men were to act in His stead. Not that "I am the light of the world," but He said, "You are the light of the world." That is the thing that is intended to be waiting for; that the people who take His name may develop some-

thing like the Christian character. You remember the story of Alexander and his physician, his dearest friend. One day a letter was written to him:

"Tomorrow, when your friend, the physician, comes and brings you a potion, don't take it."

You know the story; how the next day, when his friend came, the king took the letter and held it open in his left hand, and with his right hand he reached out and took the draught; and then he remained still and showed him the letter. Oh, thus he could trust him! If we are not true, we are traitors. It is a hard thing to think about, isn't it? But it is true. If we are not true, we are traitors. And that is the thought that pushes itself down upon my heart and conscience day after day. Don't be a traitor to yourselves. And there are so many who are traitors just because they are silent. He said to you: "Come with me outside the walls where I was climbing the hill of Golgotha." You know that we have tried in vain to picture the rabble that led to that unspeakable crucifixion, and you know that through the darkness there came from His lips: "I thirst." I am sure that you will agree with me that we never can put an adequate appreciation into that cry of the thirsting Christ, except as we realize that it expressed somewhat His great unspeakable yearning for the salvation of the souls for which He was nailed to that cross. That same Christ, from the same cross, is crying now: "I thirst." And He will tell us one day, "I was thirsty and you gave me no drink," and He says we will be surprised. And we say, "When, Lord?" And He will say, "In the United States of America, in 1907, in Indiana, in Ohio, in Illinois. In 1907, I was thirsty and you gave me no drink." And He cries it here and in every island of the sea and in the darkness of Asia.

Laymen's Missionary Movement

By REV. J. CAMPBELL WHITE, Secretary, New York City

There is only one supreme and overshadowing problem in the world. It is to make the knowledge and sway of Christ universal in human life. Jesus himself lived as if this were the only problem needing solution. In His day, as well as in ours, there was the problem needing solution. In His day, as well as in ours, there was the problem of capital and labor; the problem of the rich and poor; the problems of work and slavery; and every other subdivision of the one gigantic problem of human selfishness and sin, but, instead of treating symptoms, He treated the disease. He always went to the heart of every problem, and He asks us to do the same thing with our lives that He did with His when He says to us: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." When the disciples came to Him and asked Him what should be the sign of His coming and be the language of the world, He answered, no language that even the children ought not to misunderstand or misinterpret. This gospel of the coming, He said, must be preached throughout all of the world for the testimony unto all of the nations. And then? Shall the end come? The only great cold truth which all history proves and upon which all the universe waits, is the church witnessing the Christ around the world. The only restless force in this world is the Christian church. Through it omnipotent energy is meant to be realized. When it fulfills the conditions necessary to generate spiritual power, victory will come to it as thoroughly and as swiftly as the very character of God. Financial power, political power, social power, and all the other forces of power are but insignificant atoms of energy in comparison with the omnipotence of God that is to be obtained through the church for the righting of every human wrong. I have no particular consideration for any organization in the world apart from the Christian church. All of them are temporary, and all will pass away that it alone may abide; and the organization which I am speaking about this afternoon, I have no particular interest or enthusiasm for, except as it is an agency in the accomplishment of the great purpose of Jesus Christ through His church. I do not believe that any of these organizations would be undertaken if the church were what she ought to be. I believe that one reason why they seem so necessary is the fact that the church is split up into

so many different organizations that it seems impossible to act as a unit in a comprehensive way, unless there is some agency coming in to help us as a unit; and, has it ever occurred to you that the missionary impulse is the most unifying force in the world? Our representatives go out from the churches having very little to do with each other, sometimes, on this side of the world, but, when they come face to face on the frontiers of Christian civilization, fighting the battles against the common foe, the differences crumble into dust, and Baptists and Presbyterians and Methodists unite their forces against wrongs and they overcome their differences; and, so it happens that today in India, we have the beginning of a national Christian church. And in China, the most prominent subject discussed at the great universal meeting held in Shanghai, was the unity of the Christian church of China. And Japan has already its imperial Japanese church. It will not be fifty years until the Methodist and the Presbyterian and the Baptist churches are practically eliminated in China, Japan and India, and there will be a national Christian church in each of those countries. (Applause.) I do not believe it will be a hundred years in our own country until those same differences are overcome. (Applause.) Christ prayed that they all might be one that the world may believe; and, as we are going out to make the world believe, we are, ourselves, being united as never before. The reflex influence of our efforts to evangelize the world is the most saving clause in the land of the home church today. I speak with authority and conviction when I say that the greatest blessing that has come into one church—the United Presbyterian—in the last five years, has come as a result of prayers and the influence of our missionaries ten thousand miles away, and I believe the same thing can be said of almost every church. And we shall not be what we ought to be and may be at home in our power to win the great battles for Christ, until we undertake, in His name, a strengthening in all the world for Him. I have never come in contact with any organization that has seemed so necessary to be called into existence, as this missionary movement. May I, for a moment, indicate to you what it is? It is only nine months old—born in the middle of last November—but already it has a powerful influence; for it is merely auxiliary to the movement in all the churches to finance adequately the missionary enterprises through the regular missionary channels that have been in existence in all our churches for many years. Its whole purpose will be achieved when the main churches are awakened and aroused, through the regular church channels, for the evangelization of the world. And the news to the missionaries that a strong body of men are raising up with a determination to do this very thing, has been the greatest inspiration that has come to them in this generation. And already we have had an appeal to go

over to England and plead to the laymen of that country about it; and six of us went over from New York and Toronto six months ago and had a most wonderful reception all over England. We expected that they would take six months or a year to think the matter over, but, instead, in sixteen days a national organization was formed in England, and another in Scotland; and, at their own suggestion, the idea was adopted to abolish all separate organizations in English-speaking nations and regard it merely as one great movement on the part of the church for the salvation of the world. We started out six months ago to find fifty men to go around the world and investigate the missionary fields for themselves, at their own expense, and to come back and give out statements about the nature of the situation generally.

Already more than fifty have been secured and are on their way to various parts of the field; and others are being appointed steadily until it is estimated the number will approach one hundred and fifty for this single year. That is merely one line of investigation which will enable men to speak with authority of eye-witnesses about the situation, in the home land. And the mission boards—the first thing was to go before the mission boards and tell them what was in the minds of these Christian laymen all over the land, and they gave their benedictions to the movement and said to us it was the most potent thing that had been done. So, at every place we go, the same spirit is manifest, that the laymen of the church, the men of the chruch, are more ready than ever before to rise up for concerted action in behalf of the world's redemption. What is the occasion of a movement of this kind? The fearful need. May I call your attention, parenthetically, to some of the distant facts of the present situation which have been fastened in the minds of the laymen who are organizing and leading this movement? This last year the entire church of Christ throughout the world, gave twenty-one millions of dollars to foreign enterprise; of which, the United States and Canada gave nine millions; Great Britain about nine millions; and the rest of the world a little over three millions. The interesting things about those figures are, first, that here in the United States and Canada—the church of North America—we only gave as much as they gave in Great Britain, although we have the largest population and much more wealth than they have in Great Britain. The other interesting thing about it is that these English nations together, give eighteen millions out of the twenty-one millions of dollars, so that we can fix where the advancements are to come from for the evangelization of the world. Some people sneer at the missionaries' enterprise, as if it were child's play. Any enterprise that can command more than twenty one millions of dollars income every year, is not child's play, even now. That is the

income on about three hundred and fifty millions of dollars; and that amount is insignificant when we stop to remember that it is the aggregate gift of the one hundred and fifty millions of Protestant Christians throughout the world, and that it must be divided among a thousand millions of people. Even with that income, I believe it would take the church a hundred years to reach the people, and, surely, generations would die while the church at the present rate is attempting to spread the Gospel throughout the world. We must do in twenty-five years what we are now taking a hundred years to do, or half of our race will die without ever having heard the message of love and salvation in Jesus Christ.

The next subject to which I want to call your attention is, the proportion of people covered by our present missionary force. The whole diagram represents the entire union of the Christians of the world. We have now thirteen thousand missionaries, excluding those sent out to administer the missionary work. Excluding them, the whole Protestant church, throughout the world, has only thirteen thousand. Give each one of them the same number, and we have provided for, three hundred and twenty-five millions of people. There still remains, six hundred and seventy-five millions of others absolutely unprovided for today and I want you to stop for a moment to realize how big a task we have given them. Thirteen thousand missionaries, and less than half of them are men; so that is a pretty small group of people that we have sent out, and remember, that they have three hundred and twenty-five millions of heathen that we are asking them to reach in their lifetime. That is the kind of a task we are asking our missionaries to face; and even if they succeed to that extent, there are left, six hundred and seventy-five millions of others absolutely unprovided for today. What proportion of this great field belongs to North America? I have asked different groups of business men this question in half a dozen of our Christian cities, saying to them that we are already doing forty-two per cent of all of it in the world—the North American church is, although we have the largest population and the greatest wealth. Pointing out these facts, I have asked them what proportion of the whole enterprise the North American church ought to undertake, and I have not had one of them say less than fifty per cent, and some of them sixty, seventy, and as high as eighty per cent. That would be five hundred million people on the lowest possible basis. The home church has twenty million members, that is, outside of the Roman Catholic church, while outside of the church of North America we have only fifty millions of people, and the North American church must reach ten times that number. Five hundred millions of people is the smallest number that the North American church is responsible for reaching. I wish that

all of our prayers would reach far enough to reach the ends of the earth. There isn't necessarily any limitation upon our prayers. We may as easily bring the blessing on a friend in Tokio as we can bring it on one in Chicago or New York, but there are a good many people who pray every day for the growth and prosperity of the kingdom of God right around them, whose prayers and thoughts very seldom go out to reach the ends of the earth. When Jesus said to remember the kingdom to come, he meant the kingdom where there will be no frontier; he meant all of the earth; not merely the little spot on which you live; and we never can remember that prayer in the spirit in which it was given, unless we pray to the ends of the world.

Now, there are two other important things: money and life. We spend a good deal of money on religious work in this country, and I want to ask you whether in view of that fact, whether it is reasonable for us to give twenty-five dollars to religious work at home for every dollar we spend outside? I don't believe it is. I cannot divide my money that way. I have lived ten years face to face with those conditions in India. I have a certain amount of money entrusted to me by the little Hindoos. Fifty per cent of it is used in those fields, and, considering that I am doing a square thing when I am investing in something that is worth more than any money I can invest, and when I invest a half of all the money paid to me that way, I think I am doing as well as I care to do when I give the other fifty per cent of my trustee money to the Lord for the spread of the Gospel in other lands. I do not ask you to do that. I ask that you think the thing through, and without any emotion or prejudice, and consider whether, in view of the five hundred millions of people in our charge, it is not best that we should revise our gifts and for some churches to give a little bit more to the work that is now absolutely unprovided for. And I do not believe that it is necessary to cut down on any department of Christian work to meet this end.

The other line of positive influence is personal service; and only one out of 3,400 church members of this country actually gives it; 3,399 sit at home to every one who goes abroad. There are some of you fathers and mothers who have that crime and shame upon you in the cause of your own children, and you will have to face God about that some day. There are some of us who may not have kept back our own children, but who kept back others. Don't you think the 3,399 of us who sit at home will not be able to meet the faces of our own children? A little while ago, Dr. Johnston was talking to us about what they did in the war a generation ago. Why, in Illinois they sent out one man out of every seven to the front to lay down his life, if necessary. Out in Kansas they sent one man in every six, and down

in North Carolina, they made a sacrifice to which history offers no parallel. Actually there went out into the war from that state 20,000 more soldiers than they had voters. Not only practically every able-bodied man who was a voter, but thousands of boys of only eighteen and seventeen and sixteen, and some of them only fifteen years of age. That was the kind of a sacrifice fathers, mothers and sisters were willing to make when they were desperately in earnest; and when we get in earnest about carrying the cause of Christ around the world, it will be very easy for us to furnish 20,000 missionaries from North America, which would be only one out of every 1,000 of our church membership. Surely, the other 999 of us ought to be able to do the task in this land. But the great problem man faces is the financing of this. If we do it in twenty years, it will cost us one hundred million dollars a year. Can we do that? The laymen are raising up all over this country. A new spirit has taken hold of the laymen, and they are beginning to say, "We can do it, and we will. We must do it, for God wills it." (Applause.) I was in St. Louis two days ago talking to one of the most prominent business men in that city about it—a man at the head of a very large concern. He said:

"If you are going to get men to think this thing through and grasp it and do it, you must reduce it to terms that we are familiar with. You want to capitalize this large missionary enterprise and divide it up in shares and underwrite as much of it as you can."

I did not see how it was possible at that time, but I have been turning it over in my head ever since, and this morning I got it. And there came very clear in my mind two or three things. It is marvelous how easily the whole missionary enterprise can be capitalized and thrown into shares. We will get at what it will cost to carry the Gospel to every one in the world in twenty years; two billion dollars. Divide up two billions of dollars into ten million shares at a hundred dollars each, and we have one billion dollars. Let that be the common stock, if you please. Then, there will be just a million preferred shares left at a thousand dollars each. We would not ask the people who purchased stock to pay it all at once, but only at the rate of five dollars a share for the common stock per year. Don't you believe that we have got sense enough and organizing power enough so that in the next five years in all the world we would find men and women enough who would be willing to take all of the hundred dollar shares in this enterprise, paying five dollars a year on each share for twenty years? (Voice in audience: "Yes." Great applause.) And if we can have the kind co-operation of all of us, there isn't any reason why we could not accomplish it inside of the next five years; and I do not believe that there is anything under heaven which is so important and

so far reaching in its results on us and on the world. I believe we could bring the world to Jesus Christ within the lifetime of most of us.

There are half a dozen things that every one of us can help to do. First of all, surrender yourselves to God for the accomplishment of His will through the world. You will be worth nothing unless you do that; and the second thing you can do is to give the fullest amount of particulars in regard to this movement wherever you go. On this little card, copies of which you can get from the offices in New York, is a declaration that it is the duty of the church of Christ to preach the Gospel to every creature; that it is my purpose to preach and give and study and work, as God may give me opportunity, that the church of this generation may accomplish this. Why can't every man here come forward and get one of these cards and sign it and then go before his church and his Bible class with it? It won't take more than a moment to do that thing. I believe when we once undertake the movement in earnest to evangelize the world, that nothing on earth or in hell can prevent the accomplishment of it. The next thing we can all do is to become simple and advocate reasonable giving. There are a whole lot of us who could not bear to advocate a simple life and reasonable giving and hear from others what we ourselves are doing in giving to God. Paul says: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Ministers are not doing that by a long ways. When we get over into John's epistle, we have a wonderful declaration about how God so loved us that He sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins; and then, what does it say? "If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." The Bible does not say we ought to love carelessly or we ought to lay down our lives for a brother, but later, Christ laid down His life; and then what does it say? "Whosoever has this world's goods * * * ." Be simple and advocate a system of self-denial and a reasonable giving. And the next thing to do is to have a Christian combination in your city. When you get the men of all the churches interested in this cause, it will be easy to get them to act together. The layman's missionary movement proposes to hold noon meetings in fifty to seventy-five of the largest cities of this country. If you will arrange these meetings, we will send some of the strongest speakers to your cities. There isn't any reason why, this winter, we should not do, at least, fifty per cent of the work of presenting to the church of Christ this missionary enterprise, and. if we can do that this year, we can double that next year. And the next thing you can do is to work to get the men of your denomination behind this enterprise.

Four years ago a boat was lost off the northwest coast of our land. A life-boat was put out almost instantly. They got safely to the wreck and gathered up one after another of those who were perish-

ing until they thought they had them all, and then they started back. They had gone some distance when some of them looked back and saw a man floating in the water. They said at once, we must go back and get him, but the sailors, at a single glance toward the man, said:

"No; we will all drown if we go for him."

They got safely to shore, and some of them started out again for the man, but, after a little turned back. They said that it was suicide to go out upon that sea and that they had better leave the man to the mercy of God. They were starting to a place of shelter and safety when one young man stood firmly in his tracks and, as they stopped to know what he was thinking of, he said:

"If anybody will go with me in this boat, we will do the best we can, anyhow."

His old, gray-haired mother heard him say this, and she said for her son not to go. She said:

"You know very well how your father was lost at sea. Now, if you go, my last son will be gone and lost, and I will have no one to look after and protect me in my old age."

If anything could have moved him, it was the tears of his mother, but he kissed her good-by, and tried to comfort her with the thought that God was on the ocean as well as here, and, anyhow, if he had to die, he preferred to die doing his duty. And, with another young fellow, he put out there. They were lost to sight quickly. Long and eagerly those on shore watched for their return, and, finally, they saw the boat coming back. They could not discern whether the third man was in the boat, and so they called out through a speaking trumpet to them:

"Have you found him?" And back through the storm the answer mcae clearly:

"Yes; we have found him, and tell mother it is brother William that we have saved!"

And now, we have motive enough to risk life itself, if necessary, to rescue other members of our great family. Christ says to you and to me today: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto me." Can we not do it for Him? May God help you.

ONLY A TOUCH

By W. R. LANE, London, England

Now, let us just for a little while, let us keep on where we have been. Here is the text, for it is about that which I want to say something. It is in the 8th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, at the 45th verse: "And Jesus said, Who touched me?" Who touched me? Why did our Lord ask that question? Of course, you will find that He often asked questions like that. "How many loaves have you got?" He said, as they stood hungry and tired. Didn't He know, think you? How many loaves have you got? to His disciples at another time. Of course, He knew all about it, for when He was afar off in another part of the land, He knew when Lazarus breathed his last. He told His disciples. He said to Peter, one day: "Lovest thou me, Simon Peter?" and Peter said: "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." I believe Peter was right; Jesus knew. And Jesus, all of a sudden, in the crowd, said, "Who was it that touched me?" What had happened? If you had stood that day on the flat roof of one of those houses, looking down on the street below, you would have seen an unusual throng, a very excited crowd of people. And in the midst of it, or, at the head of it, was a prominent man, that distinguished man, Jairus, and by his side was Jesus, a healing prophet in those days whose fame was on everybody's tongue. And if you had looked ahead of that throng, you may have seen a woman standing by herself; and she is looking eagerly at that crowd as it comes along. And I fancy if you had known all that was passing in that poor woman's secret mind, you would have found that she was half jealous of Jairus. Perhaps she, within, was saying:

"Oh, Jairus, you are a lucky man; you are a fortunate man among thousands; you are getting an interview with the healing prophet and monopolizing him all by yourself. Would to God I could get one passing visit. You are a prominent man; you are a man of influence; you can get to him, but I am obscure and known by nobody. Nobody cares, nobody knows me;" and then, she falls, helpless.

"Would to God, I could get to him;" and here I am right on the verge of another gospel. She actually said this, within herself:

"If I may, if I may but touch his clothing, though I couldn't get a visit."

"If I may but touch his clothes," is the idea, "I should be made whole—if I may." You know, dear friends, I believe if all the stories had been written out fresh that was being said in every human heart that day in that busy street, this would have been a part of it. When she said, within herself:

"If I may but touch his clothes," then Jesus said, within himself:

"Oh, woman, you may, you may. You may, and I will see to all the rest for you. I will see to it that I won't pass out of this neighborhood this day until I have come within arm's length of you. I know you can not get at me, but I will find a way of getting at you. I know you think that only these big fellows and people of influence can get near me, but I have come for those who have no influence. I have come to search for those who are lost and lonely in the crowd. I met Jairus in the synagogue, but you can't go there. I have come, not only for Jairus and Nicodemus in the synagogue, but I have come for you poor wayfarers outside the door; and before I started on this errand, woman, I put your name in my book. You are in my program—you may."

And I believe if you had stood watching that crowd, you would have seen it struggling and moving as if by an invisible power, as it came along nearer and nearer to where the woman stood by the wayside. And she looked and longed; then she could hardly believe her eyes, somehow. The crowd got thicker and thicker on her side of the street, and, shortly, there were but few people between Jesus and herself, and, before she could realize it, He was within arm's length of her; and she put out her finger, and, with a touch as soft and silent as a falling flake of snow on the quietest winter day, she touched the hem of His garment and in one blessed moment the bloom of life came back to her cheeks and she was made whole again—she was hurrying farther away back from the surging throng, but He took her out of the crowd. I feel sure, dear friends, that it was far more probable that Jesus got at the woman that day than that the woman got at Jesus. If you had seen her that day you would have said:

"This is no place for you, woman. Look you, or the little life you have left for the future will be tramped out of you."

But it was arranged and it was the program of Jesus to take care of the powerless, lone soul there almost lost in the crowd. Jesus said: "Who touched me?" Why? For this reason very obviously: He wanted to make this a very simple, and yet a very solemn lesson. When He said, "Who touched me?" Peter, spokesman for the rest, said: "Lord, thou seest the multitude impressed upon thee, and thou sayest, Who touched me?" But Jesus said: "Somebody touched me, for I perceive a virtue gone out of me." And Peter didn't know what

Jesus was at. He was far away from intelligent intercourse with Christ. Peter didn't understand it yet. He was at school, and he was dull and still alone. He blundered along, and yet we are thankful for his blunders. We know he made a good many other things as well as blunders. And Peter didn't see what Christ was at. Peter said: "The multitude throng thee and press upon thee, and sayest thou, Who touched thee?" So it occurs from this that thronging upon Jesus like the multitude did, and touching Him like the woman did, probably Peter would say:

"Lord, why, all down this road I have been pushed against you—the last ten minutes a half a dozen times—and I am sure that John, Thomas and Matthew and the rest must have been rubbing elbows with you up and down this street, and yet you say, 'Who touched me?' I wonder you don't say, who didn't touch you." But Jesus said:

"Somebody, in the multitude."

Oh, we are so foolish when we get in a crowd. We almost forget, if we don't mind, that there is a poor soul of a man or woman in the crowd that needs the Savior. Jesus never cared one whit the less if it was a little child or a poor lone woman who comes to Him out of the multitudes. We talk about humanity and the enthusiasm of humanity and the solidity of humanity, but heaven only knows what the meaning of it is, if heaven does know; but when Jesus comes to us, He says there is joy in the presence of angels for somebody. Is that "somebody" you? Maybe that "somebody" is me. Somebody had touched Him, for "I perceive that a virtue has gone out of me." You know that word "virtue" is often translated as "power." "I perceive power has gone forth from me." On the day of Pentecost, 120 disciples, on their knees, felt the touch of Jesus. Peter said so. He had explained to them what had happened. He said:

"Jesus, whom you crucified, who is alive again, who is in heaven in the presence of his father, he has shed forth this as a witness, as a sign here on earth that he is alive, and he has shed forth this which you now see and hear."

One hundred and twenty disciples, on their knees, touched Jesus, and He felt, and the flood-gates of Pentecost were opened. She came to Him in a crowd to get a touch of Jesus. Oh, I thank God for this, because it tells me that I can get a pentecost, not merely at Winona Lake, but in my own home, in the busy street in my own town, anywhere in a crowd, and, though the blessings and comforts are all gone, I may get pentecosts by contact with Jesus, a loving, impersonal, close touch with the unseen Son of God. My dear friends, this parable stands for us today. Parable, you say? Yes, it is a parable. Not only it is a miracle, but a miracle is a parable. A miracle is a story

that signifies something else. When Jesus walked the streets of Palestine, He walked for Winona Lake, He walked for America. Jesus was before all creations and all of us and all nations and He will be here when nations pass away. And when Jesus spoke and lived in Palestine, surely He had His thoughts and His eyes on us. It was not passing by. And, like the river that overflows its banks as it rolls on-just for the passing moment and circumstances. And here stands a parable which applies to us through all the ages: Jesus of Nazarus is ward and onward, the spirit does overflow, and the poor wayside-farers, like the woman, who it seems as if they were not meant to be in it, are in it, and get the blessings. Jesus of Nazarus is always passing by, and we are always thronging upon Him. In a little village Sunday School, where I was taken by my sainted father and mother, in the south of England, I thronged upon Jesus in my Sabbath School, and in my home, but, somehow, I didn't touch Him. Many a time, I found Him out at the communion services, in the Sabbath sermon, at the conferences, and at places like this, but I wonder if I touched Him. Oh, how near to Christ we seem to get, and miss Him; somehow or another, our hearts miss Him in the throng. We throng upon Him, we are within arm's length of Him. Heaven has taken infinite pains to bring Jesus within arm's length of our soul, but do we touch Him? We can't touch the hem of His garment. That poor mortal, trembling with fear, could not touch His clothes, as did the woman. But are we to lose virtue? Blessed Savior, can it be that I can gain by losing Thee? Yes, by losing His earthly robes and earthly surroundings. It is better to live now, than then. When I read that sweet story of old, when Jesus was here among men, how they brought little children like lambs, to His fold, I wish that I had been with them then. Our young pure hearts, more pure then than now, would feel it, and we have felt it since that we have gained by losing it. May I touch Him? Yes. It is not a question of finger ends and garments. Why, Jesus called to this woman. He said: "Who was it that touched me?" The woman's whole personality came out through the finger end. The finger end was only the outward sign. Back behind that, was the deep personality and all the urgent needs of the woman. They will come expressed through our finger end. Jesus said, "Who touched me?" not "my clothes." He accepted her where she was with a mixture of faith and superstition and eagerness about her. He didn't wait until she was educated. He always begins where we are. Jesus always finds the best in everything, always. If there is just a bushel of wheat with an atom of chaff in it, it is the chaff we find; but if there is only one grain of wheat and the balance is chaff in the bushel, Jesus will find the wheat. He looked past the garments that covered Him and He said, "Who was it that touched me?" Don't you see how

much more the woman did than she knew. It was in a very superficial way when you first said, "I do believe that Jesus died for me." You have been learning it ever since, and you have yet to learn that then, when your heart came in touch with the throne, then when heaven came to your door, then when you knew what the new creation was, then as if the Almighty had thrown another sinner into the universe, He comes as a new creator where sin is established and the devil has done his worst. In the precious blood of Jesus Christ, that fairer kingdom was founded, that new Jerusalem that shall never pass away. God began that work in you when you got in touch with Christ. We always do more than we know when we touch Jesus.

There are things I would liked to have said, and yet I feel in this great meeting there are some just saying, "Well, they are all going ahead without me. They are saying things that I do not grasp. They have left me behind." Brothers and sisters, you know I speak for the leader of this meeting and all interested. I know they want you to start and be in it, and then be the whole thing. You can't be right tomorrow unless you start right today. You must begin at the beginning. Have you got into touch with Jesus? You say that goes deeper than church membership, deeper than the religious profession. Yes, this goes far deeper than the outward sign of spiritual learning; this goes to the kernel, the essence. If a man has touched with Christ, his religion is no longer a shell without a kernel in it. It is no longer a temple desecrated with Ichabod written over it, to become the tomb of the dead. After a man is within loving touch with Jesus, his soul throbs with the new life and the kingdom of God is in his soul now. And you feel that presence. My brothers and sisters, let us be clear about it. He is no Christian who is one outwardly. He is a Christian who is one inwardly, and only the man who is a Christian inwardly is such only when in touch with Christ. God's Holy Spirit brings our souls to Christ, and with trembling fingers we touch Him. This woman did; secretly touch Christ, and she was going away secretly. Now, here again, the parable that is good for us today. I am sure of it. There are members in our churches who know that they have touched Jesus, but they have not confessed it. And Jesus says to the secret disciples, "Did you touch me, and, if you did, have you said so?" Now, the love of God in our souls, to begin with, must be secret. If there has not been secret work done within us, then nothing has been done—if there has not been inward secret work done in our souls. It must be secret. No philosopher's eye can trace the movements of the immortal spirit as it approaches to the immortal God. Psychology cannot understand it. It is not psychologically discerned; it is spiritually discerned. And, except a man be born again he cannot see

the kingdom of God. It is secret: God coming into our souls and our souls coming into God.

It is secret to begin with. That condition becomes manifest in the Christian life.

She never said a word to her husband about it. They came to church together, but they didn't speak together about that. Maybe there is somebody here who got a blessing from their pastor and never said so. Of course, if we have no religion to talk about, then, for religion's sake and for God's sake, let it alone. When the late C. H. Spurgeon was a minister, a man went to him and said:

"I am glad to meet you, sir. I want to tell you that twenty-five years ago one of your sermons was the means of my conversion."

"Glad to hear you say so, brother," replied Mr. Spurgeon, and he smiled. "How long ago did you say it was, brother?"

"It must be five and twenty years."

"Well," he replied, "brother, you have been a long time coming to tell me."

My dear friends, there are ministers whose words have reached us, but just because they are not informed in a particular sense, they think they are doing nothing. If somebody comes along to your town and has got a mission and you believe the message, you go to the evangelist and say:

"Oh, thank God, you have been the means of my conversion."

But the great question is have you touched Christ? That means life; then confession, then service.

The NURTURE OF A NEW-BORN LIFE

By MRS. M. S. LAMOREAUX, Chicago, Ill.

Last year there was a beautiful little baby boy, a perfect little babe, with every promise of a beautiful development, but immediately after the birth of that little babe, it was abandoned by its mother. It was thrown out into the cold, and chilled through and through, and nourishment witheld until the little life died. I am not drawing on my imagination, but I am telling you something that actually happened last year, and, as I tell you, you are startled with indignation and you say, "What an inhuman mother! Certainly, the officers of our land took that case in hand and the mother was adequately punished for the abandonment of that little life." Oh, no. I was not speaking of a physical life. I was speaking all the time of the new-born spiritual life. And everything has gone on just the same. You and I have looked into one another's faces and smiled and chatted, and the little spiritual life that God gave to your church and mine was being overlooked, while in heaven there was great weeping and moaning of God and the angels over that little life that he sent here. I want to talk to you this morning about the care of the new-born spiritual life. Not many weeks ago, a woman said to me:

"Mrs. Lamoreaux, do you really believe in child conversion?"

I said: "I do, with all my heart."

She said: "I am a teacher in the normal school, and, without exception, the young women whom it is almost impossible for us to reach, I am unwilling to say they were converted as children, as we cannot do anything with them."

I said to her: "Do not say that the fault is in the bringing to Christ, but that somebody abandoned them when they were born and that little life died because of neglect."

Have you and I forgotten that the new-born spiritual life is just like a new-born physical life, with all the characteristics of physical life, excepting that the spiritual is the divine and the physical the human? But the new-born spiritual life is a weak, dependent, ignorant little life, and it does not know where to turn for what it needs. It has two things, and only two, when it comes. It has a world of possibilities wrapped up in it, and it has a potent force of itself, and every time there is a breaking out there of the Holy Spirit it is as

weak a dependent and in need of your help, as a new-born physical life. And God comes to us this morning with one word, and I have taken that from His own word just as He gave it to us. He says: "My word to you with this new-born spiritual life, nurture." Nurture? What does God mean when He says, nurture that new-born spiritual life? It includes everything that makes for the growth and the development of that spiritual life. God broods over the life and you and I bring the nurture to bear upon that life. And I want to call your attention to this thought which was quite a startling thought to me when it came to me the first time that the degree of the development and the direction of the development of that new-born spiritual life is very largely a matter of nurture. In other words, the way in which that life reaches out after it comes to God, and the distance it comes, is very largely dependent on what you and I do for the life after it is born.

Will you analyze this nurture with me this morning? As I think about it, I can see a negative side to it and a positive side. In the home life, when God has sent a new-born babe, the nurture not only includes a provision for that life, but a protection for it. You go into the home where there is a little life, and the one thing the mother guards against is the chill. Warmth is necessary. And such a thing as a paralyzing blow on that little life, a mother and father would not for one instant consider. What happens when there is a new-born spiritual life? Did you ever hear anything like this? People stand back and look at it. People say, "Why, he is only a boy," that is, only a child. "He doesn't understand what he is doing. He arose because the others around him arose. He doesn't understand it;" and that little new-born life that is just struggling into life, feels that chilling wind of motives impugned, of questioning, of loneliness. It is put off by itself, and, cowering there under the blow that you and I give it, under the chill that you and I bring to it, it stands there, and then, when it has mustered courage to say, "I want to be baptized. I want to come into the church"—oh, no, you must wait awhile. You must wait in the storm and in the chill by yourself until you get strong, and then you can come into the warmth by the fireside with the family." Can't you see?—when God meant that that little new-born life should be held close to your heart in the warmest place in your church. Hold and shield it and nurse it there in the strength of life. May I ask you this? I agree with you that that little new-born life does not understand all the creeds and the deep theological questions, but may I ask you this: When you look into that little face that God sends into your home, do you judge of the existence of human life there by the fact of that child's ability to discuss psychology, and to discuss literature, and to discuss logic and all of the abstractions and deductions?

No; you look into that little life and wait for the smile of intelligence, and you wait for the first lisping syllable that will say to you, there is human life there. And all that God gives in the beginning of this spiritual life, is life. I want you to get that thought—just life, to begin with. It is not developed. It does not understand, but there is life there, a life with all the possibilities of understanding those things. And are you going to put it out in the cold and say, "Grow strong by yourself and understand these things and then we will take you into the home circle?"

I know of a little girl—she was in Chicago, and she was just nine years old when this happened. I went to call on her one day and she came running to meet me, and the very first thing she said to me was this:

"Mrs. Lamoreaux, there is a girl that lives the other side of us, back of the yard fence; and," she continued, "for a long time her mother wouldn't let her come over to play with me, and we talked through the fence; and," she said, "do you know that nobody had ever told Eloise about Jesus, and she was afraid in the dark; and I told her she needn't be afraid, because Jesus could take care of her in the dark. And I told her all my Sunday school stories, and, Mrs. Lamoreaux, I wish I was big enough to go where there is somebody who don't know about Jesus so that I can tell them. When I grow up, I want to be a missionary."

She is a normal child. She went and got her dolls and showed them to me, but her mother tells me that so firmly has this love of Jesus Christ taken hold of the heart of that child, that the first question she asks anybody who comes into the home is this: "Do you love Jesus?" and that is a home where the nurtured babe filled the mother with the love of Him.

That is the negative side, the nurture that rules the child and the glow, that she found in the new-born life, because we do not understand those characteristics.

Now, may I speak about the positive side, the positive nurture that God asks us to give to this little new-born life? This nurture surrounds itself with two things. There is, first, a nourishment for the life to be attended to, and then there is activity to be directed, because without the nourishment and the activity, there can be no existence of life. It will die, or else you will have the hollow imitation, because these children, you know, are in an imitative period where they do and say what they hear you and me say and see us do.

The one other thing that I want to speak of in this direction is to give you proof of it. You know that the feeling in order to live must be something out of which to grow. That is the law of the feel-

ing of life, that I cannot have the feeling unless I put something under it to get a soil in which to right itself. I may have just a transitory positive feeling, but the really genuine feeling that will grow, must have two things: it must have food on the one side and the expression on the other. And the religion of the little child is essentially a religion of love, to begin with—a great, deep feeling in the heart of the child, and it is our business, after this feeling is there, to put the nourishment before it that this feeling may have something to grow upon. Now, this nourishment is of two kinds, and by far the greater part of the nourishment, direct from us, is the unconscious nourishment that life feeds upon. I want to speak about that first, and then the conscious nourishment. There is an unconscious nourishment in the new-born life in the atmosphere that surrounds it. I have read a certain book on moral training. In that book the author brings this charge against the church of God: "They do not consciously educate, and, therefore, they are wickedly wasting the most precious things that God brings to this world, a human life." We are not consciously talkative. I wonder if you have been careful in the atmosphere in which you bring up this life? I was looking at a two-year-old boy, and I said: "Your son doesn't thirst for anything in this world but love." He has been so surrounded with it in his home. When he opens his eyes in the morning, it was to see the smile of his mother's face. All day he was under kind treatment and protection, and at night it was her arms that laid him in his little bed. In the sunshine all day long, the life is growing and we would expect it to grow in that atmosphere. Do you realize that there is an atmosphere for spiritual life just as real as the atmosphere for the physical life? And in order to develop that spiritual life, there must be a consuming love and encouragement. Is this not right, that when a little child has come, and, perchance, you or I have admitted him to the home circle, that he dropped after that because he did not have the sympathy and encouragement that means so much for his spiritual unfolding? Not many weeks ago, I was talking with a young man who had passed through one of the spiritual crises of his life and had come through it with a stronger experience than he had ever known before. I was talking with him about a week after it occurred and he told me of it, in answer to my question as to what the previous week had meant to him; and he added:

"Oh, Mrs. Lamoreaux, it has been the most marvelous event in my Christian life." And then I said to him:

"How has the last week been with you?" and he answered by asking me the question:

"Mrs. Lamoreaux, how has it been with you?" and I caught my breath and started back and looked at him.

For a moment, I could not answer him. I cannot recall how many years it has been since anyone asked me that question—how it had been with me the last week in my spiritual life. And do you know the thrill that went into my heart that somebody really cared whether it had been a week of victory or defeat—it thrilled me through and through. And I went away from our conversation and I said to myself, if it means so much to me that somebody cared enough to ask me what the week had been to me spiritually, what would it have meant if I had gone to your son, that little life just beginning, and said, "Well, Johnny, have you had a happy week this week? Has Jesus helped you? He has helped me, and I have had hard things to overcome, and He will help you;" and patted him and given him the sympathy, encouragement and reward that that little soul needs to unfold in. So, if the children breathe in the chill of indifference and neglect when they come into the new-born life, they will also breathe in the atmosphere of criticism of other church members, and fault-finding, and all that sort of thing; and then is it any wonder that when we breathe this sort of thing that when we are old we are like that? For it is one of the laws of life that I cannot be any greater nor any grander in my life than the things that I feed upon.

Another thing that I want to speak of in just a few words. A new-born spiritual life, just like a new-born physical life, takes its existence from another life. God, unconsciously to the child, is nurturing that divine life, but the little life turns, exactly as it does physically, to another life and feeds upon that. And that new-born life that has come into the church, is feeding upon some member in the church who has spoken the only encouraging word and given the only sympathy. It is observing that life and taking it in and in, and it is trying to imitate it. I wonder if some of you heard Mr. Jones use this illustration in connection with his own little boy who one day dressed up in his father's clothes and the whole family was so amused that they called to Mr. Jones to come out of his study into the hall and look at the boy. The little fellow was dressed in his father's coat and vest and trousers, and when Mr. Jones came out and looked at him, he did not join with the rest of them in their amusement. His own face was thoughtful, and he took a picture of that little fellow, and they said to him:

"Why, father, don't you think that is funny?" and he said:

"No, I don't think so. This is one of the most serious things I ever saw."

He said, in his lecture: "I took the picture and I put it away in a little corner of my desk, and every little while I take that picture out and I look at it and I say: 'Jones, be careful. There is a little fellow coming after you who wants to be just like you.'"

And the little new-born spirit to a life is trying to be just like you, nursing into its life your life.

And there is the conscious nourishment from God's word that that little life admits, and I wish I could say to you the intensity with which I follow it. Do you know of a pastor or a Sunday School teacher or a father or mother who has had the joy of bringing a child to Christ, and then had said to the child, "Now, in order to be a strong Christian, you must read God's word every day?" Here it is—did you ever hear that? Did you ever go into a home where a new little life lay, and hear the mother say to it:

"Now, you will find the milk out there; go and help yourself to it."

That little new-born spirit does not know how to go for its food, where to get it, any more than a physical life knows how to turn for its food without being directed. The mother of the physical life provides the food, she prepares, she feeds the child. You and I feed out of the Bible because we need it for our spiritual life. A few weeks ago a friend told me of a little fellow who had given himself to Christ. Neither his father nor the mother loved Jesus Christ. He was the only one in the home trying to be a Christian, and my friend said he was actually alone and it was pitiful. She said, "Harry was sitting there trying to keep his eyes open when it was bedtime, but his Sunday School teacher had told him that he must ready every night before going to bed, and he was keeping his eyes open with effort trying to do what his teacher told him, because he must read the Bible to be a strong Christian." Isn't that pitiful? When the real spiritual mother provides and prepares for itself until the life grows strong, that boy does not know what particular word he needed, and he didn't know how to take it. If that teacher had been wise, or if that pastor or somebody had known what it meant to take a life and fit it for God, he would have pointed out two things. He would have pointed out in that word for Harry there, a story or stories to be read through that week, definitely outlined, of what Jesus said and did, or of what some great man who loved God, did, because that is the sort of food that the new-born life looked for, from God's word. You know that in a life under twelve years of age there are two strong characteristics: imitation and activity, and the word of God that is brought to him, or ought to be brought to him, should be along those two lines. The little ones imitate definite acts, specific acts, that they see and hear in another one; and, as he does this, the little boy begins to imitate personality. He catches the spirit of personality, and the work that we give to him ought to be something that he can get out and do just like it, and that is food for this growing spiritual life. I can only indicate what I want to say. I wanted to talk about the activity that ought to be directed. May I suggest to you, that the strong life is the life that

takes in first and then goes out? That in this marvelous activity that God has put into the life—the desire to act—there is great joy in its going out? Do you know it is one of the most dangerous things you could do for yourself or for anybody else, to have that feeling without giving expression to it? It is one of the most deadly things. I always think of it when I come to our Bible conference and our hearts are stirred as they were yesterday by the marvelous presence of God. I think I have never seen it more manifest than yesterday afternoon, and I said to myself then, "If you don't do something, that meeting yesterday afternoon will dent your spiritual life instead of increasing it." And God has put this activity in the little life in order that the spiritual life, this wealth of love, may grow, may go out, and, by the going out, may strengthen the love just as you and I have helped these boys and girls in their activity for Jesus Christ. And this activity, as it goes out, means two things: it means skill and it means growth. You know that I can't grow physically—I won't be any stronger for the breakfast I ate this morning unless there is activity, unless the digestive organs take that food and work upon it. I won't be any stronger for the word yesterday, unless I work it out, and the child needs, in order to make him sound this activity; and may I ask you this question: Have you ever definitely and conscientiously set about the training of this activity? Do you know what I thought yesterday afternoon as I listened to those missionary addresses, and as I heard that man plead for money to evangelize the world? I said to myself, if the people here would only face the fact that childhood is the bud-forming period, and every condition in life is just ripe for the forming of the bud, the brain cells soft, the will easily allayed, the ability to take an impression strong, the desire to act strong, and everything, without exception, ready for the forming of the bud. He should take the boys and girls and then form that bud, than which I know of no other easier to form, because children will turn as quickly and interestedly and sympathetically to missions as the most ardent missionary in the country. If they would train them in the bud, do you realize that only in ten years from now, the problem of the evangelization of the world would be solved? It would, because when the bud is formed in my life, I can't get away from it. They tell us, and I believe it is true, and it is one great encouragement for those of us that work with children, that when the years of doubt come, there is the unrest and the swinging away from morality. It is an absolute fact that when life has beaten itself into weariness, into doubt and into unrest, and there have been buds implanted in it, if the buds have been driven deeply in the life, that the flower of those buds draws the life back—you can't get away from it. And that is my message to you in the closing moment: That if you and I really mean what we say

about desiring the kingdom of God to come, will you not, whenever the ocndition is favorable for bud formation, and you can bring into that life the beginning of everything that the mature Christian life ought to have, making the kind of a life that you cannot get away from, will you not nurture constantly and definitely this child life along the line of activity? God's kingdom will come, if you and I do it. And God's message, as I close, is this: He says, take this child and nurse him for me, and I will give thee wages, the wages of magnificent Christian manhood and womanhood that shall bring the world to Jesus Christ.

JESUS AND NICODEMUS

By REV. W. J. DAWSON, D. D., London, England

In the Gospel of John, third chapter and seventh verse, we have the familiar words of Jesus to Nicodemus: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." Three times Nicodemus is mentioned in this Gospel, commencing with the significant expression that he "came to Jesus by night," and the phrase suggests to me that the night was in the spirit of Nicodemus. He knew the failure of culture. He knew the misery of the mind that has not discovered the central point of rest. And it is only when night closes down upon us with its solemnity and silence that some of us can hear the inner voice of the soul and understand the weak cry of the spirit for divine assistance.

But why did he come to Jesus? Because he had observed in Jesus Christ that there was a secret infinite tranquility, a tranquility that overtook the soul. Some time ago I noticed in one of the journals an interview with an actress on the subject of the fame she had acquired. When the interviewer approached her upon the subject of her fame, she replied, petulantly: "Don't speak to me of those things. What I want is rest, rest." And it happened in the same week I had read that in the journal, that I was called to stand by the bedside of a young girl of eighteen, a poor seamstress who, with her fingers had battled against the world patiently for the sake of her widowed mother. She lay there dying; and, as she lay dying, she said to me:

"Do not grieve, do not grieve for me—I have rest, rest;" and I thought if I could but bring the famous actress to the bedside of the dying seamstress, don't you think she would have listened with all her soul for the secret of that rest, that infinite divine composure which was the treasure of that dying girl?

So Nicodemus went at night to see what there was about Jesus, for He had the secret. He wanted to discover the secret of Jesus. The first thing that I feel about this story is, that it is not an old story. It is as fresh as today's daybreak, for it brings home to us two vital facts in human life: The first is, that all men are seeking the secret of satisfaction; and the second is, that no man is content with any kind of life which is not the highest possible kind of life for him. I do not mean to say that the spirit of dissatisfaction with any life other

than the best is constantly in the hearts of men. We have our opiates for pain. We have our opiates for the pain of the soul. We have our love for those who love us. We have our work, our industry, our daily life, our ambitions; all of these are opiates and still the pain in our hearts that worms, that encircles around the heart and feeds upon it. There are times when the man to whom the world has given most, feels the loneliest in human things. It is when a man has built for himself the fairest palace, walks through the lonely halls and finds them empty of delight. It means that when the man who has climbed the highest in the social scale, pauses to ask whether the reward was worth the struggle. You and I remember our experience with some men and women every day who, if they confessed the truth, would confess to that deep dissatisfaction which is found even in the best of earthly things. In Nicodemus is a man who has everything that life can give him. He lives a life of importance and the life of a ruler among others, yet deep in the heart of the man of culture—there is that one cry for something life has not given, that Nicodemus wanted to inquire of Christ about. He went to Jesus. I notice then that he did something, and he did something positive, and he did something that was hard to do; for, was it easy for this teacher, this man who loves to have the respect of others, and who was accustomed to have others hang upon his words, was it an easy thing for him to go to the despised teacher of Nazareth for instruction? My brother, it is always a hard thing to come to Jesus Christ. Don't tell people it is easy. A man has to break through so much before he can get to Christ; but Nicodemus thought it worth the effort. And when a man has a genuine misery of soul, his misery of soul makes him indifferent to the opinions of other people, and there is no genuine conversion that does not start in a genuine misery of the soul. He came to Jesus, and on that strange midnight journey. The man of culture, whose life in its sober order had never known such strange divinity as this. See how he takes a side street for fear that someone should see him. See how his heart grew cold by turns as he went on—how he would go back, if he dared—until, presently, he stands outside the humble door; and a silence is over the city. Then he is face to face with the strange teacher. How did he feel? I think we can easily guess. Why, he felt very much as the learned doctors felt centuries ago when they went to hear Catherine preach. Catherine was the daughter of a poor tinner. She had received no education except the education that comes through the spirit of God. And those same learned doctors have left on record how they went in a spirit of criticism and contempt, and how, as they left the church, they were weeping. Nicodemus felt much as the polished gentlemen of the 18th century felt when they went to hear Whitfield preach. They were graduates of a

great university, and believed that he would not have anything to say to them. But when that voice spoke, it was well supplied with ideas.

And so you see Nicodemus, still almost ashamed of his error, in the presence of the young teacher; and what is it that he supplies Jesus Christ to talk about? I think at the very most Nicodemus expected no more than a new statement or discussion of old philosophies or theologies. But you see the trouble that Nicodemus saw was that religion was only a part of his life, after all; and with the most of us, religion is only a part of our life. And the first word that Christ speaks to him, makes him feel that religion is not a part of life, but it is the whole life; and, to receive it, to believe it, to realize it, to have the genuine spirit of religion in you, means that your whole nature has to be remodeled, recast, born again. You must be born again, to be religious.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," and at that saying, Nicodemus marveled. Well he might. Why did he marvel? He gives us the reason of his marveling in a very plain question that makes the question fresh to us this morning. The reason for his marveling is this: How can a man be born again when he is old? Now, think of it. Here are you seated in this hall this morning. For twenty, thirty, fifty years you have lived in this world, and all the time, by a thousand infinitesimal processes, you have been building up for yourselves a personality. There was a time when you were plastic to impressions. There was a time when, chameleon-like, you took your color from surroundings, but that was a long while ago; and now your habits are fixed, even your habits of speech, the way in which you will act under given circumstances. All the idiosyncrasies of your will and your conduct are all mapped out, so gradually that you may not have noticed those idiosyncrasies, and under the outward one there lies a hard substance, a creature of personality, just as under the soft lime of yonder shore of reefs there is impounded strata of rock that will turn the edge of the sharpest weapon. How has man to be born again when things are set in him and become fixed? One of our writers has a touching story of a man who was a drunkard. He was rescued from his vice, and for twenty years remained sober and upright, and then when his wife died and all the world seemed nothing to him, he went back again to his old vice. And, says the author of the story, "Human nature may be checked, it may be developed, it may be directed, but it cannot be changed." Even Martin Luther, in one of his calm moments, said, "You must take men as they are—you cannot change their characters." Can't you? If you can't, there is only one verdict upon human life: to suffer and die. But Jesus says, you can. And so He goes on to talk to Nicodemus and to do what He seldom did in His ministry, He reasons with him, and He gives Nicodemus three reasons.

First, He says, you can be born again. It is possible, and it is an intelligent process, and, therefore, it should be intelligible to intelligent men: "Art thou a master in Israel and knowest not these things?" And I think what Christ referred to, perhaps, was this: It was common to have proselytes to the Jewish faith. Picture to yourselves, if you will, some young Greek who comes to Jerusalem filled with all the myths and visions of the old Greek mythology, half beautiful and half barbarous; and the little seed of divine truth falls into his heart, and, just as the seed dropped into the crevice of the wall will presently expand and will push the solid blocks of granite aside so that the walls which the heavier stone could not shatter, are constantly pushed away, so the seed expands in him until the character, the binding element in this youth's life and thought, is all loosened and dissolved, and there springs up the true life, and he comes to Nicodemus and asks to be received as a proselyte into the Jewish church. Why, every day there are new births, when a man loves that which he abhorred; when he abhors that which he loved; when a man, for the sake of conviction, changes sides; when a volume of great love goes through a man's heart and crowds out its selfishness. It is not something outside of the laws of God. It is something inside the laws.

Then Jesus goes on to say, because he can, he must. Why? Why, for one reason, if you are a true seeker after the truth without discerning it, and want this to happen to you, it is for you to pray that it may happen. And another reason Christ gives: In plain language, He says, "Why, you can't even see the kingdom of God unless you are born again." You remember that someone said to Turner, the great artist: "Oh, Mr. Turner, I can't see the sunsets that you paint."

"No, sir," he replied. "Don't you wish you could?" For it requires more than the physical eye to see a Turner sunset. It requires an artistic eye, a sense in the soul, the vision of the spiritual; and man will never see the sunrise over the tomb from which the Savior rose for their justification, and they will never see the sunset over the cross where he died for their salvation, until there is created in them a sense that sees. Do not let us be content in our ministry with anything less than this, a recreation of the spiritual sense in man. You must be born again. You must.

And the third thing Jesus says is, It is a spirit process; and here it may be that a man who has followed me so far and has said, Yes, that is true and that is rational; but here you dissent when I use the word spirit. You ask me to define. Jesus did not define. I cannot define. Jesus fell back upon the maxim: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou heareth the sound thereof, but canst tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the spirit." Out there in the far west of Canada, they tell me of a wonderful work-

ing of the wind they call the chinook. A man may go about and the snow is over the whole land and the frost is on everything, when, in the middle of the night, he arises to put the furnace fire out and he opens all the windows, for the chinook has begun to blow the soft, pleasant wind, and, in a shorter time than it takes to tell about it, the frost has disappeared and there is the softness of springtime in the air. So it is with everyone that is born of the Spirit. And the whole philosophy of the new birth is this: Let God have His way with you; marvel not, but submit, and you will know what it is to be born again.

So far for teachers, and now, the other. We hear a man ask a question. What that man would probably say would be something like this: He would say, bring these things to the test of practical facts, and tell me how and show me how, if you can, this process takes place in man. Well, let me try a moment. Here is a man who is climbing upon his bruised knees, and with a bruised and broken spirit, up the marble staircase, hoping in that bitter happiness to find that which he is seeking—solace for the soul; and, suddenly, as though an angel spake, the old words of Paul are repeated in his ear: "The just shall live by faith." Martin Luther rises up, and all the past is gone and all the present is daybreak, and that moment the Reformation begins. What do you call that? What name have you for it? I call it a new birth. Here is a man wandering up and down the wide meadows. In the horror of black thought almost to madness, afraid to pass beneath the church tower for fear it falls on him, so dreadful is his sense of sin. One day John Bunyan comes into Bedford, as he tells it in his beautiful language. He says, Two women were seated together in the sunlight and he hears them talking about the things of God, and the hungry soul of John Bunyan reaches out to listen, and, presently, he, also, is moved into the sunlight. What do you call that? I call it a new birth. There is no other name for it. Here is another man. Can a man be born again when he is old? Doctor Osler tells you that a man is old at forty; at all events, his character is fixed at forty. Here is John Wesley at forty, a man who has crossed the line; a man, who, all through those years, has been nothing better than an ordinary man. One night he stands up in a little room in London, on the site of which I used to preach, and a man was expounding things of God, and John Wesley rises up and says:

"I feel that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven my sins, even mine. I feel in my heart a strange warmth."

Yes, this was where the ice had been around the heart, planted all the time in the man. Planted vitally in the conscience, but the frost was in the heart. "I feel in my heart a strange warmth"—the wind of God had blown. The frost was gone. And within a year of that time

you see John Wesley standing in a crowd of fifteen thousand miners preaching the love of God, with such tenderness, and such passion, and such sympathy of heart, that the tears made wide channels on their faces. Why, that is not the same man; it is the new birth.

I will take a chapter, or a passage, out of a very recent little book of experience which I carry in my own mind. No later than last November I was in Kansas City for the missions. After I had preached to the respectable people until I was tired of it, I suggested that it was time to go and preach to the outcast people in the north end of the city. And I prevailed upon the respectable people to form a procession on a Saturday night and go with me down to the places where the worst people are to be found. We had a police guard especially for the meeting, because we knew that everybody at that time would know where we were going. And I was at the head of the procession as we marched through the streets, and, as I knew the boys we were after better than anybody else, I had to go into the saloons and bring them out myself. Among those brought out was a tall, big fellow, very drunk. He came up to me and said:

"Are you the chap that is going to preach tonight?"'

I said, "Yes;" and he replied:

"Oh, Christ, if somebody would break this drink from me, I will come."

I said, "My brother, you have mentioned the right man—get into the procession."

The first man that came out that night in that crowd was this tall, drunken fellow. The next day I preached at noon. He was there. He got up early that morning and had earned two dollars, one dollar of which he put into the collection box, and then I knew he had gotten religion all right. A few weeks ago I got a letter from the pastor of the First Congregational church in Kansas City, and he said:

"If this is the man who, for two years, has bummed, I do not think that he is a man who is very settled in his opinions."

He had not done an honest day's work in two years. Later, I got another letter from the pastor of the First Congregational church, in which he says:

"I think your friend must be an extra case. We are going to receive him into fellowship in the First Congregational church, next Sunday."

Of course he was an extra case. Oh, Christ cases are extra cases. Deuteronomy tells us, you know, that you have only got to get in open contact to make extra cases. There, where the great masses of unbelievers live and move, you have only to get in open contact

with them and then they will come out into the clear places, into the light. You have only got to get in contact with Christ, and you get your extra case. Remember, we have got a great Gospel to preach. How many millions of people are there this morning, who, in the misery of their hearts, say:

"Oh, that I could begin life again! Oh, if I could plunge myself into some stream of oblivion to wash out all of the painful past and start afresh! "There is a fountain open in the house of David for sin and uncleanliness." "The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day, and there, may I, though vile as he, wash all my sins away."

You can be born again. You can begin life afresh. Do we believe that gospel? Do we preach it? I suppose there is not a man in this assembly today who is a better man morally than John Wesley was in those previous years, yet he had not found the thing that made him the triumphant servant of God. It may be here this morning. There are some of my brethren who have gone on doing the things they ought to do, but there has been neglect, and the frost is on the heart. You need to be born again, and you can be. The wind of God is blowing now. The soft wind of the Spirit is blowing now. It has possession over your heart and mine. Let God have His way with you. "And as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." And if from this assembly we go out to our various spheres of labor, with the heart free of the frost, and with our heart free to take the Spirit as He is given, you will get a revival, for the revival must come through the individual efforts of the pastor, if it comes on a great scale.

Side Lights from Egypt on Old Testament Questions

By REV. M. G. KYLE, D. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Now, I think a few frank words of understanding concerning methods will bring us into close touch with each other at the outset and help us very much to a clear understanding of some difficult matters. For one thing, we ought to understand the exceeding importance of the examination of evidence when we are considering Old Testament questions. We have had quite enough theories. We have need to examine the evidence. It is high time that specialists come down from the seat of authority where they are established and condescend to spread out the evidence before the jury. Whenever a man comes to speak to you on archaeology, or upon criticism, and claims to have very difficult matters that only an expert is able to form an opinion upon, wake up. It is just like the lawyer who produces some evidence and adopts certain mysterious tactics and endeavors to persuade the jury that only a lawyer can understand how to draw the proper inference. It always means that he has a bad case and something to cover up.

Evidence is something that makes evident. And evidence that one may have upon a subject that won't make evident to an audience is not evidence, It does not prove anything. So, my friends, do not allow any archaeologist to say to you, with sanctimonious whine, "we now know." Make him show what he has. And when you take time and torture your soul enough to read any of the critical theories of the day that are disturbing things so much, look up the proof texts. If you have not time to read the book, look up the proof texts, that will be enough. Now, I do not say that there is no evangelical minister of today who has looked up the proof text of Wellhausen theory and still believes that theory. But if there is such an one here this morning I wish he would stand up. The fact of the matter is that many a critical theory will vanish into thin air if only you apply to it the test of the reading of the proof texts. It will require a little dull and dry work with the Hebrew Bible and lexicon, and cause you to dust off some of the cobwebs that have gathered over your schooldays, but it is worth while. Read the proof texts. So let us always look at the

evidence, for it is of vital importance if we are to study Old Testament questions. But, any way, we are resolved to reach no conclusions today or tomorrow except upon evidence.

But we must not overlook the difficulties of the case. If anybody thinks it is a very easy thing to be an archaeologist, it is because he has not tried it. People imagine it must be a most delightful thing, and the easiest thing in the world to find things. Anybody can find things. Of course, but the difficulties of the archaeologist begin when he is expected to know what he has, when he has found it. To understand these things and to make some use of them is not an easy matter. I am going to make archaeologists out of you today and tomorrow and you may as well face the difficulties of the situation this morning at the outset. The interpretation of archaeological materials is one of the most difficult phases of criticism, whether historical, literary, architectural, art, philological or ethnological, and it is all of these. For one thing, the evidence is of such a fragmentary character that it is very difficult to draw satisfactory conclusions. Why, archaeology is the science of scraps. Its materials are all fragments, scraps. And then the scientific classification of these things is oftentimes very difficult, and sometimes impossible. And all you who are logicians know that without classification there cannot be any scientific deduction. Yet oftentimes people omit the classification and think they have a conclusion. It happens sometimes that there is but one object and that a very minute particular to put into a class by itself, and you know it is a very dangerous thing to draw a conclusion from one premise, or to draw a very forcible inference from the induction of a single fact. Yet a great many inferences are drawn in these days from the induction of a single fact.

Then there is the attempt to reconstruct a civilization or semi-barbarism out of these fragmentary materials. A very beautiful and, indeed, helpful illustration of this, notwithstanding its faults, may be found in the popular work of Ingraham, entitled "The Pillar of Fire," in which Egyptian civilization is portrayed in the most attractive manner, all reconstructed out of these fragments. And the same is true in the learned works of fiction of George Ebers, who was not less a novelist than an Egyptologist. And indeed the imagination of the reader is apt to fall into the same fault in reading the learned works of the great Brugsch himself in his "Egypt Under the Pharaohs." When you have finished reading the story of the scraps he has gathered together of Egyptian antiquities you are apt to form the conclusion that the story makes a connected history. The fallacy of this method is apparent if you will imagine some archaeologist reconstructing the American civilization in that dim and distant future when we shall have become antiquity. Suppose he attempts to reconstruct the civ-

ilziation of today out of the Bunker Hill monument, and the Goddess of Liberty, and Cleopatra's Needle, and a collection of the broken columns and tombstones out of half a dozen of our cemeteries, and the sweepings out of a score of Chicago business houses, Heinz's fifty-seven and the name tablets from a score of Carnegie libraries. What kind of a picture of American civilization would he be able to draw from such a collection of fragments?

And then there is a temptation to draw very large conclusions from very small premises. Perhaps no class of people is so apt to construct pyramids on their apexes as archaeologists, for when you have found anything, you like to make as much out of it as you can. And the temptation is to draw a very large conclusion from the tiniest premise in the world. A story is told of an Assyriologist and an Egyptologist who met one day and, in discussion, the Assyriologist said, "We know now that the Assyrians understood electric telegraphy because we have found wire in Assyria."

"Oh," said the Egyptologist, "we have done far better than that in Egypt, for we have not found a scrap of wire there and, therefore, we know that they understood wireless telegraphy."

Well, now, when we go one step further and attempt to show the correlation between archaeological facts and historical records, the relation between the finds and the Bible, the problem is immeasurably increased in difficulty. Indeed, becomes almost impossible of solution. Rightly to put things together that belong together, that are related, and to keep apart things that are similar but unrelated is one of the most difficult problems that ever confronts any critic. Take the code of Hammurabi and the code of Moses, are they related as the English code and the American code? Or, are they only similar, and unrelated. as the code of Hammurabi and the Theodosian code, or any other two civil or criminal codes, in any part of the world, in any age of human history, so long as the world is inhabited by human beings who commit the same sins? Now, it may be that the code of Hammurabi and the code of Moses are related It may be that they are only similar, but wholly unrelated. It is not enough to show that some find which has been dug up out of the sands of Egypt or the loam of Babylonia is similar to something that is mentioned in the Bible. It must be shown that they have some historical relation. Otherwise, the one supplies no historical evidence whatever concerning the other. The same thing may be pointed out concerning the discussion of the Book of Ecclesiastes. It is argued by some who set up a very late date for the Book of Ecclesiastes that it certainly is of late date because they are able to point out a number of very striking similarities between the meditations of the author of Ecclesiastes and the utterances of the Greek philosophers of the time of the Maccabees. Very well, and we

can also point out a still larger number of striking similarities between the meditations of Ecclesiastes and the meditations of the German philosophers and of the philosophers of Concord. Are we, therefore, to conclude that Ecclesiastes was written in the nineteenth century? Don't you see that we must bring together things that are related, not simply things that are similar? Things may be put togther, and are often put together, which look alike but have no more relation to each other than the noble red man of the plains and the painted Indian before a cigar store.

Now, there are a few principles, or I prefer to say, using the old word of logic that we all learned in our college days, a few categories of interpretation under the friendly shelter of which we are comparatively, and sometimes absolutely, safe, and beyond the shadow of which it is not safe, in my judgment, to wander very far. And the purpose of these two lectures is to enumerate those categories, but chiefly to bring forward the illustrations from Egyptian explorations that constitute the evidence to be adduced on Old Testament questions.

Let me put the scientific statement of the case before you, and if you do not like that, I will put it in popular language afterwards. Archaelogical material as evidence in Biblical criticism may be **explicit**, that is, of the same persons, things and events; or it may be **implicit**, that is, of like manners, customs and times; or it may be **harmonious** according as it touches the Biblical record at a great number of points without incongruity; or, it may be **corrective**, according as it shows this fallacy of some theories that have been advanced to support a cause. Now, to put it in popular language, we may state it in this way: Side lights from Egypt on Old Testament questions may show, (I) the **same** things; (II) or, they may show **like** things; (III) or, they may show **harmony** with things; (IV) or, they may **show up** some things.

In the first place, side lights from Egypt on Old Testament questions may show the **same things**, and the use of such material is to corroborate or to dispute, if it may be so found, the Biblical record. Of instances of discoveries that have corroborated the Biblical record there are very many. It would be impossible in a dozen lectures to point out to you all the corroboration of absolutely the same things that has been given to the Old Testament from Egypt and Palestine and Babylonia. When we consider all the geographical sites, all the topography of Palestine and Egypt and Babylonia, and the historical manuscripts, and the manners and customs of the times and the ten thousand objects that have come from the work of the archaelogist with the spade, it is simply overwhelming that so much corroboration of exactly the same things as recorded in the Bible has come to light.

But I wish to point out a few of these things from Egyptian exploration that bring light upon the Old Testament.

There is the story of Joseph in the Book of Genesis, That Joseph was prime minister under the Pharaoh of his time, and that there was a great famine in the land and that storehouses were established to save the multitudes of Egypt and to save the world in that age. Now, from Egyptian explorations comes one Baba, whose tombstone has been dug up in upper Egypt, and upon that tombstone, after the fashion of the day, a fashion that has not wholly disappeared in this day, there was some account of the good qualities of this deceased old Egyptian and he says of himself, or the scribe says for him, that he had ruled well in his district and that when there was a famine lasting many years he had had charge of the storehouses of the government and had distributed the corn to the people and had saved their lives.

But, who was Baba? Well, Baba was a petty officer governing a district in upper Egypt under the subordinate king, Se-Quenen-ra-taa the Third, and Se-Quenen-ra-taa the Third was a vassal king about the time of Apophis, the great Hyksos ruler of Egypt, whom by common consent of tradition from George the Syncellus down was the Pharaoh of Joseph.

Now, you see that the time corresponds exactly, that the details of the events are the same, the storing up of the corn in provision for the times of need, and the distribution of that corn to save the people, and the condition of famine for many years. It is almost impossible to resist the conclusion that this is the Egyptian account of the famine of Joseph by one of the subordinate officers of Joseph who were appointed to have charge of the storehouses and to distribute the corn. For we must remember that great famines were very scarce in Egypt. The famine of Joseph and one later on, some time before the Christian era and one by the Arab historians, I think are the only great famines that have ever been known in historical time in Egypt. We can not say with absolute certainty that this famine of Baba is the famine of the Biblical account, but it is reasonably certain that this is the Egyptian account of the famine of Joseph.

And then we have the story of Moses in the Old Testament. We are told that Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter and a prince of Egypt. Do we know anything about Moses from Egyptian records? Rameses, said by a great many scholars to have been the Pharaoh of the Exodus—archaeologists are not all agreed about which Pharaoh was the Pharaoh of the Exodus, and it does not make any serious difference which may prove to be the one—Rameses built a great monument, and on that monument he made a great inscription. That inscription itself is of no consequence to us here except that it mentions the nobility, and the princes who were present at the setting up

of that monument. There is a very long list of them which I need not give to you. But on, near the end he mentions one prince that at once arrests our attention. He says among the others there was "The-ra-Moses, child of the Lady and Priestess of the Sun God Ra." Now, we may note that the dating of this monument is very peculiar. It is the only instance in all Egyptian history where an epoch is marked other than the epoch of the reigning pharaoh. The pharaohs always dated their documents in their own reign. But this one is not dated in the reign of Rameses, but is dated in the four hundredth year of the reign of the Hyksos king, Nubti. His exact date is not known. But he was very near to the time of Apophis. He could not have been much before him, nor very much after him. He may have been a predecessor, or he may have been the immediate successor of Apophis, who was the pharaoh of Joseph. And thus it was four hundred years from that time until this tablet was set up in the time of Rameses the Second. Then note the peculiarity of the description of this young fellow. First, how he was called "The ra- Moses," some distinguished or remarkable "ra-Moses." Then he was called the "child of the Lady." That is a very strange description of a young man, especially in the Orient, where a man is so exclusively mentioned as the son of his father. But here he is not called either the "son" of his father or his mother. The Egyptian word is not the word for "son." They had another word for "son." This is the word for "child." And he is not said to be the "child of his mother," but the "child of the Lady and Priestess of the Sun God Ra." Evidently, there is an attempt to describe a strange situation and a peculiar relation between this child and this woman. Moreover, the name in the account of Moses and in the tablet is identical. There is great confusion in the translation of ancient names. Egyptian names and Bible names come to us through three or four languages. Onr name Moses is the Latinized form of the Greek "Mosees," And that is the Greek form of the Hebrew "Moshe," and that is the Hebrew form of the Egyptian "Mes.". And thus we have the name of the pharaoh, Rameses, equal to Ra Moses, and we have Moses' name and the name of this child mentioned on the tablet of 400 years, all from the same Egyptian name precisely. Now, in Egypt we can well understand that Moses had appended to his name some titles or some religious surname; of that you may be sure. I cannot have a doubt that in Egypt Moses had tacked to his name the name of a god, after the fashion of Rameses' court. When he went out of Egypt Moses' Egyptian name would be dropped, probably when he fled to Midian. But certainly it would not be carried out in the Exodus.

Thus, we see that the time corresponds precisely. [I wanted this blackboard to show you how precisely it does correspond.] Suppose we put

Nubti	Joseph
:	:
(400 Years)	(400 Years)
Rameses	Moses

and we have four hundred years from Joseph to Moses and four hundred years from Nubti to Rameses, the Hebrew and the Egyptian periods correspond. Those two periods in the Egyptian records and the Biblical history, give us an illustration of synchronizing events by parallels, and it seems to me that it is a most striking instance of what may be termed miraculous providence in preserving for us that which will corroborate the Biblical history.

A third instance of identifying Biblical events is the case of the discovery of Pithom. The Biblical account tells us that the Israelites built Pithom, and made bricks without straw. Very well, in 1883 Naville, the Swiss explorer, discovered the site of Pithom. It was idenifited by the name Pi Tum, the house or temple of the god Tum. And there he found the old store houses. Out west they build elevators up towards heaven, but in Egypt they did not have much wood, they built them towards the center of the earth. So, he found Pithom, the great storehouse, covering an immense area, containing many pits. And some of these pits he uncovered. He found in them a strange mute record. There were the lower courses made of Egyptian brick, well filled with chopped straw, after the Egyptian fashion. And then a little higher up in the tiers, he found brick, not with good straw, but with reeds from the marshes; and in the upper courses were bricks without any straw whatever. There is the record of the Pentateuch written in Egyptian bricks. But we must identify the time if this is to be of any value to us, for, remember we are not only to have things that are similar, but must show some historical relation between them. Now, the Bible says the children of Israel built Pithom. Then, we ask of the ruins who built Pithom? And Naville searched and found these to be ruins of Rameses the Second, and among them he found one place where Rameses said distinctly that he built Pithom, built it at "the mouth of the east" in the gateway of the realm toward the east. That would not prove very much of itself because Rameses was a great impostor and the champion plagiarist of all history, who claimed about everything in sight. All the wonderful deeds that his ancestors had done he claimed as his own. That Naville knew, and so he searched the place over but found there was no evidence of any other builder there. Rameses has written his name on nearly every monument in

Egypt, but there are indications that show very plainly that he erased the old names and put his own in their place. But in this case, there is no such evidence. And so it is concluded that Rameses did build Pithom. There is an attempt being made to dispute that, but it cannot be successfully disputed until there is some very decided discovery. It does stand today that Pithom was built by Israel and built by Rameses.

But, if Pithom was built by Israel and was built by Rameses, then we have identified the oppressor and we have located in history this story of the Exodus. Moreover, when we have done that, we have set the seal of approval, and almost of historical certainty, to these two previous identifications. Because, when we have shown that the days of Moses and the days of Rameses were the same, then it becomes almost a demonstration that this prince in the court of Rameses was our Moses, and that the four hundred years from that point leads us back to the days of Joseph and to the days of Nubti, and thus these events of the Bible and of Egypt are connected historically.

Again, the Moabite Stone, you know, was discovered some years ago, which recorded the account of the wars between the house of Mesha, king of Moab, and of Ahab, king of Israel. The account given in the Bible is recorded on the tablet with a good deal more of detail. We ask, what has that to do with Egypt? We shall find out a little later on, and I have introduced this here in order to prepare for something later.

The account that Jeremiah gives of Taphanes is also a very interesting one that has been confirmed. You remember that dramatic scene where he appeared and delivered his prophecy to the children of the Exile there in Egypt. That pavement has been the subject of dispute and speculation. They said these Egyptians did not make pavement like that, no such pavement had been found, no such pavement was known. It was one of those things wise people shook their heads about. All the Egyptologists who had ever explored the land said, We don't know of any such pavement; perhaps Jeremiah did do as it is said, but we don't know of any pavement like that. A few years ago Prof. Petrie, in his explorations at Taphanes, found some ruins which he uncovered and found a palace. He dug the sand away and cleared out the rubbish and, lo! in front of that palace he found what had never been discovered in Egypt before, a pavement, exactly such a pavement as is described by Jeremiah. And, without a question, in that very pavement may be seen the place where Jeremiah took up the pavement and buried his parchment.

But, you will ask, are there no such discoveries that dispute the Bible? No, there has not been found to the present day anything that disputes the Bible record. Let me make that a little

plainer and a little more emphatic. There has never been found anything that discredits a single statement in the Word of God. I know there have been announced, from time to time, such discoveries, and the secular press, particularly, has taken up those things and given them the "seven-league boots" to go all over the world. But, after a little while, when archaeologists have had opportunity to collect all the evidence and examine it carefully, it has been found that the evidence was entirely in harmony with Biblical records. But that final statement sometimes never catches up with the statement that had on the "seven-league boots."

But suppose there is something found that contradicts the Bible, what then? Well, not very much. If somebody would dig up a monument tomorrow morning, undoubtedly a monument of Rameses the Second whereon he declared, for the benefit of the nineteenth century, that there never was any such people as Israel in Egypt and he didn't make them work for him, I wouldn't lose a moment's sleep over it. My friends, do not be hysterical or panicky if something is found of those old kings that contradicts the statements of the Bible. The Bible wouldn't be immediately discredited. Let me show you what I mean. Antiquity left us a great store of literary treasures. Most of them were lost, but some of them were never lost. And among the treasures of antiquity that were never lost this Bible is the chief one. Though there have been times when it was in obscurity, there never has been a time when somewhere in the world there were not those who preserved this old Book. It has always been known. It never was lost. We call these archaeological remains the Scriptures, but they are archaeological remains nevertheless and just the same. Then there are other archaeological remains that were discovered a good many years ago, some of them some centuries ago. Especially, we may mention the works of certain travelers and geographers as Herodotus and Strabo and Diodorus Seculus. Now, these have been discovered and known for a great many years. We call them classics, but they are archaeological remains just the same. Then, from time to time, the archaeologists are digging up things out of the sand and soil and giving them to the world. And these we call archaeological discoveries and we think of them as the whole mass of archaeological remains of ancient times. Not at all. They are archaeological remains, but so are the Scriptures and the classics archaeological remains, as well as the finds of today.

Now then, I submit to you that it is unfair to put the Bible in the prisoner's dock and summon all the other witnesses to come and testify against it and refuse to allow it the inalienable right of a prisoner before conviction to testify in its own behalf, without undue prejudice. and if any single witness, any single find of Egypt or Babylonia can

be found to say a word against the Book, declare it to have been discredited. In the name of American jurisprudence and Rooseveltian fair play, I protest against that method. The Bible is "archaeological remains" in the very best and largest way in the world. And it is not to be discredited in that summary fashion. It will take a great many old kings of Egypt contradicting the Bible before the Bible is overturned. So, don't be hysterical or panicky if something is found that contradicts the Bible.

I fancy some of you will ask, but isn't that a two-edged weapon? Won't it cut both ways? If these old fellows could corroborate the Bible, could they not also discredit the Bible by their stories? The case is not quite the same when thus reversed, disagreements are not as strong evidence as agreements. because you know a liar can never successfully harmonize himself with the truth; and if the claim is set up that the Bible is not true, then two liars never agree. But the archaeological remains and the Bible do agree and when you find things that agree then you have the truth. Two independent witnesses who agree establish the truth. Lies do not harmonize.

PASTORAL EVANGELISM

By REV. C. L. GOODELL, D. D., New York City

Now, I would like, if I can, this afternoon, to emphasize for my brethren in the ministry and in the laity, and as well upon my own heart, some things that I think are fundamental in this work. My heart is so full of this matter that I can hardly command my tongue. There is one thing that I will promise to do, and that is about all I can promise to do, that is, to speak out of the yearning soul the truths that have come into my life through all the stress and struggle of this work. I am going to talk to you from the firing line. Those things that I am going to talk to you about are, unless I am mistaken, the great things, and without them there can be nothing really great and mighty in the work of the church. God knows, and we do, brothers and sisters, that these are times when Christian men and women are giving themselves to profound thought about the conditions of the church. Haven't we been humiliated about long enough? Haven't we read our conference and synod minutes and tried to explain away the small additions about long enough? Wouldn't it be a comfort to us once to read records that do not have to be explained? Haven't we been a humiliated church long enough, and isn't it worth while to be a militant church, that we may get over and out of that humiliation? It seems to me that the time has fully come, when there ought to be a tremendous move forward by the hosts of God for the one thing that we are set to do, to win men and women unto God. Some of us have thought that the work of the church was in the church, but it is not. The Book says, "The field is the world." If we cannot do anything more than take care of ourselves, things have come to a hard pass for the progress of the kingdom of God. We are to be victors and winners of souls for God. I have a friend in New York who has a lot of drummers that he sends out every week throughout the country. One of them was a fine looking, a splendid looking man. One day, as I was in the office, this friend of mine discharged him on the spot, and, when he went away, I said:

"Excuse me, I don't want to pry into your business, but I am greatly interested to know why you discharged that man. I have never seen a man that seems to me to have more power to win his way than that fellow."

"Well," he said, and then he unfolded some letters to me. He says, "Here is what we got from this man. He tells us he has seen so many people and they are favorable impressed with our goods. He tells me he is going tomorrow into such a town, and everywhere he goes, people are greatly in love with him and say nice things, but he doesn't sell any goods." He said, "He can't sell the goods, and we are not hiring men to send in rhetorical letters, or for personal perfections, but to sell goods."

Now, I submit, it is about time that we sold some goods. It is about time all over the country, under the inspiration of a consecrated ministry and laity, there should be hundreds and thousands of souls won to God. I tell you, we want to be mightily aroused, clear to the bottom of our souls. We say there is indifference. Why is it? Why, because we are indifferent. That is the fact in the case. Since we ministers can eat three good meals a day, and have a forenoon or two in a week for tennis or something else, and draw our salary regularly, and things move on, it is all right whether men are converted or not, just sailing along, and there will be dearth in the conference minutes, and dearth in the membership of churches, and dearth at the altar. But when we simply can't live unless something happens, when it won't be possible for us to go on in our work unless God gives us souls, then you can be sure that something will come to pass. Now is the time for it to be done. We have had our criticism of the old Book, and I am the last one to say anything against reverent criticism. I believe it is right and good work, and I am not sure but what our children will believe that it demands some correction. I don't know about that, but this much I am sure of: There never was a time when the old Book, in all its essential verity and power, stood out so clearly as it does this very day. I believe that with all my soul. And I want to say to you who are critically inclined, and there is a time for the critical study of the word of God, I want to say to you, I think there is a test which puts scholarship to the test in this: Is the work that I am doing making me more anxious for the winning of men, making my soul more quickly responsive to the tender pleadings of God for the great work to which he gave His Son? Is that the result of my study, or do I find myself less interested in the great work to which I was called? And am I becoming more and more a critic, and less and less a man of earnest faith and work? Now, you can tell which way you are going, just by putting that test to your own heart. What is the effect of it all? You have sense enough to know what you are in the ministry for. There is not any question about that. You have sense enough to know what the church of God is for. There is not any question about that. Now, test yourself by these things and see whether you are more anxious than you used to be for the salvation of

man. We have got the road all fixed. It is a good road, too. We have got the rails all laid, we have done all our excavating and that sort of thing. No other word pictures needs a more appropriate touch of the crayon to it, than that of one of God's Irishmen. A road-bed constructed—not doing anything. Rails laid in line—not accomplishing anything. All ready to put a line of trains on, and it is about time that we started the engine. I believe, brothers and sisters, if we will only lay hold by faith and do this work, God willing, we may in our time, see in our country and in all lands a great outpouring of His Spirit. You can see by this that I am an optimist, or, at least, if I am not an optimist, I am not an alarmist. I do not believe that things are in the worst shape, and I am in a condition where I am looking hopefully forward for better things. We are to win. If I did not believe that, I would get out of the ministry. I would steal off to some little island and draw my little canoe after me, and out there forget the world, but I believe in the glorious victory of this world for God. I don't believe God is going to assemble the nations some day, and say:

"I miscalculated. I thought I could save an erring world, but the job is too big for me and I give it up."

I don't believe He is ever going to do that. Oh, brothers, the questions is, who will be on hand to help to the victory? But somewhere God will find His Moses and His John. Somewhere God will find His Luther and His Knox and His Wesley, and the very last triumph will come along. I am mightily interested to know whether I can be in heart, whether they will be found in that work mightily giving themthat company, and whether those that I love as I love those of my own selves to it.

"Oh," you say, "I think that is a good thing, and we ought to do it, and I am going to do it." Hold on. Hold on; are you ready to go? Are you in condition to go? What would happen if you went? Oh, it is a great business opportunity, and a man can't go into it rising from the carelessness of the world, with the stain of it on his soul he can't go into that work as God wants him to go into it, but if he will take the prize, he can have it.

That blessed mighty power I received by simply asking him to give me experience. I went into the ministry from a home in New England where my father and mother put up the family altar and named the children, one by one, in their prayer in the morning, and sent them out with the consciousness that God is over all. That is the way I was brought up. My father had a practice that I never knew duplicated. My father, for fifty years, spent an average of two hours a day in vocal prayer. Don't you think that a man would be likely to have a vocabulary who spent two hours a day talking with God? When bishops came to see me at my house, they said:

"Don't ask us to pray. Don't ask us to ask the blessing at the table. Let him do it. If it were true, as was said long ago, that a man couldn't be under the stoop the same day without realizing that he stood in the presence of the greatest man in Europe, what do you suppose would be the effect on a person coming in contact with a man who consorts with God, who goes, hour by hour, into His presence?"

That is where I started, and I ought to be a good deal better man than I am. My father and mother told me when I went into the ministry, that there was ont thing that I was to do, and that was to win men to God. And so I thought that would be the test, and after I had asked God for four years to give me the record every year: that God was to give me every year a successful revival, and I want to say to His glory, that He has, a hundredfold. In churches up-town and down-town, in country churches and city churches, not a year, not one, that God did not give me, at least, a hundred souls, and many, many years, more than that. And I am as sure as I can be, that there is not a minister here that can't have them, if he wants to make the opportunities for it.

When I went to my last place, I confess I trembled. It was in New York, where they say such things and do such things—Babylon. And, my dear friends, some of them said to me, "You can't do that here. Can't you take up some other line and use some other means?" And I didn't know, for an instant, but what they were right, but I said one day in the presence of my presiding elder, as the ministers gathered there for the meeting:

"I don't know what is going to happen, but I will tell you one thing: You can keep looking and you see how it turns out, but know this, something will be done, it will be ventured.

"Yes, everybody shall know it, and it shall be a victory for God or the devil, but before it shall be for the devil, there will be a funeral in the parsonage."

I said it just like that and I meant it before God. I said I would die in my tracks before there should have been defeat in that great work. I didn't mean to take my own life, but meant to walk up and down those streets until there was no more life in me. I meant to climb those six or eight-story buildings until there was no more strength in me, rather than there should be defeat. I knew I could not dragnet the people and get them into the church, but there was no reason under the heavens why I should not see them in their offices, and see them in their homes, and so I gave myself to that work, and I saw them in their offices and I saw them in their homes and I got them on their knees to confess Christ and to tell me that they would be out at night and stand up and own their Lord in the great congre-

gation. So when the evening came, I went up on the platform and looked out and I said:

"All right, there will be something doing here tonight, sure;" and I had the step of a conqueror.

You say there wasn't much faith in that? Well, it was quite an enthusiastic experience; and as I looked out and saw them, I preached tremendously because I had the faith of assurance; and as I continued the work and gave them the invitation to come, they filled up the gallery, and someone said:

"Well, well, I had no idea those folks would be interested;" and they came up, one after another, one after another, day after day, for thirty full days.

And then I thought I had climbed about the last step and had made about the last effort in my building in those thirty days. I had put in about all there was in me, and I didn't sleep much nights, I own, but when I got to thinking of it, I remembered that most of the people who had brought the world toward God were poor sleepers, that Jesus of Nazarus, in the lonely night, scalded the rocks with His tears and mingled them with the waves of the sea, but on the first Sunday in February, I got paid for all I had done a thousandfold over, for on that day, God gave us 364 people to be received into the church, that one Sunday. From 1,400, the membership rose to 2,000, then to 2,400, and now we have more than 2,600 members in the church. It is a recipe that works. Try it on, brethren, try it on, and it will work finer still. I just want to say to you that our penny collection last year was $7,156. You could get an increase in your salary, if you try it. Oh, there is nothing in the world that greases the wheels like the coming down of the blessing of the Holy Ghost into the hearts of men. That will open pocketbooks, that will make stingy men generous givers.

Just a word about preparation. The greatest thing in this world, it seems to me, by way of preparation, is prayer. These things that I am going to say to you now, I know will seem trite to you, and they did to me until I got hold of it, until they really filled my soul. How much praying there is that doesn't amount to anything. I am almost ashamed to confess it, but I had been seven years in the ministry before I knew how to pray. I didn't know what prayer was until I waded through all the depths, and then I found out and I never lost the sweetness of it to this hour, thank God. It was well worth the price I paid, and to me, prayer isn't so much a supplication as it is adoration, and I go to God, not so much to tell Him what I want, as to ask Him what He wants with me. I throw my plans down to pick up His. What is the use of taking second best when you can have the best? What is the use of trying to bring God over to your plans,

when God has wiser and more perfect plans than you, and you can have them for the asking? Prayer is changing eyes with God. It is seeing things as God sees them, and, oh, how a great many things slip out of sight when man looks with the eyes of God.

And then, I think, we don't hold ourselves long enough. I think we don't settle ourselves in communion with God as we ought to do. One of the old Tarrytown folks has a sentence something like this: Little boys knock on the door and run away, but the man who hath business, knocks, and knocks, and knocks again, until his answer comes. That is a good thing for us to think about when we go to prayer. We want to wait for God to answer. Wait until God talks back. If you will excuse me for being personal, I will give you a homely illustration. I have four little children and a sweet wife, and they go away, go early in the summer, and they leave me in the hot city, and I work away in my study as long as I can and when I can't stand it any longer, I turn around in my chair and take up my telephone and I say to the long-distance operator:

"Please give me Dudley, Massachusetts."

That is 180 miles away as the crow flies. There are lines running direct from New York all up through there, and, with as much speed as the operator can maintain in the midst of her other engagements, she separates one line, and then another, and another, until there is a clear line from my study to where my wife is up in Dudley. And I hear a click, which tells me somebody is at the phone, and I say:

"Mary, is that you?" and she says:

"Yes, Charlie, it is I." I say:

"Mary, are the children all well?"

"Yes, all well."

"Each one of them, and little Mary, all well?"

"Yes, all well."

"And are you well?"

"Yes, perfectly well."

"Mary, I just wanted to tell you that I love you;" and she says:

"I love you, Charlie, with all my heart."

Well, that is what I took down that receiver for. That is what I opened communication with Dudley for, what I had fairly panted for before I laid down that receiver and a few seconds before I got her answer. I waited until she talked back. Oh, brothers, don't go out until you get a message from God. When God says:

"I love you, thou art mine and I am thine;" then you can go forty days, if necessary, into the wilderness under such inspiration as that. You see now what I mean by prayer and praying until God talks back.

And then I urge you to read the Book, to appreciate the blessed Book. There are a good many ways to study the Bible. There is a critical way. Many of you will take that method, but you know it comes out in your life and in mine when we had a letter from home, we looked into it with eagerness and we didn't care at all about the punctuation, or whether the capitals were in the right place. We just want the loving message from those who care for us. Oh, there come times in your life and mine when we want the loving message of God. We don't care so much who wrote the 23d Psalm. It just lays hold of us and we feel the warmth and uplift of its power, and we just simply read it and take it in.

Then, there is another way that I want to recommend to preachers and workers, because it did me so much good. I mean the evangelical study of the word of God, just going through the Bible to get hold of things that will brace you up, and that will stir you up for the great work you have to do, that will fit you to be and do, what you ought to be and what you ought to do. Every year I have a month of special services. I take the month of January, and preach thirty nights, every single night in the month, unless something unusual comes up. I start out every night and do the best I can, and I depend on nobody to assist. I wish I had somebody. And after getting into that work, I wanted to get some inspiration and uplift out of the Book to stir me up and make me feel as God feels about the matter, so I took up the Book and ran it over. I usually begin to read over in there about Joshua. It braces me up wonderfully to read about Joshua. I would go a long ways to get hold of the hand of Joshua, the hand that hollowed the stone and put the silver bridle on the moon in the valley of the Jordan. It does me good. I would go a long way to see the old hero, the man who came to the end of the journey and said:

"God told me at the beginning to be strong and of good courage, and that no man's hand should be able to stand before mine—God has done what He said He would." That is faith in God.

Then, there is Caleb who was a good second of Joshua, and I sometimes think he stood on the other side of Joshua when you come to think it all over. You know how it was when the spies came back. You know what Caleb said. When it was all over and they had come back, Caleb told them they were well able to go up in the mountain even if there were giants up there, but the spies said:

"No, you can't do it." Caleb straightened up when they got over in the land, and he said to Joshua:

"Now, look here; I told you forty years ago we were able to clean out the Anakim. I thought we could, and I think so now, and I will tell you what you do. You give me that territory down there and I will go down and do the job;" and so Joshua said:

"All right, Caleb; you shall have that territory;" and Caleb went down, as he thought he ought to, and he cleaned them out, as he thought he could.

It always stirs up my blood when I read about Caleb. I go that way through the Bible. I go over to Jonah and get inspiration out of that book. It has been the custom for a good many years to smile at Jonah. Some thought that there was only one thing in Jonah and that was, the question as to the size of the whale's throat, and how long it would take a fish with that size of a throat to swallow Jonah, but that isn't the message of the book. It has two messages, and they are as fresh as the morning dew. One of them is, if any man tries to run away from God and hide, he will get into trouble. And the other is, that if any man or any nation will humble themselves before God and turn away from their sins, that God will forgive them, and that thought is just as true today as it was long ago.

God help us to get hold of these great things out of the Book. And as you turn through it into the New Testament and see the Son of God, in the longing and yearning of His soul, it is enough to key anybody up for the great work he has to do. Bishop Harris told me of a little incident the other day that greatly moved me. He said that when Japan was to settle that great question—the hour had struck and at that very meeting the old question as to whether they had to go into war with Russia, was to be settled. It looked as if in going against that tremendous power of the north, nothing would be left of them. And as they filed in to meet Marquis Ito for that fateful hour—as they filed in, they saw that the reception room was stripped of every article of furniture save that in the center of the room there was a lacquer table, and lying on the lacquer table was a drawn dagger. They looked at it and at the white face of the marquis, and they knew what it meant: either victory for Japan or an ended career for the marquis—either victory or death. I would to God that we might get some of that determination for the great Master, and go into this work with the purpose in our souls that we must win for God.

WHEN CALVARY BECOMES REAL

By REV. HENRY OSTROM, D. D., Greencastle, Indiana

I feel impelled to preface my message with a few introductory sentences.

There is no place like Winona, and you might travel the world over and not find a meeting like this tonight. This service was preceded by the meeting of Rescue Mission workers. I have been sitting here from the first, and have said a score of times as my brethren spoke of their salvation from such gross habits: "That is Henry Ostrom there but for the saving grace of the Lord Jesus Christ when I was at the verge of young manhood." Even when they pictured their worst faults and deepest sins, I said, "they are all mine but for the grace of God." It has seemed to me that heaven must be very near tonight and it has been brought near by the wonderful grace wrought in the hearts of these brethren.

I am not brought on here to preach or to deliver an address. I am brought on here rather as a friend to help make a kind of a homing after the year's campaigns in the cities for my brother evangelists and our distinguished friend and leader, Dr. Chapman. I thought I must speak of the future victory of the Christian—the home of the blessed when I came to Winona I seemed impelled to do so and on this platform tonight again and again it has come to me, "I will have to do that." For I have missed here one face more than I can ever begin to put in words, and the presence of one (the late Mrs. Chapman) ever since I have been on these grounds has been coveted more than any language can tell. But I think I would do her more honor as I would do the occasion better service, under God, to just speak of her Jesus.

Two years ago I spoke here of the Atonement and the year following year of the Triumph of the Atonement, but tonight I know God wants to make it all personal and so I am going to keep away from the ground I took the two years preceding, and for a few minutes have you, with myself, ask "Is it real to us that He gave His life for sinners?" My subject for this hour is, "When Calvary Becomes Real."

It makes a great difference to us whether we appreciate or not. If appreciation is dead then the blooming rose is no more than a common carrot. If appreciation is dead, then the prattle and play of chil-

dren is no more than the rattle and rumble of a street car. If appreciation is dead, then there is as much interest in the cracking noise coming from stricken metal as in the dawn of a day in June; and if appreciation is dead in the presence of the Cross, its sepulchre is sealed with night.

Next to dead appreciation is sleeping appreciation, the unheeding spirit. Men suffering under the spell of it find no reason to return thanks at the table. They call themselves self-made. They feel that their bank accounts are all their own as if they had wrought out the earnings, all their own as if they had manufactured their ability to toil.

But it is only recently that a company of scientific men arranged a concrete enclosure in which they planted a tree. They used dry earth which they had weighed in which to plant this tree, providing moisture they left it two years to grow and at the end of the two years uprooted the tree, cleaned the roots perfectly, dried the earth thoroughly to find that the tree had gained one hundred and sixty-seven pounds in weight, and the earth had lost two ounces, proving that even the trees of the field get their strength out of the air and that with all our plowing and all our hoeing and all our fertilizing every meal is manna.

But when appreciation sleeps we fall back on our old thought and say it was my effort or my nerve or my shrewdness or my hidden and persistent struggle that brought me this house or these goods. For a dead appreciation and a sleeping appreciation there is but one great answer and that is appreciation fully alive. The self-made man should ask himself at least once a day, "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?"

A man knelt down last winter with an experience like that represented by these brothers in telling of their worst days in the early meeting tonight. This man's garments were dirty and the smell of intoxicants was upon him. He was every way a down-and-out, but at length with tears he committed his wasted life and broken spirit to the Savior. "Well," I said to him, "tomorrow you come and meet me at the lunch hour, in the corridor of the hotel, perhaps you will not get a job before noon and I would like to see you there." Promptly on time he came into the corridor of the hotel the following day and bore in his hand a big red apple. Now, it was a Ben Davis, and any of you people can have all the joy in eating them you like, but I always felt that a Ben Davis was like cotton batting fixed up with sweetened vinegar. I can eat Spies, Kings or Harvest apples, but the Ben Davis! O it keeps well, markets well; and you would (any of you) probably be glad if you had a big crop in 1907. Now, there was that big Ben Davis apple and when we met he said, "Well, I am here just as I said," and offered me the red apple. I took it and he agreed to come the next day at the same hour.

Promptly as I appeared there he came bearing in his hands two big red apples, and they were both Ben Davises. I took them up to my room and kept them that I might show them to my wife and children as a tribute of appreciation for a few words of prayer offered when a heart was heavy and sore. But it was real appreciation. Red apples, and Ben Davis variety at that, were enough; fully enough to represent the heart appreciation of such a man.

A missionary acquaintance of mine said she was walking along the street near a sandy place one day when some little boys came near. She began to talk to them about India, telling them stories of people there and they walked along slowly and listened. Turning about she told them quite at length a story of boys in Hindoostan, when one little fellow opened his hand and disclosed a little hyacinth all crushed and wilted. With the natural freedom of boyhood he called out, "Here, Missus, you have this for the story," and she said that before she had thought of the effect of the act she burst out laughing, and replied, "Why, honey, that little flower is no good, it is all wilted." Then she saw the look of amazement and disappointment on the child's face as he straightened himself up and said, "Well, Missus, it smells a little yet anyway. Won't you have it?" "Then," said she, "I took the little flower and walked away to think and think deeply of a boy's appreciation of a little story. There is the fragrance of appreciation in the crushed hyacinth yet.

Now, it is a great thing for us to read books, hear addresses and philosophize about religious and social conditions and times and events, but I tell you I'd rather have one hour's genuine appreciation of Calvary and miss all the philosophizing that has ever been done concerning it, than to know more than all the men ever created know of the theories of the Atonement, and fail at the point of appreciation. Great is reason, but I think intuition is greater than argument. And appreciation is the very dynamo of intuition.

Your heart will respond when you know that the Cross is personal. When there passed along the Jericho road that great multitude of people, there was one singled out by poor Bartimaeus who sat by the wayside. What would it matter to Bartimaeus that there were ten thousand people in that crowd if no one had spoken to him. When he cried out and would not hold his peace, Jesus stood still and commanded him to be called and they said to him, "Be of good comfort, rise, he calleth thee." And I think when the word "thee" in his own language went home to the heart of blind Bartimaeus he said to himself, "Is it I he is after," and the moment he rose to his feet and was come forth and Jesus said, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" and he said, "Lord, that I might receive my sight," and Jesus said unto him, "Thy faith hath made thee whole," Bartimaeus knew

that it was his own. And the thing concerning the Cross of our Lord Jesus that concerns us last and most is this: is it yours? Is it your own?

I speak to the minister, to the Sunday School teacher as to the man who has not yet caught the vision, who may not yet have cried, "O Lord, that I might receiv my sight," and ask you, "Is it yours? Is it your own?"

Joseph of Arimathea—I hesitate to mention his name, lest I speak unkindly of a man who did fairly well—but Joseph of Arimathea never impresses me much, except that he got the sepulchre ready, said he would have decent arrangements for the burial of the body of the Lord Jesus and had a kind of secret discipleship. Nicodemus never impresses me much except to criticise him that he should have gone at night and asked those questions secretly. What though they wrapped the body in clean linen, with spices, and placed it in a new tomb. It is true that I might like Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus (under such conditions) not have had sufficient courage to go openly and accept him. I might have paid some tribute for decency's sake to the Lord Jesus. But that does not make Calvary my Calvary, and the record in history of the Roman centurion ranks well alongside the record of Joseph of Arimathea, for the centurion, when he saw him die, turned away and said, "Truly, this was the Son of God." I wish we had his later history. The expressions uttered by those about the Cross seem so every-day like, but this man got the real significance sufficiently to acknowledge his Lord as "verily the Son of God."

And you will discover around the cross nothing more real than the gloom under which the followers of Jesus suffered. It is a persistent gloom, too. Now, you know there were two times when He distinctly told them that He would be put to death. There was one time when He gave them a clear hint that He would be put to death and there was a fourth time when He gave a considerable, but not so clear a hint, concerning His death on Calvary. They had heard it, but when it appeared they could not quite understand it. This had all been given them, but still they are in the throes of a great bewilderment. See the two on the way to Emmaus. Their eyes are holden when He comes near them, they are bewildered. There is Mary. It is said that she was greatly frightened. Here were the eleven and when He appeared as they assembled it is said that they were terrified. You see when you come to the cross of the Lord Jesus as its meanings are enacted on such an earth as this and among such people as we, it is a tremendous transaction and little wonder that men and women are confused and bewildered unless they see in it something truly personal, directly personal and from heaven for themselves. You philosophize on it and you will shrink from it. But you come to it, and it

will take you up and embrace you with its love. Seeing it in this personal sense, it will kiss away your stains and give you peace. Though these early witnesses of this greatest of transactions were bewildered, when appreciation began to breathe and put on strength it is noticeable how prompt and sure is the change from bewilderment to assurance, from fright to courage or from distraction to peace. Here are the two on the way to Emmaus and "their eyes are opened," "their understanding is opened" that they may understand the Scriptures. Mary becomes a heroic witness and you hear of the message taken in haste to where the eleven were gathered. "The Lord is indeed risen, and hath appeared to Simon." Then there is "great joy," there is "joy and wonder," there is praising, there is blessing of God. O it is a June day after March, it is triumph following defeat, it is glory after gloom.

Now, somewhere between the gloom and the understanding of these two on the way to Emmaus, and that of the women, and that of the eleven—somewhere between that gloom and this understanding there was a touch came on them. There was a sense of appreciation broke over their hearts, until they began blessing God and witnessing, brought to a climax by Peter shortly after delivering his great address in which he speaks of the Prince of Life having been put to death and raised again by the power of God. There is more than magic in Calvary becoming real and personal. For a season at least let discussion and theorizing concerning Calvary become silent and let us come for that touch which transforms.

The question for your life and mine concerning the Cross of Jesus is this: Can we get that touch? Is it today as real, as much a living Truth and Power as it was then? These men have all witnessed tonight that they got it. All have set forth that it works, just as was promised. But supposing, we ask, is it correct, is it Scripture, is it fair to say that even tonight, here, in August, 1907, on American soil, the great rolling ocean between us and the place called Calvary, is it true that tonight in this auditorium, the Cross of the Lord Jesus, the imperishable Cross, the atoning blood, the healing power of His great Love, the significance of His broken heart and resurrection, for our justification, is it true they can be real to you here and now? That is the question. I answer that it depends upon how much you are determined to appreciate. Dead appreciation could not claim it even with the brightest intellect, and sleeping or fainting appreciation will not.

Some years ago, I heard the story of a newsboy who, having lost his mother, his only close friend—father gone, no other children—this poor boy decided he would place a tombstone at her grave. Going to the vender of tombstones and finding nothing within reach of his purse, he then made a contract for a broken piece of marble, took it

down on a kind of four-wheeled half-toy wagon, dug a little hole for the foundation of the broken piece and planted it by his mother's grave. He procured an old chisel and had it sharpened on an old grindstone, and began to chisel on this piece of marble, the best he could, working at the task every afternoon, having sold papers each morning, until he had with very poor spelling and incorrect capitalization, chiseled, "My mother, she died last week. She was all I had; she said she would be waiting for"— "fur" as he spelled it. There the inscription ceased.

One day a gentleman of the city who had heard about the newsboy being out there chiseling this inscription, went out to see it, and he asked the keeper of the cemetery to direct him to the tombstone at the grave of the newsboy's mother. Having visited the place he returned to inquire as to where he might find the boy, when the keeper of the cemetery replied: "Did you not see the smaller grave mound beside the mother's grave? That is his grave. A team of horses ran into him as he was selling his papers and he was taken to the hospital —it was several days ago. After he got to the hospital they heard him saying, 'I didn't get it finished, but she will know I meant to finish it, and it will be all right, for she said she would be waiting for me.' Thus he died. And so they brought his little body out here and buried it beside his mother's grave, and the inscription has not been finished." The visitor took word of this boy's sweet devotion down to the marble works. The men at the marble works hearing the story sent out a properly inscribed tombstone for the grave of both mother and son, that it might be said by the people who passed, "There was a boy who appreciated his mother."

It is something to take even our blind affections and put them, if necessary, on the grindstone of affliction and sharpen them up and chisel into everyday history, "I love Jesus for dying for my sins." Far better that than to sharpen the pen and write essays concerning the theories of the Atonement, if we go no further. When our eyes are not moist and our hearts lack sympathy, in the presence of Calvary, when we fail to rouse and plan enterprises of moment, then the best that God could do for man passes as common, or if more than common, then rather as a subject of curiosity than as the outpouring of unspeakable love.

What is it to you, or tonight can it be important to you? Now, Jesus Himself says that there shall come the other Advocate, the other Comforter—there you have it, friends—the other One to stand up alongside of you in the courtroom so that when your enemies would make out a case against you, He will take your part. The Unseen Friend, the "Other." That word "other" well nigh conveys to us the meaning of "the same as" falling, as it does, from Jesus' lips. He

says that in taking your part, "He shall take of my things and show them unto you." Now, if Jesus' word is worth while, here in this auditorium tonight there can be brought home to your soul, until appreciation grows great, the sense that Jesus broke His heart for you. "The things concerning himself" may now and here be as real to us as if they occurred but a moment ago—indeed, they are now occurring.

And ministers and fellow sinners, if that truth comes home to you to be received with cherishing before you sleep tonight, the world will hear it before a year from tonight, and Jesus will smile on the results of it. It is the name of the Savior, the vision of Jesus in the soul of the twentieth century man, so clear that he says, "The theories, I have heard them, I have thought them over, I have doubted them, I have stumbled at them, I have wondered about them, but at length I have come out where there is great rejoicing—it is this passover to assurance by the Passover of God we need. I have seen Him, the Imperishable Truth becomes the real vigor of the soul, and once there nothing will propel and compel like it, nothing is known to expel like it. Give us that and from the laboring man to the most absorbing artist, there will be found the confidence that sin can be mastered, man can win, death is conquered, and the Prince of Peace shall have the throne.

Look at these Scriptures. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews talks about all the time between the days of Adam and John the Baptist, as yesterday. Then he says that "Jesus is the same yesterday," then gathering together a length of time of which he himself may not have reckoned, he says "today." And then as if every misgiving had been completely silenced and Calvary could never be successfully assailed and as if his appreciation had expanded into utmost devotion never to be exhausted, he adds, "forever," the same yesterday and today and forever. And when Moses and Elijah appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration they talked of his decease which he should accomplish. This is literally "His exodus," his going out. As when Israel came out of bondage, it was called the exodus. Thus the Scriptures place the Lamb in the midst of the throne far out in the eternities and Jesus slain from before the foundation of the world, so that it might appear that any time the clock ticked between the first scene of human distress and the last cry of any soul on this earth, that moment there might break as a flash over the soul the sense of a conscious Savior met by a conscious sinner, and a conscious salvation result. And more, if he should "take these things of Christ and show them unto us," it would seem that in this auditorium tonight the conscious sense of the love of Jesus could be so real, that none of us should fail to realize it. I question if we do miss it in the light of this experience of these early disciples as we consider it. I question if there is a man or woman here tonight who has not had the eye opened

a little. Now, may God widen the vision until the redemptive love becomes real. Everything depends on the look. Everything! But it must be a real soulful look, a sent look, outgoing as need has sent it. When the smitten Israelites looked at the brazen serpent they had prefaced that look with these things; first, they had requested Moses to pray for them; second, he did pray for them, then when they had gotten so intensely determined to appreciate the opportunity their look meant devotion. There was God's direct answer, there was His answer through Moses' intercession, and there was obedient surrender. Little wonder then that it became "look and live." You see what is back of it? A man shall pray for me, and as bidden I look, if I gaze to my death I will gaze there till I see Him. And once by faith you see Him the rest is done. Nothing else can possibly result like it. It is the verification of Calvary that through the ages where you give the acceptance it accomplishes that for which it is accepted. It works. Do not tell me what you don't believe and what you can't believe. Negatives never answer true love's claim or demand. What do you believe? Answer that. What do you affirm? What in the realm of the real has become real to you? If it is Calvary, O you could die to tell the world of its wealth. See Jesus pass along and see Zaccheus come down from the tree and hear Jesus say, "Come down, I must abide in thy house," and Zaccheus begins to make for the earth; he hurries home to receive Him. Then the paying of debts, the restoring of goods, the giving to the poor and the new joy in the household witness to the power of the soulful look. Zaccheus is beginning to appreciate Jesus. May our hearts appreciate what it means!

Personal, exceedingly personal! When it becomes so personal all the world shall soon hear it. As a result of the throngs day and night on these grounds appreciating Calvary, it can be made personal until ten thousand, and ten thousand twice told and five times multiplied shall be brought to the Lord Jesus in America this year as a result of these days at the Winona Bible Conference. Behold Jesus lifted up to draw the human up.

What if a woman should go home from these meetings next week and should say to her husband, "I have been to the meetings and I am glad to find you here upon my return." Her husband shall answer, "Yes, and I have made up my mind that we are going to have everything respectable. I have made up my mind that we will have the best of garments that can be made, the best of food that can be purchased, and the best of fuel that can be had; we are surely going to have things respectable." Then she would say to that husband, "Yes, that is very well, but is that all?" Only to get the answer, "That is all." How would the words leap from her lips, "O husband, I thought you married me because you loved me; now we are only going to have

things respectable, the best of food and the best of clothing." I think that woman would give more for a little bit of love from that man's heart than for all the respectability without it you could possibly put into the treasury of a place called home.

Or what if one should go home from these meetings and say, "O husband, I have been to the meetings and am so glad to think how kind you are to me." But her husband shall answer, "Yes, you are the daughter of your mother, you look like your mother, and I have got a photograph of you and it reminds me of her, really I recognize that you are the daughter of your mother, that is all." O a little bit of love would mean more in a day than a century of pedigree and picture without the love.

How shall it be if we say of Jesus, He is the Son of God, what shall that be of itself? Or what shall it be if we shall say, "Let us exalt the church and honor the church's history," what shall that be of itself? The silent call of the Holy Spirit to the soul in the twentieth century is not well heard I think unless you hear in it the words from Calvary, "do you love me?"

You never lie awake at night, pained and anxious because you do not know all about the law of gravitation, never, never! You have not lost a single night's sleep over the question why oats when they sprout will not grow until they produce harvest apples, never a night's sleep! But you have lost nights of sleep because somebody was unkind to you, because somebody spoke thoughtlessly, because somebody had deceived you. Oh, it is a heart question, and the heart is bigger than the head.

And the cross of Jesus calls for enough of intellect to impress even the confidence of devils of its reality and worth, though they do not surrender to its authority. But it is almost all heart, heart, heart! And I tell you it calls for the heart. If my lips do not tremble, and if my hands do not reach out and if my life is not become much better because of it, because of having recognized his taking "of the things of Christ and showing them unto me" then whatever I may have gained, I have missed the jewel of its meaning.

What ambition could equal in value the ambition to approach as nearly as possible to being an expert on Calvary. The most proficient on that subject must be classed as the greatest success. To win a diploma there is to possess the highest guarantee for both time and eternity. Surely this is the subject for glorying. And appreciation there brings proficiency where nothing else can. We use telescopes to enable us to appreciate the stars. We use microscopes to assist an appreciation of the leaves of the trees. May we accept the aid of the Spirit of the Highest that we may be captured with the wealth of Calvary.

Personal Evangelism—Principles

By REV. C. L. GOODELL, D. D., New York City

I was asked if I would not instance some particular cases this afternoon, and give some particular methods. I find I shall not be able to do that, as I have to dwell especially upon principles, and maybe I will have a chance to give an instance or two to the ministers tomorrow night, and, as I get older in this work, I think less and less about the method, and more and more about the spirit. There isn't any method that I know of that works so well as the method of the yearning soul. Trifles are the provender of love, and when a man really loves, then all these little things are strangely powerful in winning men and women to God. Now, this afternoon, I want to speak on personal evangelism, but before I get at that, I am going to speak on some principles which underlie it, and it may be that I will not be able to get to my theme.

The first thing I want to do, is to challenge every lover of the Lord Jesus Christ to open for himself a new chapter in the acts of the apostles. You students of history know something about the armies that have marched and countermarched over Europe, but you will bear me witness that the greatest army, measured by results, that ever tramped into Europe, was four consecrated men led on by the little, round-shouldered, bald-headed Jew, and when the Caesars had toppled from their throne and lizards crawled where their names were writ, the name of that Jew stood high over them all as the name that had conquered through all of the ages. I recommend that you take the same kind of power that he had, in the little work that you have to undertake. When Paul, and Silas, and Timothy, and Luke got over into Europe, the first thing they did was to begin their personal efforts. The first convert they got was a Jew, and the second was a feeble-minded Greek, and the third was a Roman. They sampled the nations so that they might say to the world that their gospel was good enough for all creation, and the years have proven that they were right in it. It has been the power of God unto salvation to the Jew, and to the Greek, and to the Roman, and to the uttermost parts of the earth. Now, there are some people who do not believe very much about these miracles of the first century. They say, we are so far removed from them that we cannot examine the evidence, and in the nature of evi-

dence, it is, of course, true, that the farther you get away from the event, the more doubtful the evidence becomes. Now, I recommend that under such circumstances as those, you have the evidence of fresh miracles of your own, that you open up new a new chapter for yourselves. There is one thing greater than writing history, and that is, making it. Now, I submit that you make a little history for the glory of God, in the salvation of men. I have written somewhere about a little experience I have had along this line. I always like the reporters. I am great friends with the reporters. They are mighty smart people. When I hear some address, and then read it in the paper the next day and see how much better the printed address is than the original, I can't help thinking that there are reporters who know something and are as deep in understanding as the man who does the speaking, and so I say, I have a great sympathy with them. They come to me often and ask me to help them out and give them some news. One day in our meeting, I saw a lot of them sharpening their pencils, and I said:

"Boys, I have got something for you now that is worth while, and I shall not be disturbed if you open the door and go out at any time and telegraph the news all over the country, to Chicago, San Francisco, Indiana, or anywhere else you want to spread the news." I said, "Last Monday night we had two blind men brought into our meeting, and that night we had a specific for blindness, and, if you will believe me, before the meeting was over, those two blind men were able to see clearly;" and the boys woke up. They didn't know whether it was Christian Science or what it was, but I said: "The next night we had three lepers;" and then they began to crane their necks, and I said: "That night we had a specific for leprosy, and before the service was over, those three lepers were over there and stood up to give testimonv to what had been wrought in them." They began to catch on, and I said: "The next night, we had four dead men brought in;" and then the reporters began to stand up. "And," I said, "before the service was over those four dead men sprang to their feet and gave evidence to the uplift of new life within their souls. Now, boys," I said, "if you doubt what I am telling you, come down here. We have got the goods; they are right here, over there on the front seat. Come down and find out for yourselves." Oh, brethren, now as of old, seeing the man who was healed standing among them, every mouth is shut. There can be no question about it. Here they are and here they stand to give glad testimony. So, brethren, I say, open up a few chapters in the acts of the apostles of yourselves, and have a new lot of miracles, for thank God, the same power that used to make dead men alive, is just as powerful today as it was ever in the history of the world; and we can duplicate the miracles of the past

century anywhere, if our hearts are only consecrated and our lives given up to the service of Almighty God.

But before you can get into this work, you have to have a yearning soul. Have you ever thought of Moses in the service of God, in his yearning over the wicked, rebellious Israelites? When you get out of sorts, and the deacons are cantankerous, and you say, "I won't stand it this morning, and I won't put up with it any longer;" and you stiffen up your backbone to clean them all out, then just remember that scene way back in the wilderness and see Moses standing there with his face uplifted and transfigured, and saying: "Oh, God, forgive them, but if you can't do that, drop me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." When a minister feels that way toward his deacons, there will be something besides a change in that church, you can be sure of that. And then, see the prophets. Watch the yearning of those prophets of God after Israel. And Long, he was a good friend of mine and a friend of many of you, said, mostly in a joke, that it did not matter how many Esaus there were, but he was glad there was only one Jeremiah. I suppose what he meant to say by that was, that he wanted a cheerful gospel, and one set of Jeremiahs would be enough, but I couldn't help thinking that it may be a good thing for us, if there were more prophets on their knees who were praying that their eyes might be fountains of tears that they may weep day and night for the slain of God's people. I think that is a pretty good spirit for the ministry to have, a yearning for those who are going astray. As you look over in the New Testament, you have got something there. We read about Paul and about his solicitude and foresight. Take your Greek Testament, when you get home, and read those words over again with your lexicon, where Paul says, "I caught myself wishing and praying that I might be cursed for my people and companions' sake." "I caught myself wishing;" what a sentence that is. The process of the soul broke through the process of the mind, and out of the substance the mind was weaving another thread that came up on top. You and I catch ourselves wishing and praying for many things. How many of us ministers, as we have stood on the platform, have caught ourselves thinking about something as far removed as possible from the great work we have to do, of self and ease and comfort? But Paul caught himself thinking and praying that he might, himself, be cursed, if only his people might be saved. There is anxiety for you, and you and I are to have the same spirit.

But there is another. I suppose if we were to compress into one sentence, the story of the life of Jesus, it would be a sentence about like this: He had a passion for saving the lost. That sentence tells the story. He had a passion for saving the lost. Read from the record of his life with that in view. We ministers think we have read

this, but have we really? Read about that day Jesus was at Capernaum. See what He was doing, and how His soul went into the work He had to do. Watch Him in the night as He goes out. Read the record where it says, "And a great while before it was day." He was out there and praying, praying that He might work, sobbing in the anxiety of His soul that He might reach these people, that He might save some of them. There is a story, long after Waterloo was over and the whole campaign was settled, that one day Wellington had invited Blucher over to London to see the great city, and the great nation, and he took him up into the dome of Saint Paul's and he showed him the great city. And as Blucher looked around, his face began to redden and the blood of battle tingled through the warrior's veins, and when he had looked around, he said, "What a city for pillage." But there was another man looking on another city, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, as he said: "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets, how oft would I have gathered thy children together." To which class do you and I belong? Do we look upon the city as a place for self and for pillage, or does it appeal to us? He, who had ventured farthest to save the lost, left in the path that He blazed, a message and fastened with a nail to His cross for those who should follow Him, and these are the words of it: "Whosoever would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross." And the men who have made this world fit to live in, are the men who have done that. Look over the ages and see how they got that spirit. How they troop up before you. See that little monk with his brown frock on, standing before the sovereign of half of the world, without influence, and nobles standing around him. See him and hear him, as he says: "Here I stand, God help me, I can do no other." In a single sentence, that is the Iliad of all the martyrs in all the ages. When I want to brace up a little, it does me good to look Martin Luther in the face. I like to hear his prayers, and the sound of his hammer at Wittenberg, and the crash of his ink bottle in Wittenberg castle. Luther throws an ink bottle at the devil. I know modern criticism would say, that was Aris, instead of the devil, but I think it was the devil, and he let him have it. I like to see a man of that sort. It takes a good deal of a man to throw an ink bottle at the devil, whether the contents are in a bottle or a fountain pen.

And others troop on. Look at John Knox. Hear him say, "Give me Scotland or I die;" and no minister amounts to much, in my humble judgment, until he can reach the place where he can say with Knox, "Give me, or I die. I can't stand it unless I have victory." And when a man gets there, something is sure to happen. Give me, or I die—a yearning soul, reaching out for the lost to win them unto God. There is a picture that I would like to hang up in the study of

every minister and in the parlor of every Christian. It is the picture of a man weary in the work of God, but not of it, slowly mounting the staircase, and the people gather at the foot of it and beseeching him until he stands on the landing holding a lamp in his hand to preach to the people; and there he stands, preaching away until the candle burns down to its socket and goes out, and he climbs feebly upstairs, and, just as the sun is coming up, his spirit wings its way to God. There is your burning and your shining light; as the oil wastes, the flame expires. As the soul burns, the world is lighted, and it is for that reason that I am trying to lay at home in my own heart, this great tremendous fact that is struggling to my lips, that it is only as we become cross-bearers that we can possibly win. We are to throw ourselves with infinite yearning after men.

There flashes across my mind this minute an incident of a poor fellow condemned to death, and who was visited by someone to bring him spiritual consolation, and when he had finished, the prisoner turns to him and says:

"Do you believe this?"

"Yes, I certainly believe it."

"Well," says the condemned man, "if I believed it, I would go across England on my knees on broken glass, if I could bring the news to another soul."

Oh, yes, our hearts all kindle as we think of this. So, the first necessity is a yearning soul, yearning after men.

And, you must have faith with it. You know the spies came back saying that they were grasshoppers in their own sight, and in sight of their enemy. Now, if a man is a grasshopper in his own sight, the only thing for him to do is to leg it, because that is the business of a grasshopper. So, if a man feels that way, he had better not fight, he had better run into the country. The only thing to be done is to remember that it wasn't ram's horns and broken bottles, it was the Almighty God that gave Israel the victory, and He can give it to us, thank God, weak as we are and poor as we are, if only we fasten hope to His omnipotence.

And now I am getting a little nearer to my theme. I wanted to get close enough to say that I would like to say just a word now to the laymen. They are the people that have got to win this world to God, after all. When I build my national monument, I am going to have the name "General" underneath it, and I am going to put up my monument to the common soldier, the man behind the gun. So, when this world is won to God, it is going to be won when the membership of the church devotes itself to the work. What is the use of laying all of the work on the overburdened minister? What is the use of put-

ting the minister in the thills and mounting the wagon, yourselves, to ride? Why don't you get behind and boost? There is no doubt but that you can push things onward to success. "Oh, well," do you say, "we don't like the minister." No? Has it ever occurred to you to ask whether he likes you? You say he can't preach. Well, likely he knows it fully as well as you do. I should not wonder if it troubled him just as much as it troubles you. But I will tell you what will help the poor preacher. I will tell you what will help him when the fires burn low in him: work on him the same kind of a method which Israel practiced on Moses, and get your membership interested, get them on the platform and let them stand on either side of him and hold him up, and now, as of old, you will find that when the laity holds up the hands of the minister, there will be a tremendous outpouring unto the hosts of God. A very ordinary minister can preach a tremendous sermon when he has that kind of backing. The dean of the theological school at Harvard, Dean Hodges, has said there were three great movements in the progress of the church and they were all aided by the laymen: the movement which was inaugurated by the martyrs, and by the monks, and what he is pleased to call that which was inaugurated and helped forward by the Methodists over in England, and he says that the laymen in the old countries did their work in the face of the protest of the ministers. Remember, there is no more of that. I think that the ministry and the laity should say, "Aye" and "Aye," and stand shoulder to shoulder. My message is a message now to the laity of the church to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, to stand shoulder to shoulder with these men of God, that the great work may go forward.

And now, let us get close enough to touch upon this matter of individual effort. This talk about winning the race to God; it will be only one by one, you may be sure of that. Some people would like to have a nation won by an edict. What kind of Christians does an edict make? Ask history and see. The only way to make a Christian, is the old-fashioned way: for him to gaze into the face of Christ himself until he bears His image on his heart. That is the way to make a Christian, and you must do your part in bringing men into this personal contact. I know it is hard work. I know it is hard, but that is the only way to do it. You remember the old story of the Roman soldier who, going into his first battle, held up his little short-bladed sword and said to the maker of it:

"The sword is too short;" but the maker said:

"Add a step to it, my son, and it will be long enough."

And history records, that as the Roman shortened his sword, he extended his country, and it will be the same way in the extension of the kingdom of God. When we get into close enough contact, then

something will be done. When we want voters with us, we poll the town. We just have the town divided into companies of ten, and we can tell you how every voter in New York stands, barring, of course, a few floaters that you never know where they will be when they vote. Wouldn't it be a splendid thing if the church would undertake some system by which she would know where every man in town stood with regard to religious truth? Wouldn't that be a splendid thing to undertake? You enlarge your business, and you want a young man who is worthy, for you want to bring him into your society, and you call him until you land him. May God help us to do the work in just that fashion; to keep steadily on, to put our whole soul into our work for the winning of men one by one. Bishop Fuller tells me that when a minister is sent out to a place where he is not wanted, it is not because he is an incompetent man. A minister had been sent over to an Ohio church where he didn't want to go, and when he appeared there, they wouldn't have anything to do with him. He went by himself to a hotel, after the sexton of the church had refused to open the door of the church and had given him the key. The hotel was a place where a good many commercial travelers were stopping over Sunday, and there they were seated in the office. And this minister began to get in contact with them. One of them asked another, "What house do you run for?" "I run for a shoe house in Boston." "What do you run for?" "I am from a New York clothing house." Another one said, "I am from a wall-paper house in Philadelphia;" and then they turned on the minister and said:

"What house are you running for?" and he replied:

"I am running for the Lord Jesus Christ, and tomorrow morning at half-past ten o'clock I am going to show my goods in the building with a steeple, and I would like to have you come and look them over."

And they came, and when the contribution box was passed, they filled it up with bills, and before the day was over the contribution box was full, and the altar was full and the men were singing. There is the man for you; you can try it on and see how it works. Oh, brothers, no one else can do that work like yourselves and myself. A friend was telling me the other day about there being some medals of the Crimean and other wars, that were sold at auction, but there were only a few to bid on them. Every man had sense enough to know that he had no business with them, because he wasn't in the battle, and he had no right to wear them. They would do as curiosities, but nobody could put them on, because he didn't win the fight. Now, there is something for us to think about. We will have no right to come under the arch where it is written that they come up through great tribulation, unless we do something for God. How would you feel in the company of those who were stoned for the kingdom of God, if we

go creeping up out of our beds of indulgence and ease with no scars upon us to show service. No, if we ever get into that fellowship, we will have to go in the door that is marked by the bloody tracks, where the men and women who have followed in the footsteps of the Lord have gone in after Him.

Oh, let us go into this work, then, with that determination in our heart. I am in Indiana, and I heard the other day a story about Indiana, that mightily pleased me. It is a story of the war. This time, it was the 11th Indiana. Maybe there is some brother of that regiment here. I don't know whether the story is true, or not, but it is good enough to be true. The story is, that the 11th was called to the battlefield at Vicksburg, and they had to have a lot of recruits, and those recruits were ordered to come down. They were to come down to fight for the stars and stripes, and among them there was one tall, raw-boned fellow, who went by the name of Peter Paul. Peter had never been in a fight in his life. He didn't know anything about soldiering; all he knew was that a man who was a soldier, was supposed to do as he was told to do. So, when they were all ready and the commander said, "Forward, march! Double quick," Peter double-quicked, and his legs were long and he was gaining on the rest of the crowd, and he didn't look back to see where they were. As a matter of fact, when the enemy fired at them, some of them fell and the others began to stagger and finally began to fall back, all but Peter. He was like another Peter: he couldn't stop, so he kept on running, and he ran on up to the low earthworks of the enemy, and as he approached, right ahead of him was a gunner. Peter rushed up to him and brought his club at the side of the gunner's head, and turned him round and started him back to his own camp. Nobody in the enemy's camp could shoot, because of the fear that they would kill their own man. So, by and by, Peter came into his camp tired and panting, and his fellow soldiers gathered around him and said:

"Peter, where did you get him?"

"Got him up there. There's lots of them up there. Every one of you might have had one if you had only gone after him."

Oh, brothers, when I see the flotsam and jetsam of our cities, and realize that every one of you could get one if you would only go after him, then my soul is exceedingly anxious that you do that thing and win that man unto God. Now, you are followers of Jesus Christ, professing to have His Spirit and to do His work. We are all followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in God's name let us show our right and title to be called followers of Him who gave His own life, dear unto Himself, as a ransom.

The WINNING PASTOR'S ATTITUDE

By REV. CHRISTIAN F. REISNER, D. D., Denver, Col.

The other day I read this story: A bride had just heard the words from a neighbor that she had a model husband, and she went home to quickly look it up, with a warm feeling in her heart, thinking a high compliment had been paid. And when she found the word in the dictionary, this was the definition: "A small imitation of the real thing."

If I can bring to you any sort of even "a small imitation of the real thing" I shall thank God and take courage.

The winner does not whine or whimper—determination carries him through every difficulty, seldom showing, never giving way to defeat. A celebrated floor debater said of a brisk opponent, "Senator —— does not know when he is whipped and I guess I do not myself." An old minister once said to an energetic younger man after a stiff discussion in a state conference session, "You are a good fighter and can give opponents severe punishment, but you stand up poorly under blows." This sentence touched a weakness. It is hard to "grin and bear it." Pity the fellow who falls before set-backs or gives up under knock-downs. Victory ultimately crowns the persevering who will not accept defeat. God's co-worker is sure of success. The Kingdom grows gradually like the wheat—"first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." But though the start is small it grows like the mustard seed until the fowls of the air lodge in its branches. We are not sent on a losing errand; time is not thus to be wasted. His word shall not return to Him void. In due season we shall reap if we faint not. We may only plant, some one else will water, but God will gather the increase. Utilized talents will increase like exercised muscles. Feeling God's hand of direction and obeying orders, the winning pastor expects sheaves more certainly than the wise farmer. The call and task settled the victory air will give spring to his step and agility and skill to every movement. He will scatter inspiration as a flower does perfume. His warm personality will melt blighting frosts into feeding dews. Such an air will keep one vivacious and versatile. It will spur energy, put iron into the blood and vitalize the whole being. It will make a sturdy, strenuous, stiff-purposed man.

The abounding assurance of success is only the hidden concrete of the building. We must act in line with it to erect a helping struc-

ture. We must back it up with a determination, sleepless vigilance and daring courage.

Determination is not easily sustained. It is corroded by time and eaten away by storms. It must be steel-fibered by a strong will. Some facts will help to accomplish this—for determination is not blind stubbornness, but intelligent and hopeful stick-to-it-iveness.

Man is needed in God's plan. When William Carey first plead to have missionaries sent to the heathen, the wise and dignified clergymen told the young upstart to sit down and busy himself holding his tongue. They said: "If God wants the heathen evangelized, He will do it without your help." But his inner conviction could not be mashed like a derby hat by sitting on it. He blazed a new trail. He listened and obeyed God rather than man and the miracle of modern missions resulted.

Jesus taught us to pray for harvesters. He reminded us that angels would like our task of being ambassadors for God. The seventy were sent by Him so that both their faith and training might be tested. Peter was weighted with a personal responsibility. He was to show his love by faithful service to the flock. A cup of cold water or a least service bestowed is noted and rewarded by the Great Master. After the declaration, "All power is given unto Me," came the "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." In the presence of the man born blind, He says, "We must work the works of Him that sent me." He stopped heretic-searching Saul and turned him into the world-wide preacher Paul in order to establish and organize the visible Kingdom. He has endured a low-grade, crumbling church, fanatical crusades and scores of cold or wild movements in His name, in the effort to train men to handle the business of the Kingdom. Into man's hands God has committed His work.

We are called to a possible task since God is Father to us. He will not over nor underload us, but fit work to our hands and develop our God-likeness in its doing. It is natural for man to walk with God. He began this way in the garden. Soiled by sin away from home man was backward about coming back until he found a fountain of cleansing for the unclean. It is homelike to walk and work with God—His yoke is easy; it fits. It does not blister or worry.

Of course, we must know our place. But His directions are clear. We sometimes thoughtlessly envy Old Testament characters and early disciples. We even sing "I should like," etc. This is a better day. It is the day of the Holy Spirit who guides us into all truth. This is the promise of One who never fails. This light shines vividly on the right pathway. There are no lives it does not reach, none are beneath it. It is just as dignified to be a shoemaker like "Hiram Golf" for the

glory of God as it is to be a pastor. God glorifies common tasks. We will not be infallible, but our very mistakes will enter into the "all things" working for our good and will aid in our education.

Settled by such facts we dare not dodge or loaf. It is our privilege to hang on. Flabbiness is inexcusable. Aimless lolling is sinful. Changeableness is weakening. Plenty of material is at hand to build a determination that stands all weathers. Despair is as childish as is the fear of the Booga man of darkness. Lost ground cannot be regained. But all sores of internal assurance will not save us from infernal assaults. We must be on our guard and having done all "to stand." We must wait on the Lord to renew our strength. But we must "watch as well as pray."

Prepare for discouragements as the physician does for emergencies by the supplies in his case. Lay up resources as the squirrels do nuts for winter frosts. Be expectantly watchful for them as one army is for another. Be confident in the consciousness that one with God is a majority.

Fruitage is not always immediate. The Colorado farmer must spend dollars and days digging water ditches before he can even plow. Former Kansas droughts were largely caused by haste. The ground was only scratched instead of opened deeply to its best moisture and fertility. The farmer must be patient, but also posted. The "hayseed" adjective will no longer fit him. He must know agricultural laws and rules and observe them. The spiritual farmer dare be no more slovenly. If wise, if active he may wait in more confident hope. He may need to wait longer. Burbank sometimes destroys 30,000 plants before he gets what he wants. The owner of the century plant waters, nourishes, tends it for 100 years before the glory crown blossom comes. Millions of dollars and scores of lives have been lost trying to reach the north pole. A worthy collegiate degree is not secured in six or twelve months. It takes years of close application and retirement from life's activities. A professional man becomes skilled only by decades of practice. Shall we despair if in influencing and shaping souls for an eternal life we do not get immediate results. The seed may be rooting for years and still show little outward evidence. Long and patient treatment are sometimes necessary to tender a heart in preparation for seed catching. Stubbornness is harder to overcome than stony soil. Thoughtlessness is worse to deal with than sandy, arid plains. Sin habits and tendencies will choke out the grain more certainly than any known weed. But the word will prosper. Turn on the sunshine of hope instead of the mildew of pessimism.

Obstacles will come thick and fast, but they may be disguised blessings. Maine coast storms are necessary to build the oak masts that pull ships through stormy seas. All great leaders have been tried in

the fires—from Joseph, Moses, David and Daniel on down—Luther's tremendous spiritual struggles so reinforced his backbone that he could stand against devils, kings and spiritual wickedness in high places. Wesley's soul wrestlings gave him a moral muscle that enables him to grapple with and throw evil wherever found. One great evangelist in our land fell in his wilderness testing time and is now running a pitiable side institution in a Western city. Every man who has been crowned as a leader has come up through great tribulation—has lost the dross in the fire of trial.

Testing gives one the full, deep, many-angled meaning of truth. Sorrow proves that the anchor holds within the veil and that the Comforter is near and potent. Apparent defeat under our own efforts causes us to look up to the near and love-lit face of a Father glowing with cheer upon us. Material loss enables us to understad the satisfying power of spiritual fellowship. Friendlessness of the treachery of trusted ones, but drives us closer to the One who said: "Ye are my friends." The husbandman that laboreth must be first a partaker of the fruits. He must know the strength of God's arm before he can describe it to another. The great heart strengthening songs have come out of sorrow-smitten souls.

Early in Jennie Lind's career a man heard her sing and said: "She will not move people mightily until her heart is broken." "I will break it." He married her and did so.

Obstacles act to innate ability as the firebell did to Cuba in "Lovey Mary." A man never knows what he can do until driven into a corner. Many inventions were the product of necessity. Free business competition in America has put our mercantile concerns in the lead. Hidden talents are uncovered. When the Boxer movement was on, a missionary by the name of Gamewell developed into an army engineer and saved the Pekin foreigners. The civil war brought out a farmer as General, in Grant. Many a man has been made by success in a hard job. Courage is thus created for other undertakings.

Can't is thrown out of his vocabulary. We generally do what we determinedly undertake. Set will cuts its way through. Victory gives sight and energy to enter other open doors of opportunity.

Sin still blocks and diverts us. Look out for its insidious attacks. It is not less malignant than when it murdered Jesus. It will wreck character, attack upright workers and endeavor to shatter every plan directed against its interests. Disciples even will sometimes fall in the fray. New Judases will appear in unexpected places. Other stilted and selfish groups of church leaders will organize against aggressive Kingdom builders. We need to be reminded—if there is danger of forgetting it—that the powers of darkness neither sleep nor rest.

We must be above reproach—not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing (Eph. 5:27). The very appearance of evil must be avoided. The smallest stain will be greatly magnified—avoid questionable places. Avoid questionable deeds. Avoid uncertain championships. Be above possible reproach. The indwelling Christ can only shine clearly out of a snow-white life, holy in purpose and deed. The returns will more than compensate for sacrifices. Honest, open speech, tinctured by kindness and charity not pointed and poisoned by bitterness and invective furnish the most telling bullets. The white life of unselfish consecration will supply a clean-bored gun and God will see to it that the powder is not lacking. Open eyes will not often be misled. Sin has discernible trade-marks. We dare not sleep. We must not lose the Spirit's guidance. If napping in a dangerous place the locks of our own strength may be shorn. A blighted life can never strike so hard again.

Be trustful. Criticism can not do us permanent harm. We dare not crawl upon a perch and ignore it. A valuable truth may be in it. Listen, push back hurt feelings, discriminate, admit only your error. Pick out the good as you would the meat of the pecan. Throw away the shell as useless and do not be embittered by eating it.

Remember always that victory costs. The price must always be paid before delivery. It is never dropped gratuitously into our laps. No one is worthy a crown who will not sweat in forging and adorning it. The business man does. His hours are long, his anxiety keen, his responsibility heavy and his efforts steady. The physician carries his patients in his heart, does repugnant things and answers every call. The commercial man travels on freights and "plugs," sleeps in wakeful beds, smiles before rebuffs, studies, and suits himself to every customer—all to win. The politician must be perpetually good-natured, please all parties, vote infallibly right every time. Why should the pastor expect an easy time. The Master toiled up to the last ounce of strength. The pastor has every incentive—the labor is not in vain and the task is worth while. He has a great appointment. He will therefore be outdone by no one. He will push and push and push. He will pay the full price that a win demands. He will at any cost of work be winner.

But having done his very best there must be peace and smoothness in his life. It is so regular now to hear of a pastor retiring to rest a year or two. Sad to say it is often due to the carelessness of a church in making a man overwork, but again it is often due to over-anxiety, friction and a lack of cheerful trust in the Father.

The winner will meet unexpected cuts and cracks from conscious and unconscious jealousy in the hearts of brethren. Men are still eaten by jealousy for the Joseph of the company. Professional people,

high-keyed in disposition, find it easy to spit vitriol. It is hard to see another forge ahead, especially if he be younger. New plans are always looked at with a tall interrogation point. Criticism seems to flow out of lips as easily as water from a mountain-fed spring while commendation comes as fast as molasses from a jug in a winter cellar. Unless we are forewarned we will be heart bled. Having settled the fact that God is leading and backing us, we may get where Paul is and say "None of these things move me." Some one has said:

"Jest do yer best an' praise or blame
That follers, that counts jest the same.
I've allers noticed great success
Is mixed with trouble, more or less,
And it's the man who does his best
'Et gits more kicks than all the rest."

We can show a good example by avoiding criticism—by being sweet under it. By taking a good motto like this, "Smile and Push," and live up to it. Then do not worry, having done your best, leave the rest with God.

"The world is wide
In time and tide,
And God is guide,
Then do not hurry.

That man is blest
Who does his best
And leaves the rest
Then do not worry."

Wesley said, "I dare no more worry and fret than I dare curse and swear." Beecher said, "It is not work that kills men, but worry. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not movement that destroys the machine, but friction." Beecher was the greatest joker in college. If all the facts above are so, we are doing our best and success for us is sure. Then let these works from Phillips Brooks steady us: "Here is my work to do not to worry over. My work I say: but if I can know that it is not my work but God's, should I not cast away my restlessness, even while I worked on more faithfully and untiringly than ever?" If success is possible, no pastor will rest in idle ease until he has found the ways that win.

Neither will he work steadily and regularly along old and fixed lines unless they are bringing fruitage. Hopefulness on an erroneous foundation helps but does not insure success. Persistency at a mis-

taken task will no more bring advancement than steady treading the air will carry one upstairs.

There is little excuse for ignorance in this glorious day. Every line has its inspirational and instructional aids, schools and gatherings. Few vocations and professions have so many and practical assistants as the pastor. We use them all as beacon lights against dangers, and to furnish eyeglasses for far sight and insight and to point out available tools and the way to use them. Convinced of the possibility of success the winning pastor will change methods, change tools, change places, change everything until he gets results. He will be as determined to bring things to pass and get returns as is any hard-headed business man. He will be as inflexible at times, as pliable at others, as teachable, as appropriating as any department store manager.

There are big problems for a now-a-days pastor. Yesterday did not tax him quite so much. All great and big love and consecration to Christ is not expressed in going out as a foreign missionary. It takes as much self-sacrifice, grit, energy and steady devotion, to meet and overcome the city problem, the country church problem, the religious question any place. The crown of praise, the atmosphere of glory is not so great but the need is pressing. I would not minimize foreign missions. No man can have the mind of Christ and succeed without pushing out into the regions beyond. But unless we win at home we cannot do so abroad. Satan has dared us, the gauntlet has been thrown down. God's grace and man's brain need not suffer defeat; together they will win. We must compel people to come in and sit down as the Master's guests. Dozens of churches are empty. Just think of it, eighty-one churches valued at half a million dollars with, four thousand seven hundred members and an annual budget of fifty thousand dollars in 16,200 services and with 6,050 sermons last year did not have a single convert. Seventy-five thousand dollars expended with no results. Nearly $1,500 a Sunday. Have men lost their appetite for Christ? Scores of inviting fields are open. Who will go, not to gather mere hopes, but sheaves? If God sent we may surely expect souls for our hire. With this spirit upon him, the winning pastor will then be alert for aids, for methods, for truths that will make him a winner.

When Dr. George K. Morris was professor of Practical Theology at Boston University, he constantly and effectively advised the theologues to go out to do one thing—be pastors exclusively, continually, and heartily. It is too big a task to allow us to dabble in anything else. Paul's motto will be ours—"This one thing I do." We will not have time to deal in real estate, to be directors of new companies, to work up a patent or push some machine. It is to some of us a sad

sign to see so many men trained to be pastors entering so many side lines. Pick up a Methodist Conference list of appointment and twenty names at the end will be appointed to other tasks than the pastorate. We cannot be alert in a dozen professions.

Why should we permit the church services to get into a rut. A bank president in speaking to me of his pastor the other day said: "He preaches well-formed sermons, but they were written ten and twenty years ago and we always know what will follow." To drone out ritual is to spoil it. Even a Scripture lesson may have heart put into it. Common things are made attractive by people who love to do them. So the regular ritual and order may be inspirited by the loving, lively personality of the pastor. There is always room for innovations and these too may be dignified. The sermon subject may be freshly put. At Chautauqua one year the preacher gave his text at the close. The Scripture lesson may be apt. A boy's choir may come in once a month. A new hymn may be printed in the bulletin. Some one may write a song to be sung while the collectors are bringing the money up. The benediction may be pronounced while the audience is seated. There may be a quiet time at the opening when the audience rises and all try to realize the presence of Christ. The organ may play while children or adults are being baptized and the audience be requested to chant the "Amen." There are scores of little things that may be introduced to take away the sleepiness of the service. The happy Sunday evening lecture may more fully illustrate this possibility.

In the "Administration of an Institutional Church," by George Hodges, the great work of Dr. Rainsford is shown to be the result of careful organization and thorough-going business methods. This sentence gives the clew: **"He found a church trying to minister in the old way to new conditions, and he changed the way so as to fit the conditions."** On Monday the pastor, the deaconesses and all the assistants held a conference. Here every detail of work for the week is taken up and carefully discussed. Spirit for effort and new light on defects result. This is the successful department-store method. The smallest church can imitate it. It will help also to avoid friction. At least once a quarter meet the heads of all departments and confer together. The National Cash Register pays liberally for inspired suggestions. Dr. Rainsford had a box for suggestions. Do the same. If some one or more is adopted give full credit. This attitude will bring in the business-like spirit so much needed today.

It is the privilege for the pastor to everywhere watch for people. It is not beneath his dignity to frequently give out his calling card to a dozen people on the street, inviting them to church. Hearts will be touched by this interest of one who is wrongly supposed to be too dignified to do it. He may have it with a map on the back showing

how easily to reach the church. He may have a form introducing the individual to the usher with his signature attached. This card will often open the way for a personal conversation on religion, or catch a drifter or slider. It will set a good example and keep the heart warm. Dr. S. J. Northrup suggests that each usher have his own card, as church usher, to give to the people on week days.

Dr. J. W. Lee, the eminent South Methodist minister, in a letter declares that he never leaves his church without at least keeping in correspondence with his church. When Dr. S. W. Taylor was in Europe he sent every aged or sick person a brief letter and all others a souvenir postal card. The old people, those bearing unusual responsibility, or some special group may be remembered with a card. The Sunday School or the young people's organization may be sent a letter to be read by the president at a regular session. The hospital residents will read a brief message with great delight.

We cannot work only in the study and touch the hearts of the audience from the pulpit. George K. Morris said: "The finest pulpit eloquence cannot be reached by the study alone. The path to that sublime eminence leads amid the thoroughfares of men." Ian MacLaren says in the "Cure of Souls": "If the preacher be ill, there are paragraphs in the newspapers; if the pastor, there is concern in humble homes." We must have a heart leverage if we attract and move people. Dr. Lyman Abbott in his life of Beecher says that Beecher was not counted a scholarly man from a bookish standpoint. He says: "Mr. Beecher got directly from men much which most students get indirectly through printed pages." Here is an open secret for the alert pastor. Once a week put on a business suit, a cheery and natural manner and call briefly on business men, unless strongly urged to stay longer and talk religion. Don't be afraid of infidels, big fellows, or busy people. You are ambassador for a great King. Your business is important. Get them to talk. You will learn; you will make friends who will bye and bye come to hear you and send and bring others. Carry Christ in a transparent, loving personality to folks.

Compel people to hear the Gospel. The pastor of the Halsted Street Institutional church in Chicago goes out on the street every Sunday evening with a stereopticon. The crowds look and listen. Denver pastors headed by the Episcopalian rector have put two hours of pictures on a screen during Passion Week for two years. Fifteen thousand people looked and listened to pastors describing pictures through a megaphone. In London people wearing stovepipe hats follow a brass band through the thickly populated quarters on Sunday evenings and distribute invitations until thousands come. Dr. W. J. Dawson found people in cultured Boston willing to do the same thing.

Who can tell the result of the seed sown by the Salvation Army and American Volunteers in their street meetings. How many parks are filled with crowds on Sundays. Dr. Young in Pittsburgh preaches to thousands in the city park. L. M. Riley in small Arkansas City, Kansas, uses the aerodome on Sunday nights—through the week it is a theater. Move the night service to some near-by open square and try for the people. Perhaps the city park will allow a few sacred pictures some weekday evening. Compel people to think along religious lines.

Advertise the church, its regular and special services in telling and commanding way.

Touch the town or community or city by some method or other. Make the presence of the church felt. Atchison, Kansas, has seven good-sized churches which have combined in publishing a good weekly church paper. Each church is given one column for its notices and news. Each pastor takes his turn as general editor for the rest of the paper. This gives the town good church news and promotes fraternity.

Some months ago one of Denver's larger hotels called up with the request for a Bible. A man was very ill and wanted one at once. In some English hotels every room is supplied with a Bible. Let one church or several either supply a good Bible or two for the hotel office —or, better, place one in each room. The name of the church or churches supplying the Bibles could be printed on the Bible with a striking invitation.

Saturday night people find it possible to attend evening entertainments because they will not be required to rise early the next morning. Calvary church, New York City, of which Rev. Charles E. Goodell is pastor has inaugurated a course of twelve Saturday evening entertainments. They include lectures, concerts, and moving pictures. Admission is free with a silver offering. Children under fourteen are excluded unless accompanied by adults. People come to the church instead of going to cheap theaters. They are pleased and rested here and so feel kindly towards the church. Knowing the way they will come again.

A church in a city of 18,000 gives an annual May festival. It attracts all the musical people of the town. It has grown until from a chorus of twenty voices, last year it pushed to 250 who rendered the Messiah. It is now held in the opera house, but is still under the direction of the same church. The whole town goes and constantly praises this particular church for its enterprise. The church thus stands for the people and they are compelled to think of its Christ. A band concert was given by my Kansas City church on the lawn near by. It was also tried in Denver. People by the hundreds found our location. The church must by some means make an impression on

the town. A number of Eastern churches have formed coal clubs. A group of families join together and pay in so much per week or month. When the cold weather comes a representative buys it at wholesale and has it delivered to the individuals forming the club. Morgan Memorial, Boston, runs a rental agency, keeping vacant houses of the neighborhood listed free. This helps members to locate near the church instead of moving far away. It enables them to get the best advantages. Agents are glad to rent to church people. It crowds out the bad people and creates a good atmosphere for the membership.

Grace church one summer arranged with the Gas company to conduct a six weeks' cooking school in the chapel. It attracted a crowd and put the cooking recipes into scores of homes with the church name printed on them.

An Eastern city church found a crowd of men fixing the street on winter days in front of the church. The ladies heated a room, invited the workmen inside and, without charge furnished them hot coffee.

Why not give a reception to the mayor and council of your town. One church or a group may do it. They are invited by all the lodges to all the dances and to all the wine banquets. The church may cheer their good impulses and be able to so get acquainted as to have an influence.

Give a reception also to the school board and to the teachers of the city. The chamber of commerce might also be honored in the same way.

Let the pastor himself give a reception in honor of the governor, mayor or some other prominent person or group and issue invitations to the whole membership to meet them. Make it formal and fix hours for different sections of the membership. It will dignify your church and bring the whole membership to your house.

I think it is hardly necessary for me to illustrate any further. It is the right and the privilege of the church to touch and influence every dapartment of life. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof and they that dwell therein." Paul said: "All things are yours." We have a right to appropriate anything the world uses successfully if it can be harnessed up to the Kingdom's power. We need to demonstrate that religion can naturally and easily enter every avenue of life. We want to bring Christ's Gospel to men. We must compel them to say what they will do with Jesus. When the church becomes a power in all lines of life, it will get a hearing and will win. Of course we cannot do all of these things. We can only choose one or two, but we must always have ten times as many resources as we need. Here is a crude motto that you will perhaps let me dare to give: "To win, lay hold, hang on and hump."

THE MAN AND THE CROWD

By REV. J. A. McDONALD, Toronto

It is seldom that the invitation comes to a working newspaper man to address a gathering of ministers and evangelists and church workers on matters pertaining to their special interests and pursuits. When the invitation came to me to speak at this Winona Conference I knew quite well that if I could be of any service it would be by drawing upon my own experience and observations and impressions of life as a newspaper man, rather than by affecting the role of exegete or expositor or preacher and attempting things at which so many men in this conference are experts, and of which they can speak with authority and power. It is granted, therefore, that I speak with the bias and accent of a newspaper editor.

The subject upon which I speak is this: "The Man and the Crowd." The organizing idea of what I wish to say is set forth in St. Mark's record of the sending out of the first apostles to preach for the first time their Master's doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven. They went through the crowded towns and cities preaching and teaching and healing diseases and casting out devils. Then they returned to their Master, and, in Mark's suggestive words, "told Him all things, whatsoever they had done and whatsoever they had taught." Mark's further words are even more significant: "And Jesus saith unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile. For there were many coming and going and they had no leisure so much as to eat."

They had been out in the crowd. The thrill of the crowd was on their nerves. The excitement of the crowd was in their blood. They came back to their Master each with a story more remarkable than the others. They had found in themselves such unexpected sources of power, they had done such new and strange things, they had won such victories in argument, and the things they taught made snch an impression that to hear them talk one might suppose that the kingdom had already come in power and that their Master's mission was already fulfilled.

Jesus was not slow to understand the situation. He saw the touch of strain in their life and the element of unreality in their spiritual condition. He knew this excitement could not last, and that in

its train might come reaction and disappointment, and perhaps a collapse of faith. Very patiently He listened to all they had to tell, and then very gently He said, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile."

Now, it is about this need for going apart into the quiet place, this insistent modern need for getting away from the crowd, out of its reach, delivered from its power, that I wish to speak to you today—the need for keeping the even poise of life, the steady balance between the outer life of activity and expression and the inner life of impression and reflection.

From my point of view as a newspaper man, there is in our own day and in the life of the average man no need more urgent, more claimant, than this need which Jesus saw in His apostles—the need for getting away from the crowd, away from its noise and babble and cruel intrusion, away into some quiet place where one can gather one's self together, recover the spent forces of one's life, and brace one's self for the necessary return to the crowd, with its inevitable strain and vexing and cruel hurt.

There never was a time when it was so hard to get away from the crowd as it is now. There never was a place where the crowd was so intrusive, so exacting, as it is in the city life of the United States and Canada today. There has come such a change over the conditions of our life and our methods of business that almost no man today works alone, or lives alone, or has leisure so much as to eat alone. Every occupation and interest of life is organized, has its board, or its association, or its union, or its club, with executives and conventions and public parades. And each one of these is an opportunity for the crowd to intrude upon the individual.

Now, it is neither wise nor useful for any man to complain about these conditions of our modern life, or to refuse to recognize them. We are men in a world of men. We must play the part of men while we bear their form, and it is not manly to complain about our life-conditions or to shut our eyes to essential and stubborn facts. The thing to do is to admit the facts, accept the conditions, and make the best of them, as brave and strong men should.

And if we would play our parts well, if we would make the most of our lives, if we would escape the narrowness of the hermit on the one hand and the shallowness of the worldling on the other, and if we would make our life-work large and true and enduring, we must look squarely at the dominant facts of life, and we must use intelligently and with diligence the means necessary for the development and the discipline of a well-balanced character and for the doing of our fair share of honest and useful work in the world.

If there is one exhortation needed by the men and women of this country, it is touching this very peril of unrelieved and unshaded publicity. We can do very little to change our conditions. If we are to live honestly and usefully we must live in the crowd, with the tramp of the crowd in our ears, the dust of the crowd in our eyes and the emotions of the crowd surging in our hearts. We must do our share as citizens, as tradesmen, as associates in this or that industry, as teachers of the people, as partners in the great complex life of the city and state and nation. And all the claims we must meet may not be fair. We may often have to go the second mile, the seemingly useless social round must sometimes be made, and our names must sometimes get into the newspapers.

We can do very little to change these conditions of modern life, but we can do very much to lessen their power to hurt, and we can even make them promote the very highest ends of character and service. Above all other things, we must set ourselves very deliberately, very systematically, very resolutely, to secure to ourselves such seasons and opportunities for being quiet, for getting away from the crowd, for looking steadily into the interior of our own lives and of truth, as shall help to restore the poise of our lives and give us a fresh and a firm grip on ourselves and on the great things by which men live.

For a man's own sake, in order that his own views of life may be clear and his growth of character strong, a man must go apart from the crowd and be alone with himself. It is in society, in the bustling and battling world of men, that character is built up and hammered into shape and strength; but it is in solitude and through reflection and the lonely vigil that the vision comes and the clear conviction of duty by which a man is enabled to go out and to do bravely and to stand erect in the midst of the crowd. It is when facing truth and duty alone that the mind comes to just conclusions and finds the true perspective and puts first things first. In the rush and noise of the street we may be able to apply truth and to do duty, but only if beforehand and alone we have solved the complex problem and distinguished amnog life's pressing claims. The necessity is laid upon every one of us, and upon none more heavily than upon those whose business it is to stand all day in the midst of the crowd as the exponents of religious truth, the advocates of religious duty and the guides of religious life. Of all men who live, you preachers and evangelists and religious teachers must keep life's balance undisturbed, its perspective true, its vision steady. We, all of us, must needs go apart from the crowd and shut out the world with its false judgments and siren voices if we would "see life steadily and see it whole."

But there is a still stronger reason. Not only is the soul more alert, more sensitive, when the world is shut out, but this regular habit of going apart for the purposes of self-discipline and self-regulation is the more urgently needful because of the disturbing, demoralizing, unbalancing influence the crowd has on the individual. Among the problems of the moral life there are few that have been so neglected, and neglected at such a great cost, by the leaders and teachers of the people, as well as by the average man, as this question of the overpowering and depolarizing influence of the crowd over the individual.

By the crowd I mean not merely a number of individuals, but those idividuals, a dozen, a hundred, a thousand, dominated by a common idea, moved by a common impulse, fused into a common mass by the operation of a common emotion, and presenting mental characteristics and a type of psychology not found in any of the individuals of which the crowd is composed. A crowd is something more and other than the sum of the individuals composing it. The multitudes that fill the busy streets of a city, each man absorbed in his own affairs and holding his own counsel and pursuing his own ends, do not constitute a crowd. They are only so many isolated individuals. But let something happen, an accident, a fight, a cry of fire, and the individualities are absorbed and fused into the mass with an instinct and feeling and personality of its own. The sentiments and ideas and impulses of the individuals are all arrested by a common appeal and turned into a common channel, and the conscious personality of the individual is dominated and directed by the unconscious personality of the crowd.

A new thing results by the suppression of the conscious personality of the individual and the rise of the unconscious personality of the crowd. It is in the individual that reason operates and intelligence and the critical faculty; in the crowd the original human instincts and feelings and passions are dominant, the elements forming the substratum of life, the characteristics in which Jack and his master are not far apart. Once a crowd is formed and the individuals are fused in the mass by the fire of a common emotion, it is not the distinctive powers and attainments of the superior individuals that control and dominate, but the impulses and qualities that all have in common, and because of which one touch makes the whole world kin.

Now, the peril, the very great peril, is just in that power of the crowd to sweep the individual from his personal moorings and to swamp him in the rising tide of instincts and sentiments and impulses characteristic of the crowd. In the crowd the man lets go of himself, and, as Le Bon says, by the law of the mental unity of the crowd, he becomes subject to the idea, the suggestion, the contagion, the current of opinion which operates on the crowd. In the crowd there is almost

no power of foresight or of reason or of discrimination, and the individual man acts under the power of contagious impulse rather than of deliberate choice or with the exercise of reason and the moral judgment.

It is there the danger comes. When the individual surrenders to the crowd and is dominated by the crowd-spirit, there comes a confusion of moral distinctions and a weakening, if not indeed an entire destruction, of the sense of personal responsibility. The man is the victim of the crowd, he acts as an automaton, and his action, whether its form be marked by the utmost cruelty or by the most splendid heroism, is lacking in those essential elements of freedom and motive which give to the conduct of the responsible individual its moral quality. In the deeper ethical sense the act was not his, done by him without compulsion or restraint. It was rather the act of the crowd, inspired by the crowd-spirit, which in him came to expression in outward action.

What I mean by this distinction between the man and the crowd, and this power which the crowd has of unbalancing the man, while not easily put into exact terms, is readily recognized and understood when seen in actual life. I take illustrative incidents from real life in my own illustration with one out of your own experience.

On the twelfth of July a great parade marched through the streets of Toronto. It was Orangemen's Day. Thousands were in procession, tens of thousands lined the streets, ribbons and regalias and banners gave color to the scene, and the party tunes of the order played on the fife and drum awakened associations and recalled memories of the Boyne. Presently something happened. A current ran through the ranks and fused the individuals into a crowd. The street cars were blocked, the police were resisted and men otherwise sane and intelligent did things, foolish and lalwess things, which, were they alone, they would not have done.

Similar incidents occurred when a street car strike was on. Men who at other times were decent and law-abiding threw stones and destroyed property, while gentle and peaceable women incited to riot and bloodshed. On the night when the news came that Pretoria was taken the city seemed to go wild and mad with excitement, and things were done of which to this day self-respecting Torontonians have good cause to be ashamed. The brute instincts and passions of the crowd rose like a great tidal wave, and men who prided themselves on their intelligence and self-control behaved like children and fools.

I have witnessed incidents of a similar sort in election campaigns. A great political leader, like Sir Wilfrid Laurier, or Mr. W. J. Bryan, with prestige and magnetic personal power, can touch a gathering of

electors and swing five thousand of them to the exalted pitch of full and absolute assurance. But election night tells another tale.

Sometimes I have gone to the court room and studied the conduct of the jury. I have seen great jury lawyers so play upon the elemental instincts and passions and sentiments of the jury as completely to transform them from twelve intelligent and responsible individuals into a crowd, a fused mental mass, that for the time being cared nothing at all for either the facts or the law of the case, but was subject to the currents of suggestion and affirmation and contagion and emotional impulse by which the skilled pleader subverted the conscious personality of the individual jurymen, and made the verdict worse than valueless as an instrument of justice.

I have sometimes gone into great religious gatherings and found there the same characteristics of human nature, and the play of the same crowd-spirit that may be found in the street mob and in the poltiical convention and the jury box. Human nature is one, marked by inbred features, subject to great inherent laws, and, no matter what the means or the ends, good or bad, once the crowd-atmosphere is created and the crowd-spirit made dominant there is danger and loss for the individual man. It is easily possible, and, not at all uncommon, so to fuse mentally hundreds or even thousands into a crowd, and so to control their emotions and direct their outward acts by a power external to the will of the individuals themselves, that in reality the judgments and choices of the individuals have no place or part in what may be done. The crowd is influenced by the affirmation of some axiomatic truth repeated again and again, and by the spiritual atmosphere created by the rhythmic movement and emotional suggestion of a swinging crowd-song, and, if the leader has the power either of personal or of artificial prestige, and possesses a vital and stimulating personality, he can sway that crowd as the wind sways the tall pines; more, he can sweep them from their foundations and make them do things of high and rare quality, in the doing of which their own moral judgment has no part. There is in such a situation nothing of real religious value, nothing of permanent religious significance. As a process it may be valuable, indeed powerful, but as a product it is deceptive and evanescent. Not a little of the disappointment over the results of certain great religious movements is caused by the failure to ditsinguish between the crowd and the man, between the emotional process and the character product, between the transitory and changing mood of the crowd and the deliberate and responsible choice of the individual. The atmosphere and impulse of the crowd have their use, but unless, and until, you get the individual away from the crowd, unless you impress the truth, not merely on the turbulent surface of his wind-swept emotions, but down deep into his moral nature, unless

you grip his conscience and touch his heart and influence his will, and find the conscious personality of the man in the secret place of his life, where he truly lives, you never really and permanently affect for good his life and character.

I have said all this about the character and power of the crowd in order to emphasize the importance, the absolute necessity for one's own sake, of getting away from the crowd and of reorganizing and resetting one's life. And all I have said is true, not only in instances such as I have mentioned, but also in all the affairs of everyday life. The people with whom you meet and work every day in the shop, or store, or office, or club, or committee, or lodge, or union, may be a crowd, and it is important that you get away from them in order that you may not lose yourself, your life, your personal equation.

And not for your own sake only, but quite as much for your work's sake, for the quality of it, and for the success of it, this habit of going apart from the crowd is needed. Among the mistakes of public men, of ministers and politicians and public leaders of all sorts, none is more disastrous than the false estimate of the worth of their own work based upon the opinions and standards of the crowd. The crowd's estimate of the worth of a policy or of a movement is, of necessity, superficial, and the public man who accepts that estimate only deceives himself and makes ultimate failure inevitable. It is so in the great world of statecraft. It is so, too, in the work of the Church and in the movements and enterprises of evangelism and missions. The man who accepts the shallow estimate of the crowd touching the quality and range of his own work is foredoomed, as those apostles were, to undue and dangerous exultation, or, as many a hard-working and faithful pastor and evangelist today is, to unwarranted depression and discouragement. To be strong, to be brave, to stand erect and alone, we must see our work in its larger relations; from altitudes higher than the crowd.

"Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead."

More than that. For you preachers and evangelists and Christian workers, as for those old-time apostles, it is unchangingly true, that if you would go back to the crowd and make your life and the truth incarnated in you tell powerfully and permanently on the multitude, you must go apart and have your own personal forces restored and vitalized. The two great forces in society today are these: truth, and the man who speaks it. There is truth enough in the State and in the Church to save the crowd, but the man is lacking—the man in whom the truth is as fire shut up in his bones, and whose personality

is vibrant and dynamic with its light and heat and power. The really forceful power in the world today is personality. Everywhere personality counts. What Beecher said of preaching is true in politics and in business, and in all other relations of life: "Truth indeed is the arrow, but man is the bowstring that sends it home." And personality is made strong, virile, quickening, penetrating, compelling, not in the blaze and blare of the street, but in the shadow and through those experiences with one's self and with the Unseen and Eternal, which come only when a man is alone with himself and with God.

The great men in Scripture history come to mind as illustrative instances:—Jacob at Peniel, Moses in the Midian desert, Elijah at Horeb, John the Baptist in the wilderness, Paul in the silence of Arabia, John in the isolation of Patmos. And in later history again and again it was the man who faced himself and life and truth and duty in the secret place alone who stood undismayed in the storm-center of the crowd and led the way out and on to the place of freedom and strength.

The example of Jesus is peculiarly and impressively significant. No man more perfectly preserved the poise and balance of the outer and of the inner in life. No man more deliberately took himself apart from the thronging crowd in order that he might come back again refreshed and equal to the crowd's demands. He had His wilderness experience, His hillside haunts, His lonely mountain tops, His night watches alone, and particularly that place of holy and haunting association under the gnarled olives in the Garden.

And with Him, as with other men, not only did renewal of strength and the larger vision come through undisturbed communion with the Divine in God, but there seemed to be a Divine in Nature, in the silence that is in the starry sky, in the sleep that is among the lonely hills; a tongue in every leaf, a voice in every rill, a soul of meaning in the flush of setting suns and a heart of sympathy in the white humid faces upturned by the flowers; and by all this He almost seemed to be braced and made brave again for the tragedy in the crowd. There is indeed a deep truth in Sidney Lanier's ballad-gem on the Trees and the Master—

Into the woods my Master went,
    Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
    Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little grey leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
    When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came
Content with Death and Shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

But we must not think that either for Jesus or for ourselves this "desert place apart" is always or merely a place. It is often more and other than a place. It is an atmosphere rather than a locality, a posture rather than a position, a temper of the soul rather than a circumstance of the body. Indeed, the desert place, the inner chamber, the cool retreat, the silent grove, can never have its full power or do its full work unless and until there is awakened and developed something of that power by which the soul can create for itself a quiet place in the very thick of the crowd, and be calm when all without is storm. It is the habit of re-collection we need to cultivate, the power of pulling ourselves up and listening to the inner voices and judging according to the unwarped standards. We cannot all so order our lives and so command conditions that vacations will come often or will take us far from the crowd. But if we would keep ourselves, if we would stand erect, if we would overcome the world, we must match and counteract the power of the crowd by the power and steadiness that come in the quiet alone. The outer fashion of our lives must have a background in the secret place.

And for us in the midst of the workaday world the deepest and most exacting need of our lives is met by that vital, personal, spiritual relationship men call religion, and by which we are united in close and sheltering fellowship with the Man of Nazareth, who for Himself and for us lived out in the crowd the serene and overcoming life. There is no secret place so calming, so restful, so inspiriting as a conscious sense of His presence. The men from Galilee and from Jerusalem found it so. And ever since, and never more splendidly than today, the men who stand all the day in the crowd, unafraid because of the forces of evil, undaunted by seeming defeat, are the men who "hear a deeper voice across the storm." And in ways the Hebrew Psalmist never dreamed, more completely than he could understand, the Personality of Jesus has become a power and a pavilion in the surge and stress of our modern world:

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy Presence from the pride of man;
Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues."

WHY I QUIT PLAYING CARDS

By MRS. A. B. SIMS, Des Moines, Iowa

Being assured that you would like to hear something of my life, I submit this little sketch. I feel sure that nearly all of my audience are familiar with the notoriety which the newspapers of America and some foreign countries have given me—stating that Mrs. A. B. Sims, the national whist champion, has renounced all card playing, even given up her favorite game of whist, saying that she thinks the influence bad, and that all card games are baneful and harmful to the church and all spiritual life.

That I arose and made a public statement before fifteen hundred people is a mistake. I did not speak one word. Brother M—— made the quiet and conservative statement that I wished from now on to consecrate my life entirely to the church and its cause. I was not led into taking this step by a love of show, and desire for popularity, but I simply wished to put my life into harmony with a higher type of service.

No one ever stood up before you who was brought up in a more consistent, conscientious, Christian manner than I. Born of Christian parents, whose religion was of the highest type, whose devotion was an inherent part of their lives, whose consecration was innate and consistent, my early life was spent in the sunlight of beautiful exemplary conduct.

My own personal experience leads me to give emphasis to early training—"As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined."

A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the training of her young child, which she told him was four years old. "Madam," was the reply, "you have already lost four years; from the very first smile that gleams over the infant's cheek, your opportunity begins. No mother who stands upon low ground herself can hope to place her children upon a loftier plane. They may reach it but it will not be through mother."

Well, back to myself, which seemeth small. My life history is very simple, beginning with the home of my childhood, which is to me now only a sacred memory. My dear father and mother fill in the foreground of my mental picture. They have both gone to heaven—not dead; no, no, but gone to the church triumphant, and my work

henceforth will be so to live that we may form an unbroken family around God's throne.

I united with the church at the age of 16 years, and worked as conscientiously and earnestly as any one for twenty years; taught in the Sunday School for ten years. Many precious memories cluster around that little country church, standing in the midst of the dear old cemetery where my dear old parents are laid to rest.

With all these ties to bind me you will wonder how I could drift away. 'Tis not so strange, dear friends, 'tis a daily story, over and over again. Being by nature hospitable, loving friends and good cheer, I became infatuated with society; yes, society; and my home was always open for a round of social amusements. Never forgetting my dignity and honor, clinging all the time to the dear old church—only got mixed up in the amusement side of society—just as many have done before. I began to play cards as a social feature, then became a strong whist player—that was the climax—understand me, not bridge whist—no, no—no poker games, no skat games; I never played cards for money. I will say that I was a lover of scientific whist. Becoming deeply interested in this I had no time for the King's business.

I found myself drifting, drifting with the tide. I would pick up the oars and try so hard to paddle back up the stream, only to find myself drifting down again. I knew what it meant when I began to get so far away from Christ; I would try so hard to live more closely; but how could I? Every moment was filled with society.

Well do I remember, not so very many months ago, having engagements for thirteen nights and afternoons ahead—dinners, teas, luncheons, and always CARDS.

Wednesday night came with the prayer meeting, also the card party; Saturday an aristocratic card club and dinner. And we would come home so tired at midnight as to be completely worn out with the work of reveling in a scientific and aristocratic way of gambling; I just could not go to the house of my Lord next morning and commune with my Savior.

I was so heart sore that I would not throw what little energy I had left in the face of my God, and claim Him debtor. So we go on until our waywardness completely dwarfs all the religion in our souls. I called a halt January 6, 1906, and reflected more seriously. Some one has said that soldiers are not made heroic warriors by parades and nodding plumes, and the fluttering of silken standards, but by the dust and toil of the actual battlefield, and by the agency of the strife and the death grapple. So the heroes of faith and service to our Lord becomes such, not merely by profession and display, but by manly fighting and resisting the enemy. Deeply feeling this, I put on the

armor of faith and duty and determined to fight the good fight of faith. To strengthen my resolution I went into my Indian den January 6, 1906, and said to myself, "I am going to get right with my God." I began reading the Scriptures to see if I could not live a Christian life, and give up all six-hand eucher parties and card clubs and still play whist. The more I read, the more disturbed I became. God makes no concessions to sin. He says: "Wherefore, come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean things, and I will receive you."

I began to be very unhappy, lay awake a great many nights. Oh, my soul, what an unrest, what possesseth thee? The minister left the city for a trip to the Holy Land, and, according to the old adage, "While the cat's away, the mice will play." I went to the international whist tournament in St. Louis in April, 1906, there my partner and I won the national honors—the New Amsterdam trophy—two beautiful silver loving cups. It appears to me that Satan was very clever, for everything went so well with me. Won the accumulative score, giving us the highest aggregate plus prize for playing as partners against all other pairs during the entire tournament. I also won the highest aggregate plus prize for the year 1906 in the Des Moines Woman's Whist Club. I could tell you of many minor prizes won in card playing, but it seems so small to me now to recount these victories in the light of the greater one to be won for humanity. It seems so vain, so transitory, that counting all the honors but as chaff under my feet, I deplore the waste of time given to details.

I have named a few of these things to show you that as the pleasure loving world sees it, there was something to relinquish, something to surrender. It is told that a Roman army once lost a victory because a mouse had gnawed a soldier's bowstrings—many a Christian has lost a victory because worldly pleasures have weakened the sinews of their spiritual muscles.

These reflections caused me deep concern for I realized that the church stood for a service above that of playing cards, and I knew that I must choose between God and mammon.

Kind friends, never, no never, will I forget the last day of Dr. Chapman's meeting. We had a banquet at the Chamberlain Hotel, and the ministers of our city and also the evangelistic force responded to religious toasts, making it very interesting. When we marched out of that banquet hall where I had been many, many times to whist luncheons, card parties and banquets of all kinds, and as we were passing out and down those marble steps we were singing the "King's Business," and to see those waiters and porters watching and standing in breathless silence; I said to myself, "What does this all mean?" that it interests those poor souls. Jesus must be here. And all who had

been to the banquet had to occupy seats on the platform with J. Wilbur Chapman, while he gave his great sermon on amusements. And there I sat with my own townspeople, whom I have lived among and known for thirty years, staring me in the face and a number of them nodding and winking at me, many of them as much as to say, What do you think of that sermon, Mrs. Sims? I frankly confess that I did not enjoy their presence, for I was deeply impressed. No pen can write, my tongue can never tell my feeling until I enter the courts of heaven when I heard that wonderful story and when Brother Medbury came to me exclaiming, "Sister Sims, after that sermon will you not surrender all?" I readily answered, "I will;" and then and there I surrendered my whist December 17, 1906, at Des Moines, Iowa, and when I did this I yielded completely, and when we do this the pleasures and vanities of the world fade away as the eye of faith brings the happiness of heaven to view. Trials and temptations do not worry us, because we are looking upward for a glimpse of Jesus' face, for we are basking in the genial rays of the sunlight of God.

Hosea Ballou says it is what we give up, and not what we lay up that adds to our lasting store. After I had made the surrender and was leaving the auditorium, whom did I meet, my own dear whist partner who had helped me win the national honors, and one of my most intimate friends, with whom we had associated for thirty years; she taught me how to play the first card, and they both rushed to me exclaiming, "Are you sick? I am just glad that Chapman's meetings are over tonight. I suppose now we will see you again at the whist club." My whist partner said: "Look here, lady, you play with me next Monday. Now you must show up; you have been meeting long enough." I replied: "My dear, I will not be there; you must secure another partner." So we parted.

I am met constantly with the question: "Please tell me what came into your life to lead you to surrender when you stood on the giddy height of success, when you held international honors?" This question is easily answered: First, do not lose sight of my early teaching and training, "The clew to our destiny, wander where we will, lies at the cradle foot." Again, a few months before this reformation took place, my dear mother was called to her heavenly home, and when I sat by her bedside, she said: "Mary, Mary, my dear and only child, what has mother done, where has she failed that God does not answer her prayers? Has she not lived according to her teachings? Tell me, dear one, before mother gets so weak she cannot commune with her Savior. I have prayed more prayers, and shed more tears over those damnable cards which will cause my child to lose her soul than she can ever know. Mary, God makes no concession to sin; you must come to a closer walk with God." Was not this appeal strong

enough? I felt that I must not let these things take any firmer hold upon me, and yet how could I help it amidst such associations. I felt the necessity of stepping out boldly and renouncing all forms of fashionable gambling without further delay.

I have only presented this much of my life's history to impress upon your minds the necessity of constant watchfulness, or even after living Christian lives for many years, we can be turned aside from that straight and narrow path. I only stand before you as a living object lesson, using my own humble self as a warning and admonition to all pleasure loving professed Christians.

Do you realize that only one-fifth of the people in the United States are members of churches, and that fifty millions of people never see inside of a church. And why is this? Shall I answer? My own personal experience leads me to make this fearless statement, "That it is the ungodly living in our churches."

Oh, let us labor to make a complete surrender of our selfishness, and to obtain the full blessing. Let us say, as the dear Lord said in the Garden of Gethsemane, when death with all its agony was his only choice: "Thy will be done."

Kind friends, I will give you a little of my own personal experience. As soon as the invitations are out for the large card parties, the telephones of the society set are kept so busy that it is difficult to get on the line to announce the fire. The conversation, that is one side of it, will be something like the following:

"Oh, say, have you received an invitation to Mrs. C.'s card party? They say the prizes are elegant. Say, will you play with me? I wonder if we could get Mrs. B., she is good, she is a crackerjack. I tell you, I want one of those prizes, one of those beautiful hand-painted tankards, or one of those elegant cut glass dishes. I am going for blood, aren't you?"

So this goes on to the date of the party. Of course, the dress comes in for its share of attention, and with it all every moment of time is swallowed up—not a fraction of a second to spare for rational Christian thought or service to our God.

Many, many times, upon arriving at the home of the hostess, have I been greeted with, "Well, Mrs. Sims, are you ready for the prize fight; have you got your fighting harness on?" I would answer: "Yes, indeed; I am going to put up my very best."

Kind friends, when I think of these times, and of myself professing to be a Christian, I shudder and wonder what He, whom we profess to serve, thinks of such Christianity.

We dare not claim that the cardinal principles of genuine honesty are unviolated in the parlor games. We dare not claim it. It is so

easy to revoke, to smile and nod and wink at partners, so easy to operate a silent telephone. Many, many times have I been at six-hand eucher parties, when the losing ones in the general excitement, jumped up and went to the next table, thus securing the progression without winning it. Those who observed these things frequently rebelled at such dishonesty, and what was the result? Anger, strife, bickering and wrangling, and resentment of the unfair advantages taken. No friendship is true enough, no love is deep enough, no profession is sacred enough to be maintained against such encroachments. When such things occurred it seemed impossible to say much for we were frequently in a Christian home, and in polite society.

In one of the most beautiful parlors in Des Moines, the home of a gentleman who is on the official board of one of our largest churches, two young men of my acquaintance—men well known in the city—got into a brawl over a progression—a punch at the card table. That there were ladies present made no difference—the words "liar and thief" were passed, and indignation and recrimination ran high. Finally one of the young men, in the heat of excitement, slapped the other in the face, in the presence of ninety ladies and gentlemen, all playing six-hand eucher at fifteen tables. Can you imagine such things among refined Christian cultured people. It is hard to believe; we see the game spirit often rises high around the parlor tables as in the gambling dens. Decorated china, souvenir spoons, a silver cup offered by the fair hostess at a six-hand eucher party with the delusive comment, "Oh, it is only to make the game interesting," leads many an unthinking one astray. Dear friends, these are won and lost on the same principle and with the same cards that win and lose in the gamblers' den, and at the derby races when prizes are put up to add interest to the game.

Bishop Vincent says: "The fact is that the path to the innermost hell of gambling is through the clover bloom of fashionable card playing."

To continue my local history, I will in the briefest way outline the lives of those men and their wives, for whom cards were their only amusement. They trifled with the moral credit until one of the men was shot, though not killed, for alienating the affections of another man's wife. One became insane, and is now dead. Another deserted his wife and married another woman of the set, whom all the men admired. The fourth one suicided in a lake near Kansas City. This is the history of that card-playing bunch. I knew each one of them personally, and at one time they were much sought after in the best society.

I was once invited to a high-toned whist luncheon, and toward evening the husband of our hostess was brought home in a carriage,

too full for utterance. At this club there had been not only cards, but wine. Of course, we refined Christian ladies had to pretend ignorance of the situation. He was carefully put to bed and our game proceeded, but he was too thoroughly lost to a knowledge of his condition to appreciate the importance of being retired from sight. So in his maudlin condition he came staggering out exclaiming: "Who has the high score?" His wife's humiliation was most pitiful to see. This occurred in one of the most reputable society homes in the city.

Oh, my dear friends, can we not think of something more elevating than this? Strange is it not that all professing Christians do not see the harm—do not see the danger lines? When my husand and I went into the opera house where W. A. Sunday gave his great lecture for the newsboys, I was greeted by four men and their wives—really my friends—with a sneering remark: "Let's play cards; this is a dandy place to play cards." I did not reply, but tried to gird myself about with that council of our Savior when he said, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

Will I astonish you when I tell you that these men are deacons in our churches? When I gave my address in a near-by town, not long after, a professional man who was with that crowd at that time, spoke to me about it and said: "We called the card club to which those people belonged 'the church card club.'" Does it not almost pass the possibility of belief that we are represented by such men on our official boards? Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed. I have in mind three families on my list of personal acquaintances, in which the three husbands played bridge for money, and the wives were strong whist players. So that they all murdered time and influence with card playing. In one instance the husband and wife legally separated, and today he is an outcast and morphine fiend. The other two families are homeless and penniless. Bear in mind that these are facts about people belonging to the highly reputable classes.

I doubt, dear friends, whether those of you who have not faced this evil as I have, realize the enormity of its ravages all around you.

Not many days ago, my husband was accosted by a gentleman, who said in part: "I do not know whether I believe there is a God, but I know one thing, your wife is out on the right side, trying to lift the young people up to higher ideals. I tell you, Sims, card playing is ruining more homes than many are aware of." His wife is one of the fashionable card players.

Not long since I talked in a neighboring town, and can you believe me when I say that a superintendent of a Sunday School played cards, and that she taught her sons to play? In almost every home in that small town they played cards. Children were taught by their parents.

Their meeting was a failure until parents renounced their frivolity, and gave their time and influence to making it a success. Several young men came to me and said, "I see this as I have never seen it before," and children and parents united in giving up cards. Two of of the leading young men maintained card rooms where different sets of boys played, but manfully surrendered it all when they saw whither it was leading them. We must stand for something true and noble before we can win souls from sin.

On another occasion I was dining with a friend whose wife was very anxious to have him renounce cards. I tried to talk with him about it, he finally said: "You might do me some good, Mrs. Sims, except for one reason." Listen parents: "My mother taught me to play cards, and played with all her boys. She is dead, and I refuse to renounce her teachings. Neither heaven, nor hell, nor all the churches will make me give up cards." His little eight-year-old boy spoke and said: "Then I'll play cards, too, papa." Not one of that dead mother's sons are Christians, not one. Who is responsible for their souls? Parents present your sons with the Bible, rather than a deck of cards, and write upon the flyleaf these words:

"Unfold the pages of this book,
Digest the truth therein contained.
When you within do look
Wilt thou to Jesus be constrained."

A friend of Dr. J. G. Holland's father said in his dying moments: "Oh, keep your son from cards; on them I have murdered time and lost heaven."

I have reecntly read a suggestion that if it is needful that professing Christians play cards they should open theid card parties with prayer, as it is a fact that 85 per cent who are gathered around the card tables are professing Christians, and that this is always a fitting preparation for anything which a Christian wishes to undertake. The prayer might with some modifications be somewhat as follows: "Our God, many of us here present are Thy disciples, and as we have no other object than to glorify Thy name, we now ask thy blessing on this game of cards, which we believe to be right and proper in thy sight. Heavenly Father, through this game of cards may it lead to the upbuilding of thy cause in this Christian home. Bless this game of cards to our growth in grace. Through its influence may our children become shining lights and faithful followers of the Divine Master. May we show forth by our meek and lowly conduct this night, that we have walked with Thee, and learned of Thee."

If we Christian people think there is no harm in it, why should we not do this? Why not ask God's blessing upon the card playing and the prize getting. If it is noble instead of ignoble, we can do this.

Card playing in our churches is becoming an epidemic, malignant, a moral contagion, a disease under the guise of entertainment. It numbers its victims by myriads. I have gathered a few statistics in the local card clubs, and to my astonishment 85 per cent are church members, Sunday School superintendents, Sunday School teachers, men and women on the official boards of our churches. Truly, it will require the best minds imbued with the loftiest Christian sentiment to drive these locusts that eat up our substance, destroying the spirituality in our churches, and dwarfing the religion in our souls, back to the coast and drop them into the sea.

Once when I was speaking in condemnation of this amusement a friend of mine said: "I say amen to that with all my heart. My dear youngest brother died a gambler's death at the age of seventeen." "How did that happen?" I asked.

"We lived on a ranch in Kansas, the employes of the mill boarded in our home, and card playing was their recreation. They played cards in the morning, during the noon tide, and while the breakfast was being prepared. If for any reason the mill would shut down for an hour or so, out of the pockets came the inevitable deck of cards. Mother remonstrated, she thought the influence bad, but father said, as many others say, there is no harm in it. I would much rather they would play in the mlil and at the house than in the corner saloon. Boy like, John enjoyed being with the men. He coaxed them to teach him to play and as he grew older he became more and more infatuated. He cared for nothing but cards. He would slip away to the village after supper, and come home long after bedtime with the odor of tobacco, beer and hard cider on his breath. He was no longer content with the simple game just for fun, he was playing now for stakes, and sometimes from father's and mother's purses. Now father saw his mistake, and cards were forbidden on the premises, but it was too late. One year after, John forged father's check for a large amount and ran away. Day after day mother would say, 'He will surely come home tonight.' Night after night her lamp burned until the morning hour, as mother-like she sat watching, waiting and praying for her boy. We knew that there was an echoing and re-echoing in her heart that old refrain: 'Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight. Go search for him where you will, but bring him to me with all his blight, and tell him I love him still.' One day they did bring him home, silently and sadly they laid him in our midst. Her boy had come home. But, you exclaim, this is an exceptional case. It is only one of perhaps five hundred boys who go down to a gambler's death like that. Well, per-

haps so, but suppose that five hundredth boy should be your cherished boy, what then?" Parents, are you willing to meet the responsibility at the judgment bar of God?

Wednesday afternoon, July 3, 1907, as I was leaving the Chautauqua grounds, a lady said: "Mrs. Sims, I hear you are going to give your address on amusements; I am so glad; I know it will help me. I want to tell you how nearly I came to falling into that line of amusement. I was invited to a Christian home to join a card club and I now feel as though I was a brand that had been plucked from the burning. I accepted this invitation and went, finding a large and pleasant company. Each one of us put her 25 cents into the jack pot for prizes. The hostess had provided the prizes and this jack pot was to reimburse her.

"Being myself a professed Christian, and not quite at ease with my own conscience in such a company, I observed and scrutinized closely I soon saw that two ladies, who sat opposite a mirror, played into each others hands by the aid of the mirror, and did a number of other things not honest.

"When the prizes were awarded four ladies got into a heated discussion, the defeated ones said: 'You stole that prize by unfair playing, by your dishonesty.' The other replied, 'That is a falsehood.' Feeling ran high and the hour became most disagreeable to me, as I was unused to fashionable gambling, and its accompanying excitement. I went home with a feeling of disappointment, but God takes care of His children, and that evening while I was pondering in my own mind whether or not to join that card club, a friend came in and said: 'Will you join a Chautauqua class? We are forming one for four years' study.' I at once realized that this was what I wanted and needed, and not a card club. I gladly answered, 'Yes, I will join you,' and I did and put my money into books instead of a jack pot, and spent my time in study and improvement, and I have never regretted my decision."

A mother came into the front door of her wealthy home with a Haviland pitcher worth $10, while at the same time her son came into the back door with $10 in cash. He won the money with cards, playing the same game, in the same way that his mother won the pitcher. She played on the boulevard, and he in the rear of a saloon. How long will it take such a woman to save that saloonkeeper. "Come ye out from among them, be ye separate." Do not pray for that saloonkeeper until you reform that woman.

Take a son who is taught to play cards for amusement, on the plea that it is better to play at home than elsewhere. He plays with father and mother; is taught to play fairly; that cheating is dishonorable. He becomes familiar with the use of cards and adroit with the

manner of handling them. All the infatuation is growing upon him; he goes out into the world earning his own living and spends his evenings in the boarding house, where cards are played for money. At first the sight is revolting to him, but he soon becomes accustomed to it, he sees money easily won by unskilled players, that is where luck takes a hand. He is tempted beyond what he is able to bear, not so much for the love of gain, as that his skill has an opportunity to exhibit itself. He makes a challenge; he is away from home ties; he wins; his conscience is not quite at ease, but the money does not look quite so hideous as represented. He has been caught in the undertow beyond his strength. God pity him. He is a gambler, and he acquired it at home with his dear father and mother. "Be not deceived: God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Not long since a company of wealthy society ladies sat in a fashionable parlor engaged in a friendly conversation. One noticed a beautiful cut glass punch bowl, commented upon its beauty and excellent quality. "Why, that is a Tiffany—you were lucky!" "Yes," said the hostess, "I am very proud of that, and can justly boast of its richness, I won that at a progressive eucher party only two nights ago." The ladies congratulated her over and over, each asserting that she was most fortunate to win such a magnificent prize. Now, while this conversation was going on, and the hostess yet blushing at her much praised skill at cards, her son—a lad of twelve years, who had been listening with rapt attention from an adjoining room—stalked into their midst, holding in his hands a roll of bills and with joyous glee exclaimed, "And see what I won with eucher last night at Rooney's saloon, mother." How could she rebuke him when she was a partner in the same sin?

That boy learned to play eucher, high five and whist in the home of wealth and refinement, but he plied his skill in the saloon, with such bums as assembled there for the purpose of gambling. Christians, do not use your parlors as a kindergarten for training young gamblers.

Listen to the statistics gathered by Anthony Comstock, agent of the society for the suppression of vice, for only one year in the United States. He says 128 persons were either shot or stabbed over gambling games; 6 attempted suicides and 24 actually succeeded in committing suicide; 60 were murdered in cold blood, and 10 were driven insane; 68 persons were financially ruined by pool gambling.

Among the crimes committed to obtain money with which to gamble 18 forgeries and 85 embezzlements are recorded; 32 persons holding positions of trust in banks and other places in mercantile life, misappropriated the enormous sum of $2,898,372, is shown by this record to be the proceeds of the embezzlements and defalcations as published in a newspaper in a single year.

W. B. Curtis, editor of the Spirit of Times, said: "It is safe to say that there never was a time in the history of the world when gambling was so rife. A few years ago there were in the United States but four or five newspapers devoted wholly to sports, and they were monthly and weeklies, and now there are forty weeklies and one daily, not taking into consideration the regular newspapers who have also a sporting page."

In Texas they have gone so far as to suppress card playing. In a private home games cannot be played for more than three nights in succession, nor in a private room in a hotel.

It is said to be the fact that proprietors and managers of the lumber camps in the Northwest, men who are themselves infidels, have forbidden the introduction of cards in those camps on penalty of immediate discharge from service. It is the rule in the United States navy that no cards shall be allowed, and why? Because it has been found that to introduce the card table, neglect of duty, contention, disorder, strife, gambling and brawls, drunkenness and murders are its invariable accompaniments.

Ex-United States Treasurer Lyman Gage, during his term of office needed eight $25,000 men in high positions, and advertised for them. When the large crowd assembled from every part of the United States, he propounded the following questions: Do you gamble? D oyou bet on the derby races? Do you drink? Do you play cards? Last, but not least, Are you a Christian? Being answered in the negative, he drew back with some dignity and announced: "Gentlemen, there is not one of you eligible." Yet Christians will say, what's the harm.

We are frequently met with the question: Do all the churches oppose the card table and the dance? Truly we can answer, they do. The best men and women in all the leading denominations are a unit in opposing whatever detracts from growth in grace, though they are not always successful in obliterating the various forms of temptation. The Catholic church has taken high grounds concerning these things. M. B. Williams said that a priest, in conversation with him recently, said: "Here is an argument for our confessionals. We at least have the advantage of knowing when our people fall, where they fall and how they fall." And I declare to you that almost every lapse of female virtue in our communion is traceable to the round dance.

Bishop Cox, of New York, whose name in the Episcopal church is almost a household word, said in one of his Lenten letters: "Classes preparing for confirmation are informed that I will not lay hands, knowingly, on anyone who are not prepared to renounce the card table and the dance, with other abominations of the world, the

flesh and the devil." He continues: "It is high time that the lines should be drawn between worldly and Godly living. I see no use," said he, "in Lent that is not sanctified to such ends."

Could any man use stronger language? Absolutely refusing confirmation and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The Presbyterian church, in her assemblies and synods, has repeatedly made such amusements the subject of grave consideration and strong condemnation. The Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Church of Christ, and all other Christian churches unite in condemning such amusements as harmful, although we have to admit with deep sorrow that they are indulged in in all churches to an alarming extent.

I want to again emphasize my thought that cards and dancing are two of the greatest evils with which the church of today has to contend, and their eradication is one of the greatest problems it has to solve.

This evil knits, and knits into the church until its influence is felt to an alarming extent. We know that if the church is kept pure and full of spirituality we can do so much better work among those to whom we wish to extend a helping hand.

Do you ever think there is not another institution on earth—no fraternity, no society, no card club—in which a man or woman can rise to their very best? Only in the church of God can such a result be attained. Because the church is cleansed by the blood of Jesus. The Christian faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows. The church limits her sacramental services to those within her fold, but Christ gave himself a ransom upon the cross for the whole world. To grow in grace it is needful that we work in the vineyard of our Master, and I found out by experience that I could not be out playing cards and winning prizes; that is, I could not indulge in fashionable gambling and be filled with that unwholesome excitement, and have any spirit and strength left for the service of the living God. Let us heed the injunction of the Great Master, "Be ye separate."

Have you ever thought what Jesus would say if he should pass by when you were at a card table. I imagine he would say, as he did to the Scribes and Pharisees: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered my children together as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not. Behold: your house is left unto you desolate. Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Christianity is above all other religions ever known—a religion founded on the greatest of all sacrifices, the sacrifice of the Incarnation, culminating in the sacrifice on Calvary. Ought we not, in the

light of this great Love, to surrender our own wills and follow in the footsteps of the Great Teacher, so that we may spend eternity in His presence, and in communion with all the dear ones who have gone before? The glory of it all is beyond our comprehension. Some one has said, "Eternity has no gray hairs." The flowers fade, the hearts wither, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but Time writes no wrinkles on the brow of Eternity. "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do it all to the glory of God." "Keep yourself unspotted from the world." Can we do this at the card table or in the giddy dance? O be a beacon light, a guiding star for the wanderer; do not be a stumbling block. Let our consecration be perfect.

"Laid on thy altar, my Lord divine,
Accept my gift, this day for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn thy shrine,
Nor any world famed sacrifice to make.
But here I bring, within my trembling heart,
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small,
And only Thou, dear Lord, can'st understand how
When I yield Thee this, I yield my all.

Hidden therein, Thy searching eye can see
Struggles of passions, visions of delight—
All that I have or am or fain would be.
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite,
All have been wet with tears, and dimmed with sighs,
Clinched in my hands, till beauty it has none.
Now, from thy footstool, where it vanquished lies
The prayer ascendeth, 'May thy will be done.'

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own, will Thee e'en
If in some desperate hour, my cries prevail,
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee—so filled with peace divine,
I may now know it, feel it, as my own,
But gaining back my will, may find it Thine."

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